ROMANTIC DAYS IN THE EARLY REPUBLIC

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

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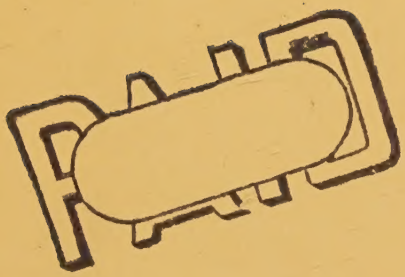

ROMANTIC DAYS
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MRS. BENEDICT ARNOLD AND HER ELDEST SON.

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

ROMANTIC DAYS
IN THE
EARLY REPUBLIC

BY
MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

With Numerous Illustrations

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"If you are fond of romance read history."

— Guizot.

FOREWORD

ALL the visitors to America, during and just after the Revolution, wrote with enthusiasm, upon their return home, of the hospitality which they here enjoyed and of the beautiful women who administered it. Boston, New York, Philadelphia and the Southern cities each cherishes fondly — so far as its own traditions go — the memory of that gracious era and of those identified with it. But how little Bostonians know of early New York, how dense is the ignorance of Philadelphians concerning the traditions of New Orleans! Yet would it not add materially to our rich heritage as Americans, if the local history and noble heroes of other cities than our own evoked our keen enthusiasm?

The author, however, who sets out, in a single book, to promote this admirable end is confronted at once with a very great difficulty; that of selection. For no Philadelphian wants to read details about early Baltimore — however admirable he might find in any book exhaustive treatment of his own dear city. Happily, each of the cities here studied has been found to possess some story or some institution

of its own which might well become a part of common knowledge in this young and lusty land of ours. America can use more heroes, too, than we are wont to think. Jefferson and Andrew Jackson should not be mere names in this year of Progressivism; Abigail Adams and Theodosia Burr ought to be the fond familiar friends of awakening American womanhood.

Of course, the diaries, histories, reminiscences and letters consulted in the preparation of a book of this kind bulk very large; so large that their mere enumeration would cover many pages. For the most part, therefore, acknowledgments have been made in the body of the book. But I wish to mention here my gratitude to the Houghton Mifflin Company for various quotations from works which they control; to Charles Scribner's Sons; publishers of Margaret Bayard Smith's *First Forty Years of Washington Society;* to Harper and Brothers for their courtesy in permitting the use of some anecdotes first printed in their publications; to the Century Company for similar courtesies, and to G. P. Putnam's Sons for several citations from their edition of Washington Irving's works.

To individuals who have aided me by their counsel and by the loan of family or much-cherished portraits; to writers who have given me the benefit of their ripe wisdom and scholarly

research; to librarians who have gladly lent time and interest my warm gratitude is also given. One of the great joys which comes to an author in the preparation of a work of this kind is the discovery that America, even today, has something of the spirit of that Coöperative Commonwealth towards which the Reformer yearns — lingering remnants, very likely, of the team-play brotherliness which made possible the early Republic.

M. C. C.

Boston, Massachusetts, 1912.

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ROMANTIC DAYS IN THE EARLY REPUBLIC

CHAPTER I

PHILADELPHIA

"PHILADELPHIA is the finest town, the best built and the most wealthy in the United States," stoutly maintained Brissot de Warville (1788) in his naïve volume of *Travels*. The time to which our author refers is, of course, that of the early Republic; but inasmuch as a good deal of Philadelphia's social prestige had been carried over from the days of the British Occupation, — days in which Major André and Peggy Shippen together participated in the Mischianza of illustrious memory, — it seems worth while to tell briefly the story of that brilliant affair and to restate clearly the known facts concerning Mrs. Arnold's relation to the clever young British officer.

Peggy Shippen Arnold certainly realized to the full the delectable desire expressed by

Ibsen's neurotic Hedda, when she exclaimed, "Oh, that I might have my fingers in the destiny of a man!" History, to be sure, pretty unanimously acquits André's cotillion partner of any wicked complicity in what afterwards happened. Nor is there the least evidence that what André felt for pretty Peggy was more than the pleasure any gallant young man takes in the witty companionship of a dainty maiden who is sufficiently his junior. At the time of the Mischianza, indeed, André's heart had not really recovered from the blow dealt him by Honora Sneyd when she chose to become the second wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth (and the stepmother of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist) rather than accept the portionless hand of her handsome young adorer. There are extant some letters written by young André to a girl who was the friend both of Honora and of himself, in which there are frequent references to the scantiness of his family fortunes and to the bearing of this fact on his prospects of future happiness.

Almost the only tangible evidence that there ever had been a fortune in the André family rested, it would seem, on an old coach drawn by "two long tail nags." And as frankly as he confesses his poverty young André avows the hopelessness of his affection for Honora. In one letter he writes, "My zephyrs are wafted

through cracks in the wainscott; for murmuring streams I have dirty kennels; for bleating flocks grunting pigs — and squalling birds that incessantly warble!" Not a favorable spot, obviously, for the cultivation of the muse. No wonder he soon came to feel that, as a change, he could even enter trade. On November 1, 1769, he wrote, "I have now completely subdued my aversion to the profession of a merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it. Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention, that vile trash which I care not for but only as it may be a future means of procuring the blessing of my soul. Thus all my mercantile calculations go to the tune of dear Honora. When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom and the sight of that dear Talisman so inspirits my industry that no toil appears oppressive."

It was this same picture of Honora, painted by himself, and preserved in a locket, that André saved from his captors (by hiding it in his mouth) when, having surrendered to Montgomery (at St. John's in 1775), he with the other prisoners of war was commanded to strip for examination. Yet Honora had then for two years been the wife of the fascinating Edgeworth — and it had probably been in the hope

of drowning in an adventurous career in America the sorrow of her loss that André joined the British army over here. Following his capture by Montgomery, he was conveyed to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where for four months he was confined as a prisoner in the house of Caleb Cope. Then he was transferred to Carlisle and, after that, was in short order exchanged and made a member of Sir Henry Clinton's military family, with promotion from his rank as captain to that of major.

It was, however, André's social gifts rather than any military skill he may have possessed which made him a favorite in Philadelphia. He was graceful and handsome, could draw, paint, and write poetry, — and he had charming manners. He seemed, indeed, particularly endowed to plan and carry through the famous social function which Howe's officers designed to mark their chief's departure from the Quaker City and to rebuke his recall to England. In an elaborate letter, written to a friend in London and published several years after André's death, we see reflected the young man's delight in this extraordinary fête which has ever since been regarded as the high-water mark in Philadelphia's social history.[1]

As the title of the fête implies, several different kinds of entertainment were included in this

[1] In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1788.

splendid celebration of May 18, 1778. The initial feature was a grand regatta in three divisions. First came the *Ferret* galley, on board of which were several general officers and ladies; then the *Hussar* galley, bearing Sir William and Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, their suite and many ladies, while the *Cornwallis* galley, with General Knyphausen and suite, three British generals and several more fair ladies brought up in the rear. In front of each galley went three flatboats with bands of music; five flatboats, lined with green cloth and filled with ladies and gentlemen attended each side of the large ships, and these were in turn attended by several barges to keep off the swarm of boats in the river. Colors and streamers floated gaily from the participating ships, while all the vessels lying at anchor near by were also magnificently decorated.

The rendezvous for this interesting regatta-pageant was at Knight's Wharf, at the northern extremity of the city. At half-past four the company embarked, floating slowly down the river to the strains of appropriate music until they arrived opposite Market Wharf, where all rested their oars and, in obedience to a previously arranged signal, " God Save the King " was sung and cheered by all hands to the echo. The landing was at the Old Fort, a little south of the town, and thence, after a due ritual of

salutes, the company from the boats proceeded to Walnut Grove, the mansion of Joseph Wharton, through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers, each supported by a line of light horse, to the building prepared for the next feature. Here was "discovered" a spacious lawn lined with troops and prepared for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament. Two pavilions had been provided for the ladies, with seats rising one above the other, the places of honor on the front seats having been allotted to a group of maidens dressed as Turkish princesses and wearing in their turbans the favors for which the gallant knights were presently to contend.

A blare of trumpets sounded in the distance. And now a band of knights in ancient habits of white and red silk, mounted on gray horses caparisoned in the same colors and attended by squires on foot, by heralds and by trumpeters, entered the lists. Lord Cathcart was chief of these knights and appeared in honor of Miss Auchmuty. One squire bore his lance, another his shield, and two coal-black slaves, dressed in blue and white silk with silver clasps on their bare necks and arms, held his stirrups. After making a circuit of the square and saluting the ladies, the members of his band ranged themselves in line with the pavilion graced by the ladies of their device. Then the herald, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed a challenge

and asserted the superiority in wit, beauty, and accomplishment of the ladies of the Blended Rose, whose claims would now be defended according to the ancient laws of chivalry.

Thrice was the challenge repeated ere another herald and trumpeters, advancing from the opposite side of the square, proclaimed defiance in the name of the knights of the Burning Mountain. Black and orange were the colors of these servitors, while their chief, Captain Watson, appearing in honor of Miss Franks, bore for his device a heart with a wreath of roses, and for his motto — Love and Glory. This band also rode round the lists and drew up in front of the White Knights. Then the gauntlet was thrown down, lifted — and the encounter was on! For some minutes all fought, and then the two chiefs, spurring to the center, engaged in a single combat which grew more and more fierce until the marshal of the field, rushing between them, declared that the ladies both of the Blended Rose and of the Burning Mountain were satisfied with the proofs of love and valor already given and commanded their knights to desist. The bands filed off in different directions, bowing low, as they passed the pavilion, to the beautiful ladies there ensconced.

The whole company then marched in procession, through triumphal arches built in the Tuscan order, to a garden on the other side, and

ascended to a spacious hall painted in imitation of Siena marble. Here were tea and other refreshments. And now the valiant knights, kneeling down, received from the fair fingers of their chosen ones the favors which they had won in the tournament. In the ballroom, where dancing continued until ten o'clock, were eighty-five mirrors reflecting the light from thirty-four branches fitted with wax candles; and to lend further brilliance to the scene there was soon a magnificent display of fireworks.

Supper, however, was the crowning glory of the day. This was served at the stroke of midnight, when large folding doors, which had hitherto been concealed, were suddenly thrown open, revealing a splendid and spacious hall richly painted and brilliantly illuminated, the central feature of which was a table set out, according to Major André's account, with four hundred and thirty covers and twelve hundred dishes! At the close of the feast the herald and trumpeters of the Blended Rose entered the room, and proclaimed, first, the health of the king and royal family, then the health of the knights and their ladies. Each toast was accompanied by a flourish of music in good old medieval style. After which the company returned to the ballroom and dancing continued till four o'clock. Very weary the Mischianza belles must have been when they finally reached

home. For this entertainment had made a record for *length* as well as for elegance!

The next day the mirrors and lusters borrowed from Philadelphia's leading citizens were quietly returned, and very shortly Sir William Howe took his departure. But the pageant given in the English general's honor caused tongues to wag for many a month in England as well as in the camps of the American army. Naturally the patriot generals, who had been enduring bitter privations in the cause of independence, were most cutting in their comments on the extravagance of the celebration, and one certainly sympathizes with the feeling which, on July 12, prompted General Wayne to write, "Tell those Philadelphia ladies who attended Howe's assemblies and levees that the heavenly, sweet, pretty, redcoats — the accomplished gentlemen of the guards and grenadiers, have been humbled on the plains of Monmouth. The knights of the Blended Roses and of the Burning Mount have resigned their laurels to rebel officers, who will lay them at the feet of *those* virtuous daughters of America who cheerfully gave up ease and affluence in a city for liberty and peace of mind in a cottage."

Though all the loyalist maidens of Philadelphia — the Chews, the Whites, the Craigs, the Redmans and the Burds — had a share in the festivities of that glorious day, the most promi-

nent girl in the fête was the beautiful Miss Margaret Shippen, who was soon to become the wife of Benedict Arnold. Arnold had begun life as a druggist in New Haven, Connecticut, not far from Norwich, the town of his birth, and there had married an estimable woman who died about the time the war began. Though of a reckless and adventurous nature, the traitor seems to have been tenderly devoted to this wife, and it was perhaps the sorrow of her loss which first turned him definitely towards the crooked ways which were to prove his undoing. Sparks argues from the constant affection felt for the man by his gentle sister, Hannah Arnold, that there existed in his domestic character better traits than could be inferred from his public conduct. Other writers, pressing further this same line of reasoning, find in a fond husband's desire to indulge the extravagance of a charming young wife the explanation of Arnold's treachery. This, however, seems to me to be working too hard the injunction, "*Cherchez la femme!*" Arnold was a spendthrift before ever he met Margaret Shippen.

But it *was* perhaps unfortunate that a man of his weak will and impressionable nature should have been put in command at Philadelphia in the wake of the Mischianza and at a time when only the utmost integrity and the finest tact could have enabled any commander to give en-

tire satisfaction. Stories began very early to be whispered about to his discredit. One set of people said that it was nothing short of a scandal, in view of the distressed condition of the country, for Arnold to be living as he was and to be courting the favor of Tories. Another set charged him with extortion and with commercial speculations of doubtful repute.

The note of extravagance and display, which had been struck in Philadelphia before Howe's departure, was not suffered to die away under Arnold. He soon established himself at Mount Pleasant, once characterized by John Adams as "the most magnificent seat in Pennsylvania," furnished it expensively, drove a coach and four, and gave splendid entertainments, to which were always invited the friends of the lovely Miss Shippen. He had fallen in love with the Tory belle at first sight and, within three months, was declaring his passion thus eloquently:

"Dear Madam: Twenty times have I taken up my pen to write to you and as often has my trembling hand refused to obey the dictates of my heart — a heart which, though calm and serene amid the clashing of arms and all the din and horrors of war, trembles with diffidence and the fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so important to its happiness. Dear madam, your charms have

lighted up a flame in my bosom which can never be extinguished; your heavenly image is too deeply impressed ever to be effaced. My passion is not founded on personal charms only: that sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart — that sentiment and sensibility which so strongly mark the character of the lovely Miss P. Shippen — render her amiable beyond expression, and will ever retain the heart she has once captivated.

"On you alone my happiness depends. And will you doom me to languish in despair? Shall I expect no return to the most sincere, ardent and disinterested passion? Do you feel no pity in your gentle bosom for the man who would die to make you happy? May I presume to hope it is not impossible I may make a favourable impression on your heart? Friendship and esteem you acknowledge. Dear Peggy! suffer that heavenly bosom (which cannot know itself the cause of pain without a sympathetic pang) to expand with a sensation, more soft, more tender than friendship. A union of hearts is undoubtedly necessary to happiness. But give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is seldom the effect of an alliance formed on a romantic passion, where fancy governs more than judgment. Friendship and esteem, founded on the merit of the object, is the most certain basis to found a lasting happiness

upon. And when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart (unlike yours) must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not lighted up at the flame.

"I am sensible your prudence and the affection you bear your amiable and tender parents forbid your giving encouragement to the addresses of anyone without their approbation. Pardon me, dear madam, for disclosing a passion I could no longer confine in my tortured bosom. I have presumed to write to your papa and have requested his sanction to my addresses. Suffer me to hope for your approbation. Consider before you doom me to misery which I have not deserved but by loving you too extravagantly. Consult your own happiness, and, if incompatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch; for may I perish if I would give you one moment's inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity to myself! Whatever my fate may be my most ardent wish is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessings of Heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul.

"Adieu, dear madam, and believe me unalterably your sincere admirer and devoted humble servant,

"B. Arnold.

"September 25, 1778

"Miss Peggy Shippen."

According to some authorities the Shippen family were most distressed that their beloved Peggy returned the love of Arnold. This, however, " not so much from political feeling as from distrust of the man, objection to his origin and dislike of his private character so far as it was known. Arnold was not, in fact, a gentleman. His birth and early education were low; and his peddling and smuggling-trade with the islands, his traffic in cattle and horses could have improved neither his manners nor his morals." Yet there is extant a letter written by Peggy's grandfather, Edward Shippen, Sr., which contains quite a jovial allusion to the prospect of welcoming soon as a member of his family " General Arnold, a fine gentleman! " [1]

Perhaps the most astounding thing about this whole alliance was the ease with which Arnold acquitted himself in the matter of a proper (?) marriage settlement. Here his trickiness served him in good stead. For events proved that what he really settled upon the woman he was to take for a bride was a large mortgage held against the estate of Mt. Pleasant. This incumbrance, which had so reduced the amount of money necessary to be paid down for the place as to put it within Arnold's purchasing power, subsequently cut out altogether Peggy Shippen's interest in the estate.

[1] Thomas Balch, in *Letters and Papers Relating Chiefly to the Provincial History of Pennsylvania.*

In the matter of age, as well as in that of family and wealth, there was a striking disparity between these two. Miss Shippen was scarcely twenty years old while Arnold was a widower of thirty-five with three sons. But it was the story of Honora Sneyd and Richard Edgeworth over again. A handsome face, a gallant bearing and the habit of success with women quite outweighed the disadvantage of middle age, and, by the spring of 1779, Benedict Arnold, the former Connecticut apothecary, was the exultant husband of Margaret Shippen, daughter of one of Philadelphia's proudest families. Naturally, he now more than ever invited to his house the friends of the Shippen family. And quite as naturally he was now more than ever criticized for his friendliness with Tories. General Reed wrote indignantly to General Greene that Arnold had actually given a party at which "not only common Tory ladies, but the wives and daughters of persons proscribed by the State, and now with the enemy at New York" were present in considerable numbers. Arnold, when confronted with this accusation, replied that he had never considered it the part of a true soldier to persecute in private life the wives and daughters of the enemy. But, of course, this sophistical retort convinced no one.

On the woman he loved the effect of the petty persecution which now came to be visited upon

Arnold was (as often happens) to make her cling more closely than before to the man her heart had chosen. But it is only a coincidence, I am sure, that just at the time that they were married, Arnold first wrote to Sir Henry Clinton in disguised handwriting and under the signature of "Gustavus," describing himself as an American officer of high rank, who, through disgust at the French alliance and other proceedings of Congress, might perhaps be persuaded to go over to the British, provided he could be indemnified for any losses he might incur by so doing. The correspondence thus begun was kept up at intervals, Clinton's replies being penned by Major John André, his adjutant-general, over the signature of "John Anderson." For nearly eighteen months, indeed, the letters continued under fictitious names but with the gradual knowledge on the part of both principals as to whom the other party was.

André and Mrs. Arnold, too, occasionally wrote to each other now, and Arnold did not scruple, through this means, to convey certain messages to the English side. But Mrs. Arnold was, all the while, quite innocent of wrong, and the tale that she once confessed complicity in the treacherous plot [1] is usually discredited.

[1] A letter from Major André to Arnold's wife, offering to secure supplies from New York of certain millinery articles for her use is generally supposed to cover a meaning understood by Arnold alone.

After his marriage, except when absent to attend the court-martial in camp, Arnold was pretty constantly in Philadelphia until the middle of July, 1780; and it was there that his first child by his second marriage, Edward Shippen Arnold, was born. The family's removal to West Point and Arnold's hasty departure from that place, — following his discovery of André's arrest, — were also events of that summer of 1780, a very tragic summer, we may believe, for the lovely girl who so short a time before had married her handsome general, full of high hopes for the future. Some friends of the Shippen family assert that the young wife would have been glad to return to her father's home for good upon the discovery of her husband's treachery, but if such was her desire she was effectually prevented from realizing it by this notice, served upon her within a month after she had rejoined her own people in Philadelphia, following Arnold's defection:

"IN COUNCIL

Philadelphia, Friday, Oct. 27, 1780.

"The Council, taking into consideration the case of Mrs. Margaret Arnold (the wife of Benedict Arnold, an attainted traitor with the enemy at New York), whose residence in this city has become dangerous to the public safety, and

this Board being desirous as much as possible to prevent any correspondence and intercourse being carried on with persons of disaffected character in this State and the enemy at New York, and especially with the said Benedict Arnold; therefore

"RESOLVED, That the said Margaret Arnold depart this State within fourteen days from the date hereof, and that she do not return again during the continuance of the present war."

Nor could the Council be induced to withdraw this decree although considerable pressure was brought to bear upon them to do so. "It makes me melancholy every time I think of her reunion to that infernal villain," wrote Major Edward Burd, who had married Peggy Shippen's sister. "The sacrifice was an immense one at her being married to him at all. It is much more so to be obliged against her will, to go to the arms of a man who appears to be so very black." Major Burd was probably here expressing his own views of Arnold rather than those of his sister-in-law, although Washington Irving asserts [1] that it was "strongly against Mrs. Arnold's will that she rejoined her husband in New York." However this may be, she bore him four children after she had left Philadelphia, three sons who grew up to be officers in

[1] *Life of George Washington.* Washington Irving.

the British army and a daughter who married into the East Indian service. Edward Shippen Arnold, who had been born in Philadelphia, died in India in 1813, having won high distinction in the service of the king.

The form in which the people's indignation at Arnold's act expressed itself in Philadelphia was characteristic of the age. The night after the news of his flight was received a hollow paper effigy with a light inside and an inscription in large letters on the breast, was carried through the streets and then hung upon a gallows. On the last day of September (1780) a much more striking manifestation took place. An effigy of Arnold, dressed in regimentals but having two faces, was placed on a stage in the body of a cart and drawn through the city behind musicians playing the "Rogue's March," to a spot in front of the Coffee House at Front and Market Streets and there burned. Towering over the figure in the cart stood the devil, with the conventional pitchfork, holding a bag of money in his hand. In front was a transparency representing Arnold, kneeling to the devil, who was about to pull him into the flames.

For André, however, who was forced to pay with his life for the American's treachery, the people as well as the Continental officers appear to have felt only pity. A curtain which he had

painted for the Southwark Theatre at the time of the Occupation remained in use until the building was burned down (May 8, 1823), quite proof enough, it seems to me, that no spirit of revenge pursued the memory of the young Englishman's stay in Philadelphia. It had been this same Southwark Theatre, it is interesting to note, which before the Revolution was the scene of the first play by an American author ever produced in this country. This was on April 24, 1767, the piece bearing the name of *The Prince of Parthia* and its author being Thomas Godfrey, Jr. of Philadelphia.

In this production of an original American play, and, indeed, in almost all of the early theatrical ventures recorded in the stage history of Philadelphia, a leading actor was Lewis Hallam, whose English company had made so great a success in New York in 1753 that they were urged by the more liberal-minded Philadelphians to visit the Quaker City also. The matter was not arranged without opposition, and a goodly quantity of printer's ink was used in arguments *pro* and *con*, but eventually this forward step was taken and on April 25, 1754, Philadelphia's first regular theatrical season was inaugurated. The background of the company's efforts at this time was a temporary theatre in a warehouse situated in King or Water Street between Pine and Lombard Streets, but in 1759 they came

back to occupy a permanent theatre erected for them at the corner of Cedar and Vernon Streets. The opposition to play-acting was acute in some quarters that year, however, and Mr. Hallam again went elsewhere with his artists, staying away this time for more than five years. Then (November 12, 1776) he reopened in the new house (much larger than the last) situated at the corner of South and Apollo Streets, which so long utilized André's curtain. Graydon,[1] in his *Memoirs*, declares that Hallam " was in Philadelphia as much the soul of the Southwark Theatre as ever Garrick was of Drury Lane; and if, as Dr. Johnson allows, popularity in matters of taste is unquestionable evidence of merit, we cannot withhold a considerable portion of it from Mr. Hallam, notwithstanding his faults." (Ranting was one of these faults.)

The Provincial Congress had come out flatly in 1774, however, with the determination to " discourage every species of extravagance and dissipation, especially horse-racing, and all kinds of gaming, cock-fighting, exhibition of shows, plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments." It naturally had not helped to soften this prejudice against the theatre that the British officers gave regular dramatic performances during the Occupation. Accordingly when,

[1] *Memoirs of a Life Passed Chiefly in Pennsylvania*, by Alexander Graydon.

after the return of the Continental Congress, a company of actors (whose names are not known) announced some plays, Congress promptly passed a resolution prohibiting "any person holding an office under the United States" from attending. Subsequently the law was made even more stringent, and though Lewis Hallam tried hard to have the provision repealed, during the session of 1784–85, he was not successful in this effort and so could do nothing better than open his theatre, March 1, 1785, for "miscellaneous entertainments and singing!" Later, growing bolder, he added readings of scenes from plays. Theatrical history in Philadelphia during the next few years recounts one long succession of ingenious evasions of the law.[1] Finally, the community put the matter of repealing the law to a petition-vote in the honest endeavor to arrive at a true expression of public opinion on the matter. The result was that the theatre was again made legal and, with the return of Congress to the city, became distinctly fashionable.

Brilliant seasons continued at the Southwark until 1794, when the popularity of the older house was supplanted by that of the Chestnut Street Theatre, brave in "two rows of boxes, Corinthian columns and pale rose-colour panels." A member of the Chestnut Street company early in the new century was the Elizabeth Arnold,

[1] Cf. *Old Boston Days and Ways*, p. 427.

who afterwards married David Poe, then a handsome Southern law-student, and became the mother of the famous poet. Another early actor at the Chestnut Street was Spencer H. Cone, who, after several successful seasons as a Thespian, became successively an editor, a captain of artillery, and a Baptist minister. His early passion for the stage cropped out again in his granddaughter, Kate Claxton. The story of the old South Street or Southwark Theatre was not yet closed, however, for in 1807 the first French dramatic company that ever appeared in Philadelphia opened there; Charles Durang, who wrote a *History of the Philadelphia Stage*, was long the manager here; and it was in this place, also, that Joseph Jefferson's mother made her first appearance in Philadelphia.

At the time the Chestnut Street welcomed its first audience it was acknowledged to be the finest theatre in America. Its seating capacity was two thousand, of whom nine hundred could be accommodated in the boxes, and its initial company was very strong both as to numbers and talent. In this house it was that John Howard Payne, afterwards celebrated as the author of "Home, Sweet Home" made his Philadelphia *début* (December 5, 1809) in the part of Hamlet. Durang says of him, "His youth and beauty of figure were highly prepossessing. But sixteen years of age and

petite in stature, yet he appeared the epitome of a Prince Hamlet in soul and manner. His face beamed with intelligence and his bearing was of the most courtly mould. He was vigorous without rant; chaste but not dull. He portrayed all the quick thought, restless disposition and infirm philosophy of Hamlet with great judgment and tact."

Philadelphia's first great theatrical *furor* was excited by the arrival in 1811 of George Frederick Cooke, the English tragedian. In those days there was no advance seat sale, the method being for servants, or those temporarily retained by intending playgoers, to stand in line for places, and when the doors were opened, rush in to seize seats in which they remained until their employers came to claim them. As early as the Sunday evening preceding Cooke's first performance the steps of the theatre were covered with men prepared to spend the night, some of whom actually took off their hats and put on nightcaps. By Monday morning the streets were impassable and by evening the crowd was so great that it was evident that ticket-holders, especially ladies, would not be able to make their way through it without danger. Accordingly, a placard was displayed saying that those who held admission tickets could go in through the stage door. This so clogged that approach, however, that when Cooke arrived, he was obliged

to make himself known before even he could force a passage through. He did this by calling out, " I am like that man going to be hanged who told the crowd they would have no fun unless they made way for him!" Contemporary criticisms make one feel that his performance was almost worth the trouble it cost to see it; and when one reflects that the first-night receipts $1,604, came from prices so modest that *boxes brought only one dollar*, one sighs for the " good old days." Cooke was the first of the English " stars " to visit Philadelphia, but many lights of lesser magnitude now followed in his train and most of them went to the Chestnut Street. It was therefore a heavy blow to the drama in Philadelphia when that playhouse burned down on April 2, 1820. Plans for rebuilding were immediately made, however, so that it was still in the Chestnut Street Theatre that the elder Booth and Charles Mathews scored their early Philadelphia successes. It was here also (July 5, 1826), that Edwin Forrest made his first appearance in his native city as a " star."

To the annals of the Walnut Street Theatre, however, belongs the proud occasion of Forrest's *début;* and it was there, also, that this very great actor made his last appearance on a Philadelphia stage in 1871. On November 27, 1820, it was announced that " a young gentleman of this city " would play young Norval, and, two

months later, a performance " for Master Forrest's benefit " was advertised.

Edwin Forrest was then fourteen years of age. He was born in a small frame house numbered 51 on George, afterwards Guilford, Street, and his father was a runner for the old United States Bank. But, this not being a very remunerative occupation, little Edwin had early to shift for himself and so made his *début* upon the stage of life, as many another eminent man before and since has done, by being the " devil " of a newspaper office. This work he left to enter a cooper-shop. His only contact with the tubs seems, however, to have been when he turned them upside down and on the thus-improvised platform spouted Shakespeare and other poets for the edification of his fellow-workmen. Then he became a clerk and joined an amateur theatrical company. To appear professionally as young Norval was now an easy transition.

Two days after Edwin Forrest's benefit (in January, 1821) another notable event occurred at the Walnut Street Theatre — Edmund Kean made his first appearance in Philadelphia. The character he had chosen was that of Richard III, and many of his auditors, remembering Cooke's wonderful performance, were inclined to view the newcomer coldly. But, as the play progressed, Kean's great powers began to reveal themselves and the applause which greeted his

final scenes was such that he was speedily offered another engagement. His second stay in the city terminated disastrously, however, for, whether from drink or from the dawning of that mental malady which afterwards afflicted him, he so conducted himself, while on the stage, that there ensued a riot which was long remembered in Philadelphia.

This unpleasant occurrence did not tend to make the city any less hospitable, happily, to the two Kembles, father and daughter, when they came along in 1832, playing "Romeo and Juliet" together, and giving finished performances of other masterpieces, also. Fanny Kemble's letters about her experiences in the Quaker City are delightful reading. In speaking of the "Romeo and Juliet" she says that, in spite of the manifest absurdity of her father's acting Romeo to his own child's Juliet, "the perfection of his art makes it more youthful, graceful, ardent and lover-like — a better Romeo, in short, than the youngest pretender to it nowadays." Evidently the Philadelphians thought so, too, for they were exceedingly nice to the Kembles, — especially Fanny. Even the Quakers, who disapproved of the theatre, recognized the exquisite quality of this child of the stage, it would appear. "And how doth Fanny?" questioned the master of a Quaker shop of one of her party who was doing some shopping. "I was in hopes

she might have wanted something; we should have great pleasure in attending upon her." "Was not that nice?" the sweet girl exclaims, in her letter home, adding, "I went thither to-day and bought myself a lovely sober-coloured gown!"

It should not, however, be thought that theatre-going was the sole amusement of Philadelphia at this period. Quite a surprising variety of sports and entertainments disclose themselves, indeed, as one reads the memoirs and diaries of the time. Before the Revolution such barbarous amusements as cock-fighting, bull-baiting and bear-baiting were frequently indulged in, — especially cock-fighting, which seems then to have been "the sport for gentlemen!" Watson in his *Annals* quotes from a letter of Dr. William Shippen to Dr. Gardiner (in 1735) announcing that he has sent his friend "a young game-cock to be depended upon," and giving as a reason for not sending an old cock that "our young cockers have contrived to kill and steal all I had." The Philadelphians, too, showed their English ancestry by their fondness for horseflesh, pacers, rather oddly, being deemed the most genteel horses. And horses were *raced* — though the Society of Friends, at a very early period, expressed strong disapproval of horse-racing and did all that they could to discourage it.

Even the Quakers, however, indulged in some forms of water-sports. Elizabeth Drinker's delightful *Diary* contains many references to dips in the surf enjoyed by her " dear Henry " during their visits to New York, and fishing and skating clubs, as natural recreations which could be freely indulged in by all, were deservedly popular. Graydon boldly dubbed the Philadelphians " the best skaters in the world." " Though they have never reduced it to rules, like the Londoners, nor connected it with their business like Dutchmen, I will yet hazard that opinion," he declares. In support of which judgment one may quote the following anecdote of the painter West, as rehearsed in Dunlap's *History of Art.* West had the Philadelphia skill in skating and, while in America, had formed the acquaintance on the ice with Colonel (afterwards General) Howe. But they entirely lost track of each other until one day when the painter, having fastened on his skates at the Serpentine, was astonishing the timid tyros of London by the rapidity of his motions and the graceful figure which he made. Some one cried, " West! West! " It was Colonel Howe. " I am glad to see you," said he, " and not the less so that you come in good time to vindicate my praises of American skating." Whereupon West displayed his great skill to the gentlemen to whom Howe introduced him — and made for himself

many admiring friends who afterwards commissioned him to paint their portraits.

Card-playing, even for amusement, never prevailed to any great extent in Philadelphia, and that in an age when gaming was elsewhere the pet vice of the fashionable. Witty Rebecca Franks, when off on a visit to New York, wrote back, "Few ladies here know how to entertain company in their own houses unless they introduce the card table. . . . The Philadelphians have more cleverness in the turn of an eye than those of New York have in their whole composition. With what ease have I seen a Chew, a Penn, an Oswald, an Allen and a thousand others, entertain a large circle of both sexes, the conversation, without the aid of cards, never flagging nor seeming in the least strained or stupid." Billiards, too, were anathema in Philadelphia until a resourceful writer discovered in this amusement an analogy to marbles, and so removed the curse. "Both games," he lucidly pointed out, "are played with balls; the only difference is that the one is made of common stone, the other of ivory, and that the one is driven forward by the hand and the other with a stick. Now, I cannot see why anything sinful can be attributed to an elephant's tooth more than to a stone, or how the crime is greater by propelling a ball with a stick instead of the hand, or by playing it on a table and in a room instead

of at a corner of the street and on the ground." Thenceforward billiards was respectable.

Of out-door places of public resort there were several in old Philadelphia. One, fitted up on the plan of the public gardens in London and situated at the Lower Ferry of the Schuylkill, was opened shortly after the Revolution and known as Gray's Gardens. Soon there came a rival called Harrowgate, where a mineral spring had been discovered, in whose properties, however, the proprietor of the place seems not to have put all his trust, inasmuch as he advertised, besides his mineral water, "the best of liquors of all and every kind." The Wigwam baths, on the banks of the Schuylkill, at the foot of Race Street, sounds, however, the most alluring place of them all. For in this establishment, fitted up in 1791 by John Coyle, was to be found a bowling green, two shower baths, and one plunging bath, besides good things to eat. Priest, in his *Travels Through the United States*, 1793–97, says, "One evening at six o'clock, a party of pleasure went to a tea-garden and tavern romantically situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, famous for serving up coffee in style. On the table there were coffee, cheese, sweet-cakes, hung beef, sugar, pickled salmon, butter, crackers, ham, cream, and bread. The ladies all declared it was a most charming relish."

Fireworks, known as "grand pyrotechnic dis-

plays," were always popular in Philadelphia, and for museums full of curiosities the people also had a wholesome fondness. Keeping such museums was a very respectable occupation, too, because, for a long time, only gentlemen engaged in it. Charles Wilson Peale, the painter, was one of these. Peale's first museum was in his residence, corner of Third and Lombard Streets, but when his collections so increased as to make these quarters too small the Philosophical Society offered him the use of its building in Fifth Street, below Chestnut. To this place it was that all Philadelphia for years took its visiting country cousins to see the mammoth, whose rehabilitation, by Peale and his clever sons, had been celebrated by the serving of a collation, *inside the huge skeleton*, to twelve gentlemen whom Peale desired thus to honor! Another feature of this fascinating resort was a collection of stuffed monkeys, dressed as human beings and engaged in some of the occupations familiar to man. Peale's Museum was ultimately absorbed by the Philadelphia Museum Company situated at the corner of Ninth and Sansom Streets, and here, besides the Peale portraits, the mammoth and the monkeys, there was long shown a notable collection of life-like wax figures (owned by Nathan Dunn, who had been a merchant in China) and representing properly-costumed Chinese men and women, looking and

bearing themselves exactly as the Chinese people then did in their streets and native bazaars. "The store-keeper was behind his counter just as he was to be seen in the streets of Canton, with rolls of real silk upon the shelves of his shop. A tawny-skinned customer was represented making his selection of goods; a clerk was busy at his desk making entries in his books with the aid of a camel's hair pencil and a stick of India ink; a beggar was soliciting alms; the walls were adorned with wise maxims from Confucius. In the narrow apartment, which represented the open street, were Chinese coolies trotting along with some luxurious individual suspended in a sedan chair from bamboo poles; the Chinese barber was seen plying his trade upon the 'nob' of a customer in the open air; the itinerant tinker was blowing his fire to commence operations upon a cracked dinner-pot; an ancient cobbler was busy upon a damaged shoe; and even the boatman, who spends his entire life upon a frail skiff upon the Canton River, was represented with his wife and his little ones, on board a real boat taken from the river by Mr. Dunn, with all its real fixtures and appurtenances complete even to the gourd which was tied to the young amphibious Celestials to keep them afloat in case of a sudden dip in the river." [1] As the day of the moving picture and

[1] *History of Chestnut Street*, by Casper Souder, Jr.

of cheap Cook tours around the world had then not come, it will be understood that this exhibition was a much-prized source of entertainment and instruction in Philadelphia.

There were permanent circuses, too, when the Republic was still very young. But they were looked upon as rather doubtful amusements, and when one of them, Ricketts' circus, burned up, in the course of a representation of *Don Juan*, which realistically depicted that fascinating philanderer being consumed by the fires of hell, the catastrophe was declared by some to be a judgment of Providence on a grossly impious act. Sensible Elizabeth Drinker appears not to have shared in this narrow view, however, for she merely quotes the account of the fire as published in Claypole's paper [1] of December 18, 1799, and makes no comment whatever on it.

Against masked dancing parties Philadelphia sternly set its face. Dancing masters of many kinds and grades had for some time practised their profession quite undisturbed, but when, in 1804, Monsieur Epervil made an attempt to introduce masquerade balls, an Act of Assembly promptly declared this form of entertainment to be a common nuisance. That the evil to be suppressed was supposed to be a very serious

[1] Philadelphia published no less than *eight* daily papers at this period!

one is shown by the fact that Section I of the prohibiting act provided that " every housekeeper within the Commonwealth who shall knowingly permit and suffer a masquerade or masked ball to be given in his or her house, any person who shall set on foot, promote or encourage any masquerade or masked ball, and every person who shall knowingly attend or be present at any masquerade or masked ball in mask or otherwise, being thereof legally convicted, . . . shall for each and every offence be sentenced to an imprisonment not exceeding three months, and to pay a fine not exceeding one thousand or less than fifty dollars, and to give security in such sum as the court may direct to keep the peace and be of good behavior for one year."

Dancing itself was not frowned down, however. Even before the middle of the eighteenth century there were several different dancing sets among the " world's people " of the town. A dancing assembly was formed, probably for the first time, in 1740, though what is known as the First Dancing Assembly was not organized until eight years later. The membership in this latter group comprised representatives from nearly all the prominent Philadelphia families who were not Quakers, and its formation marks the beginning of an important epoch in the social and family history of the city. The subscrip-

tion price was forty shillings, but it was family and not wealth which constituted the qualification for membership; when the daughter of Michael Hillegas, the first treasurer of the United States, married a prosperous jeweler and goldsmith of Market Street she was compelled to forego her former place, the families of mechanics, however wealthy, being rigorously excluded. Somewhat later another assembly, not so exclusive, was formed, and it is said that when General Washington was invited to both balls on the same night he put in an appearance at both and stayed precisely as long at one place as the other.

The Marquis de Chastellux gives a racy account of one of these subscription balls which he attended while visiting Philadelphia after the Revolution. "A manager or master of ceremonies presides at these methodical amusements; he presents to the gentlemen and ladies, dancers, billets folded up containing each a number; thus fate decides the male or female partner for the whole evening. All the dances are previously arranged and the dancers are called in their turns. These dances, like the toasts we drink at table, have some relation to politics; one is called the Success of the Campaign, another the Defeat of Burgoyne, and a third Clinton's Retreat. The managers are generally chosen from among the most distinguished offi-

cers of the army. . . . Colonel Mitchell was formerly the manager but when I saw him he had descended from the magistracy and danced like a private citizen. He is said to have exercised his office with great severity and it is told of him that a young lady who was figuring in a country dance, having forgotten her turn by conversing with a friend, was thus addressed by him, 'Give over, Miss, mind what you are about. Do you think you come here for your *pleasure?*' "

Of the ladies to be met with at these and similar social functions de Chastellux speaks rather slightingly but the Duke de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who was in Philadelphia about five months towards the close of the year 1794, declares with incomparable gallantry, "In the numerous assemblies of Philadelphia it is impossible to meet with what is called a plain woman." Rochefoucauld, to be sure, saw the city's very choicest daughters, for he brought many letters of introduction and was very cordially received in the best homes. Moreover, the time of which he wrote was a dozen years later than that of de Chastellux's visit; dozens of promising girls might have grown up to be superb women in that interval. Yet valuable as are the descriptions of Philadelphia furnished us by these various clever Frenchmen who came to America at this period and went back to

write books about what they saw, it is only after one has read them all and made one's own deductions from the sum-total of their impressions that one arrives at what was probably the real truth.

Brissot de Warville has left us a delightful description of Philadelphia about 1788, which gives perhaps as true a contemporary picture as can be found of the way the city looked then: "At ten o'clock in the evening," he says, "all is tranquil in the streets; the profound silence which reigns there is only interrupted by the voice of the watchmen, who are in small numbers and who form the only patrole. The streets are lighted by lamps, placed like those of London.

"On the side of the streets are footways of brick, and gutters constructed of brick or wood. Strong posts are placed to prevent carriages from passing on the footways. All the streets are furnished with public pumps in great numbers. At the door of each house are placed two benches where the family sit at evening to take the fresh air and amuse themselves from looking at the passengers. It is certainly a bad custom as the evening air is unhealthful, and the exercise is not sufficient to correct this evil, for they never walk here: they supply the want of walking by riding out into the country. They have few coaches at Philadelphia. You see many handsome waggons which are used to

carry the family into the country; they are a kind of long carriage, light and open, and many contain twelve persons. They have many chairs and sulkeys open on all sides; the former may carry two persons, the latter only one.

"Philadelphia is built on a regular plan; long and large streets cross each other at right angles: this regularity is at first embarrassing to a stranger; he has much difficulty in finding himself, especially if the streets are not inscribed, and the doors not numbered. It is strange that the Quakers, who are so fond of order, have not adopted these two conveniences; that they have not borrowed them from the English, of whom they have borrowed so many things.

"Already they have carpets in Philadelphia, elegant carpets; it is a favorite taste with the Americans; they receive it from the interested avarice of their old masters, the English. A carpet in summer is an absurdity; yet they spread them in this season, and from vanity: this vanity excuses itself by saying that the carpet is an ornament; that is to say, they sacrifice reason and utility to show.

"The Quakers have likewise carpets; but the rigorous ones blame this practice. They mentioned to me an instance of a Quaker from Carolina, who, going to dine with one of the most opulent at Philadelphia, was offended at

finding the passage from the door to the staircase covered with a carpet, and would not enter the house; he said that he never dined in a house where there was luxury; and that it was better to clothe the poor than to clothe the earth.

" Notwithstanding the fatal effects that might be expected here from luxury, we may say with truth that there is no town where morals are more respected. Adultery is not known here: there is no instance of a wife of any sect who has failed in her duties. This I am told is owing to what may be called the civil state of women. They marry without dower; they bring to their husbands only the furniture of their houses, and they wait the death of their parents, before they come to the possession of their property." An explanation, if not a very noble one, of what seemed to Brissot the extraordinary chastity of the Philadelphia women!

" The State House where the Legislature assembles, is a handsome building," our chronicler then declares — thus bringing us to the reconstruction period in Philadelphia. The manner in which the official families of the city entertained themselves at this stage of our country's development is interesting. Washington tried as hard and as naïvely as anyone to divert himself after the strain of the war. The theatre, the circus, balloon ascensions, even cockfights were visited by him, as we see from the

scrupulous care with which he recorded his various expenditures. Once he gave nine shillings to a man "who brought an elk to exhibit," and we find that he went with impartial avidity to see an automaton, a dancing bear, a puppet show, wax-works, and a tiny menagerie made up only of a tiger and a lioness. For lotteries, then in good repute, he had a distinct passion, though he was never lucky about drawing things. "By profit and loss, in two chances in raffling for encyclopaedia Britannica which I did not win £1/4," is a characteristic entry in his account book.

That the man at the head of the country's activities must greatly have needed diversion, while the Constitution was being framed, we may well believe. The delegates chosen for this Herculean task assembled in Philadelphia, in May, 1787, and went immediately to work in the old State House, whose walls had previously echoed the Declaration of Independence. By September they were able to submit the document, on which they had labored so hard for four months, to the various States for ratification, and on April 30th, 1789, Washington was duly inaugurated. Thus the United States possessed at last a settled government and a visible head. Soon, now, Philadelphia was to be the capital for ten years, and that in spite of the murmurs of those officials who found the native

complacency very irritating and the cost of living appallingly high. "The city is large and elegant," writes Oliver Wolcott to his wife, "but it did not strike me with the astonishment which the citizens predicted."

Abigail Adams, too, was only mildly pleased with the place which was now for some years to be her home. "The Schuylkill," she writes her daughter, Nov. 21, 1790, "is no more like the Hudson than I to Hercules. . . . When we arrived we found the first load of our furniture being taken into a house all green-painted, and the workmen there with their brushes in hand. . . . No wood nor fodder had been provided beforehand, so we could only turn about, and go to the City Tavern for the night.

"The next morning was pleasant, and I ventured to come up and take possession. But what confusion! Boxes, barrels, chairs, tables, trunks, etc., everything to be arranged, and few hands to accomplish it. . . . The first object was to get fires; the next to get up beds; but the cold, damp rooms, the new paint, etc., proved almost too much for me. On Friday we arrived here, and late on Saturday evening we got our furniture in. On Sunday Thomas was laid up with the rheumatism; on Monday I was obliged to give Louis an emetic; on Tuesday Mrs. Briesler was taken with her old pain in her stomach; and to complete the whole, on Thurs-

day Polly was seized with a violent pluritic fever. She has been twice bled, a blister upon her side, and has not been out of bed since, only as she's taken up to have her bed made. And every day, the stormy ones excepted, from eleven until three, the house is filled with ladies and gentlemen. All this is no more nor worse than I expected, I bear it without repining, and feel thankful that I have weathered it without a relapse, though some days I have not been able to sit up.

"Mrs. Bingham has been twice to see me. I think she is more amiable and beautiful than ever. . . . I've not yet begun to return visits as the ladies expect to find me at home. . . . Mrs. Lear was in to see me yesterday and assures me that I am much better off than Mrs. Washington will be when she arrives, for that their house is not likely to be completed this year. And when all is done it will not be Broadway."

The Mrs. Bingham to whom Abigail Adams here makes admiring allusion, was for many years the leading spirit of Philadelphia society. The daughter of Thomas Willing and a relative of the famous family of Shippens, to whom several references have already been made, she was married Oct. 26th, 1780 (being then only sixteen!), to William Bingham, United States Senator from Pennsylvania. John Jay, whose own wife was

so lovely that she was once mistaken at the theatre in Paris for the exquisite Marie Antoinette, wrote from Spain to felicitate Mr. Bingham on his nuptials " with one of the most lovely of her sex." A few years after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Bingham went abroad and spent some time in France, where she was presented at the court of Louis XVI and attracted much attention among the nobles and aristocracy. Her dress at a certain dinner given by the Lafayettes is described as of " black velvet with pink satin sleeves and stomacher, a pink satin petticoat, and over it a skirt of white crepe spotted all over with gray fur; the sides of the gown open in front, and the bottom of the coat trimmed with paste. It was superb."

After spending some time at The Hague Mrs. Bingham accompanied her husband to England, where " her elegance and beauty attracted more attention than was perhaps willingly expressed in the old Court of George the Third." Great as was the reputation of American women for beauty, Mrs. Adams wrote that she had never seen a lady in England who could bear comparison with Mrs. Bingham. And from London Miss Adams later wrote of this fascinating woman, " She is coming quite into fashion here and is very much admired. The hairdresser who dresses us on Court-days inquired of mamma whether she knew the lady so much

talked of here from America — Mrs. Bingham. He has heard of her . . . and at last speaking of Miss Hamilton he said with a twirl of his comb, ' Well, it does not signify, but the American ladies do beat the English all to nothing.' " From which authoritative pronouncement, one must conclude that Mrs. Bingham was, indeed, a woman of rare beauty. She possessed immense wealth also, which enabled her to live in very great luxury, and inasmuch as her husband upon his return to Philadelphia built in Third Street above Spruce a mansion-house modeled on the Duke of Manchester's residence, she was able to entertain in a truly splendid fashion.

One of the foreign customs introduced into Philadelphia society by Mrs. Bingham was that of the servants' announcing the names of guests on their arrival at a party, at different stages of the way from the hall to the drawing-room. One evening a visitor, to whom this was an innovation, hearing his name called out repeatedly while he was removing his outer garments, cried out, " Coming! " " Coming! " and in a louder tone as he heard his name at the drawing-room door, " *Coming!* As soon as I can get my great-coat off! "

The first masquerade ball in Philadelphia is said to have been given at Mrs. Bingham's, but this lady did not greatly patronize the theatre,

and so was refused on any terms the private box which she begged Manager Wignell to grant her. She offered to furnish and decorate the box at her own expense, but she insisted on keeping the key and allowing no one to enter without her permission; this the manager would not permit for fear of offending the fierce spirit of liberty and equality in the masses. When the Viscount de Noailles, brother-in-law of Lafayette, visited America in the summer of 1795, he was a guest of the Binghams, and when Louis Philippe was here he is said to have sought a daughter of the family in marriage. But the senator declined the alliance. "Should you ever," he said, "be restored to your hereditary position you will be too great a match for my daughter; if not, she is too great a match for you."

Quite different from the elegance of the entertainments given at the Bingham mansion, was the simplicity of life in Washington's home. Though Robert Morris's house, the best in the city, was taken for the President's residence, the mode of life there was notably simple. "On Friday last," wrote Abigail Adams, Dec. 26th, 1790, "I went with Charles to the drawing-room, being the first of my appearance in public. The room became full before I left it, and the circle very brilliant. How could it be otherwise, when the dazzling Mrs. Bingham and her

beautiful sisters [1] were there; the Misses Allen, and the Misses Chew; in short, a constellation of beauties?" A more categorical description of this interesting affair may be found in a letter sent by Miss Sally McKean back to a friend in New York: "*You* never could have had such a drawing-room; it was brilliant beyond anything you could imagine; and though there was a great deal of extravagance there was so much of Philadelphia taste in everything, that it must have been confessed the most delightful occasion of the kind ever known in this country."

By this time Mrs. Adams appears to have ceased to mourn for the joys of "Broadway." "If I were to accept one-half the invitations I receive," she wrote, Jan. 8, 1791, "I should spend a very dissipated winter. Even Saturday evening is not excepted, and I refused an invitation of that kind for this evening. I have been to one assembly. The dancing was very good; the company the best; the President and Madame, the Vice-President and Madame, Ministers of State and their Madames, etc.; but the room despicable.

"The managers [of the theatre] have been very polite to me and my family. I have been to one play, and here again we have been treated

[1] One of these "sisters" was Mrs. Major William Jackson (born Elizabeth Willing), whose portrait, by Stuart, is now owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

with much politeness. The actors came and informed us that a box was prepared for us. The Vice-President thanked them for their civility, and told them he would attend whenever the President did. And last Wednesday we were all there. The house is equal to most of the theatres we meet with out of France. It is very neat and prettily fitted up; the actors did their best; 'The School for Scandal' was the play. I missed the divine Farren, but upon the whole it was very well performed. On Tuesday next I go to a dance at Misses Chews, and on Friday sup at Mr. Clymer's; so you see I am likely to be amused." So well amused, indeed, was Mrs. Adams that by the time she came to leave Philadelphia she wrote thus cordially of the place: "From its inhabitants I have received every mark of politeness and civility. The ladies are well educated, well bred and well dressed. There is *much more society* than in New York."

From the pen of Wansey, an English traveler who took breakfast with President Washington in June, 1794, we get a vivid description of the domestic manners which then obtained in the First Household of the Land. Mrs. Washington, we are told, made tea and coffee, and there was sliced tongue, dry toast, and bread and butter. Miss Eleanor Custis, a girl of sixteen, sat nearest the hostess, and next came her grandson

George. One servant, who wore no livery, waited on the table; and a silver urn for hot water was the only expensive piece of table furniture. The President was at that time in his sixty-third year but looked rather younger than Mrs. Washington. She was short, robust in figure and very plainly dressed; her gray hair turned up under a plain cap.

Wansey visited Mrs. Bingham also, and made the following note in his diary: "June 8, 1794. I dined this day with Mrs. Bingham to whom I had letters of introduction. I found a magnificent house and gardens in the best English style, with elegant and even superb furniture. The chairs of the drawing-room were from Seddons, in London, of the newest taste, — the backs in the form of a lyre with festoons of crimson and yellow silk; the curtains of the room, a festoon of the same; the carpet one of Moore's most expensive patterns. The room was papered in the French taste, after the style of the Vatican at Rome. In the garden was a profusion of lemon, orange, and citron trees, and many aloes and other exotics." From the bill of sale published in the *United States Gazette* of Nov. 16th, 1805, four years after Mrs. Bingham's death, one gathers that every elegance then known in the way of household furniture had its place in this sumptuous establishment; and as one reads over the list of arm-chairs, fire-screens,

looking-glasses, mahogany sideboards, busts, and pictures which once formed the setting for this beautiful woman's social success, it becomes easy to picture her apartment on a festal day thronged with its galaxy of beauties and its brilliant public men wearing the elegant costume of the times. Washington at some such reception was thus attired, according to Asbury Dickens: "He was dressed in a full suit of the richest black velvet; his lower limbs in short clothes, with diamond knee-buckles and black silk stockings. His shoes, which were brightly japanned, were surmounted with large square silver buckles. His hair, carefully displayed in the manner of the day, was richly powdered and gathered behind into a black silk bag, on which was a bow of black ribbon. In his hand he held a plain cocked hat, decorated with the American cockade. He wore by his side a light slender dress-sword in a green shagreen scabbard with a richly ornamented hilt."

Thus at any rate Washington was probably arrayed at his own receptions, very formal affairs held every second Tuesday between three and four in the afternoon, the "scene being set" by the simple expedient of carrying his dining-room chairs out and so turning that room into a reception-hall. But if Washington's house was modest his equipage was distinctly imposing. He drove abroad in a big cream-colored

1. SECOND STREET, NORTH FROM MARKET STREET, ABOUT 1800, SHOWING CHRIST CHURCH.

2. CONGRESS HALL AND THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, ABOUT 1800.

THE ATHENÆUM WASHINGTON OF STUART.

From the original in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

coach globular in shape and ornamented in the French style with cupids in scant but flowing drapery, and wreaths of flowers crowning all. A tall German coachman, "possessing an aquiline nose," handled the reins, and the horses were two beautiful long-tailed Virginia bays. The President walked as well as rode about the town, however, and was in the habit of strolling every day at noon to set his watch by Clark's standard at Front and High Streets, gravely saluting the porters who uncovered as he passed. Great as was his personal dignity he had no false pride, as some writers would seem to have us feel. Nor did he possess, either, that exaggerated sense of the deference due to him which has tended to make him so wooden a figure to succeeding generations.

On the President's birthday handsome parties were always given, and Mr. Isaac Weld, in his *Travels,* speaks of one birthday, when Washington received from eleven o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon in the large parlor of the first floor of his house in Market Street between Fifth and Sixth, while Mrs. Washington received in her drawing-room upstairs. These birthday parties, which usually ended in a ball, were as eagerly anticipated by the belles of that day as dancing parties are now. Miss Sarah Cox, looking happily forward to the birth-night ball to be given President

Washington in Philadelphia on his anniversary of 1797, says: "The common topic of conversation here is the Birth night, which is next Wednesday. . . . I talk of taking two pair of shoes with me for I danced one pair nearly out at the last Assembly and I am sure if I could do that when it had nothing to do with the President, what shall I do when I have his presence to inspire me."

Compared with such balls as Mrs. Bingham gave, however, these birthday functions were simplicity itself. Her hospitality was as lavish as it was constant and it was largely due to her magnificent entertainments that Philadelphia, at this period, attained its very high rank as a social center. A number of brilliant diplomatic marriages were made during Washington's second administration, one of the most interesting being that of the Spanish Minister to the United States, the Señor Martinez de Yrujo, afterwards created Marquis de Casa Yrujo, to lovely Sally McKean, one of whose sprightly letters was quoted above. A contemporary writer tells us that at President John Adams's inauguration this Spaniard wore "his hair powdered like a snowball; with dark striped silk coat lined with satin, black silk breeches, white silk stockings, shoes, and buckles. He had by his side an elegant-hilted small-sword and his chapeau, tipped with white feathers, under his

arm." One does not wonder that Miss Sally succumbed to the charms of this resplendent person whom she had met at a dinner soon after his arrival in Philadelphia.

As it happens we have a pen-picture of this meeting! For "among the first to arrive," a contemporary writer tells us, "was Chief Justice McKean, accompanied by his lovely daughter, Miss Sally. She wore a blue satin dress trimmed with white crape and flowers, and petticoat of white crape richly embroidered, and across the front a festoon of rose colour caught up with flowers. The next to arrive was Señor Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, a stranger to almost all the guests.[1] He spoke with ease but with a foreign accent, and was soon lost in amazement at the beauty and grace of Miss McKean. . . . The acquaintance thus commenced, resulted in the marriage of Miss McKean to Señor Martinez de Yrujo at Philadelphia, April 10, 1798."

The Honorable Samuel Breck, to whose *Reminiscences* we are indebted for many racy accounts of people and happenings in the Philadelphia of this period, was a warm friend of the Binghams, and by reason of his foreign education was able to be of considerable social service to this gifted hostess when the Duc de

[1] The winter preceding his marriage De Yrujo resided at 315 High Street.

Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, the ecclesiastical diplomat Talleyrand and other Frenchmen of similar distinction were there entertained. Not that Mrs. Bingham herself was in any way unequal to the situation! From a letter sent her by Thomas Jefferson, then still abroad, we see that *salon* life in France was perfectly familiar to her. Jefferson, in this letter, appears to be rallying her, indeed, on her previously expressed fondness for it. "Tell me truly and honestly," he urges, "do you not find the tranquil pleasures of America preferable to the empty bustle of Paris? For to what does that bustle tend? At eleven o'clock it is day, *chez madame.* The curtains are drawn. Propped on bolsters and pillows and her head scratched into a little order, the bulletins of the sick are read and the billets of the well. She writes to some of her acquaintances and receives the visits of others.

"If the morning is not very thronged, she is able to get out and hobble around the cage of the Palais Royal; but she must hobble quickly, for the coiffeur's turn is come; and a tremendous turn it is! Happy, if he does not make her arrive when dinner is half over! The torpitude of digestion a little passed, she flutters half an hour through the streets, by way of paying visits, and then to the spectacles. These finished, another half hour is devoted to dodging in and out of the doors of her very sincere friends,

and away to supper. After supper, cards; and after cards, bed; to rise at noon the next day and to tread, like a mill-horse, the same trodden circle over again. . . . If death or bankruptcy happen to trip us out of the circle, it is matter for the buzz of the evening and is completely forgotten by the next morning.

" In America, on the other hand, the society of your husband, the fond cares of the children, the arrangements of the house, the improvements of the grounds, fill every moment with a healthy and a useful activity. . . . The intervals of leisure are filled with the society of real friends, whose affections are not thinned to a cobweb by being spread over a thousand objects. This is the picture in the light it is presented to my mind."

How accurately he had sketched Mrs. Bingham's manner of life in America Jefferson soon had opportunity to learn, for, upon his return to his native land, he was often at her home. His own home, at this period, was in the country [1] near Gray's Ferry and he often speaks of wandering on the banks of the Schuylkill, with his younger daughter, Maria, who was in the habit of spending her Sundays out of doors with him.

[1] The limits of Philadelphia at the time of Washington's administration were very narrow in comparison with those of to-day. Front, Second, Third and Fourth Streets, on the Delaware side, were its principal avenues, and it did not from any point extend much west of Sixth Street.

His life was not then marked by the extreme simplicity which afterwards came to be associated with his name; he kept five horses and had four or five men-servants in his establishment in addition to his French steward, Pétit, and his daughter's maid.

The country-place *par excellence* of the early Republican Philadelphia was, however, that of Robert Morris. It was called "The Hills," and Mrs. Drinker, in her *Diary*, writes of her daughter and her young friends having gone to see its greenhouse as one of the sights of the town. Samuel Breck, in his *Recollections*, says, "There was a luxury in the kitchen, table, parlour and street equipage of Mr. and Mrs. Morris that was to be found nowhere else in America. Bingham's was more gaudy but less comfortable. It was the pure and unalloyed which the Morrises sought to place before their friends, without the abatements that so frequently accompany the displays of fashionable life. No badly-cooked or cold dinners at their table; no pinched fires upon their hearths; no paucity of waiters; no awkward loons in their drawing-rooms. . . . We have no such establishments now. God in his mercy gives us plenty of provisions but it would seem as if the devil possessed the cooks." Morris's city residence, after he had given up the Richard Penn house to Washington, was at the corner of Sixth and Market Streets.

Washington was often here to drink tea, for of Mrs. Morris as of Mrs. Bingham he was very fond. These two ladies shared with Mrs. Walter Stewart the distinction of being sent portraits of the first President at the time of his retirement from public life.

Mrs. Stewart was a charming Irish beauty, the daughter of Blair McClenachen, a retired merchant of great wealth, who had purchased the Chews' celebrated place at Germantown. So much did Washington admire Mrs. Stewart that he made one of his rare jokes for her benefit. When she and her husband, who had been a colonel in the Continental Army, were sailing for Europe in 1785 Washington wrote his former companion-in-arms: "Mrs. Washington joins me in wishing you a good and prosperous voyage and in compliments to Mrs. Stewart. Tell her if she don't think of me often, I shall not easily forgive her and will scold her and beat her — soundly too — at piquet the next time I see her."

Tea-drinking was a regular dissipation of those days, and Washington seems heartily to have enjoyed this diversion at the homes of his friends. Other public men who came over here fell easily into this social habit also; from the Prince de Broglie's description of his first tea-drinking here in August, 1782 (Mrs. Morris being his hostess), we learn that it was the

custom of the time to put the spoon across the cup when the desire was "to bring this warm water question to an end." Unhappily, however, the prince was not informed of this bit of etiquette until he had already drunk twelve cups of tea! Perhaps it was because people consumed such immense quantities of tea, among other things, that the cost of living was so high in the Philadelphia of this period. Abigail Adams, in one of her letters in 1790, declared: "Every article has become almost double in price." And in the documents and diaries of the time there is constant complaint about the exceedingly high cost of everything. Prices which had become inflated during the Revolution, owing to the depreciation of the currency, were appallingly slow in getting down again to their normal level.

The letters from Mrs. Bache to her father, Dr. Franklin, when he was our Minister to France, give us a vivid insight into this: "If I was to mention the prices of the common necessaries of life, it would astonish you," she writes. "I should tell you that I had seven table-cloths of my own spinning, chiefly wove before we left Chester County; it was what we were spinning when you went. I find them very useful, and they look very well, but they now ask four times as much for weaving as they used to ask for the linen. . . . I am going to write cousin Jonathan

Williams to purchase me linen for common sheets . . . they really ask me six dollars for a pair of gloves, and I have been obliged to pay fifteen pounds fifteen shillings for a common calamanco petticoat without quilting that I once could have got for fifteen shillings. I buy nothing but what I really want and wore out my silk ones before I got this." [1] In another letter she writes: "The present you sent me this month two years, I received a few weeks ago; 'tis a prize indeed. It came open, without direction or letter, and has come through three or four hands. I have received six pairs of gloves, nine papers of needles, a bundle of thread and five papers of pins. . . . The last person to whose care they were given left them at a hair-dresser's with directions not to send them to me till he was gone. Their being all open makes me suspect I have not all; what I have received makes me rich. I thought them long ago in the enemies' hands. The prices of everything here are so much raised that it takes a fortune to feed a family in a very plain way: a pair of gloves 7 dollars, one yard of common gauze 24 dollars, and there never was so much pleasure and dressing going on; old friends meeting again, the Whigs in high spirits, and strangers of distinction among us. . . . I have

[1] *Letters to Benjamin Franklin from his Family and Friends*, 1751–1790, New York, 1859.

dined at the Minister's . . . and have lately been several times invited abroad with the General and Mrs. Washington. He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mrs. Powell's your birthday, or night I should say, in company together, and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage; it was just twenty years that night.

" My boy and girl are in health. The latter has ten teeth, can dance, sing and make faces, tho' she cannot talk, except the words *no* and *be done*, which she makes great use of."

Franklin's reply is amusing to those who reflect how well the old gentleman was enjoying himself in France. " I was charmed," he declares, " with the account you gave me of your industry, the tablecloths of your own spinning and so on; but the latter part of the paragraph, that you had sent for linen from France because weaving and flax were grown dear, alas! that dissolved the charm; and your sending for long black pins, and lace and *feathers!* disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries. The spinning, I see, is laid aside, and you are to be dressed for the ball! You seem not to know, my dear daughter, that, of all the dear things in this world, idleness is the dearest, except mischief. . . . When I began to read your account of the high prices of goods . . . I

expected you would conclude with telling me, that everybody as well as yourself was grown frugal and industrious; and I could scarce believe my eyes, in reading forward, 'that there never was so much pleasure and dressing going on;' and that you yourself wanted black pins and feathers from France to appear, I suppose, in the mode! This leads me to imagine, that perhaps it is not so much that the goods are grown dear as that money is grown cheap." Characteristically, Franklin had hit the mark. And, also characteristically, he then proceeds to send his daughter only the *necessary* articles for which she had asked, tagging thereto these terse observations: "If you wear [out] your cambric ruffles as I do and take care not to mend the holes, *they* will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, — they may be had in America from every cock's tail." [1]

A very famous Philadelphia institution, which dates from 1799 and of which one is reminded as one speaks of the great Franklin, was the *salon* for gentlemen, long held informally, on Sunday nights, under the hospitable High Street roof of that other distinguished American scientist, Dr. Caspar Wistar. These gatherings were destined to grow into the celebrated Wistar parties, expanding, in the course of years, from a few guests to a large club, from the friendliness

[1] *Works of Franklin*, Sparks, Vol. VIII, p. 374.

of Sunday evenings to the more formal elegance of Saturdays, and from the cakes and wine no company of men ever found satisfying, to such " real food " as is consumed today at club gatherings. In 1811 ice-cream, nuts and raisins constituted the " refreshments," but following the more formal organization of the Philosophical Society, after the death of Dr. Wistar in 1818, these airy trifles were abandoned for all time and the club began to gain that reputation for excellent and substantial dinners which made so deep an impression upon Thackeray at the time of his American visit. It was in honor of Dr. Wistar that Thomas Nuttall called the luxuriant vine, with its graceful clusters of purple flowers, now known the world over as *wistaria*. Dr. Wistar's country-seat was in Germantown.

How so many Philadelphians who entertained largely *could* at this period live for any length of time each year " out of town " is a puzzle. For the streets were in a shocking condition and for a long while there were few carriages.[1] Even as late as 1797, if one may trust the figures given in the *Travels of William Priest*, there were only eight hundred and six two and four wheel pleasure carriages in the whole city! Nor was walking a very popular means of trans-

[1] Watson mentions a Philadelphia belle who went to a ball in full dress on horseback.

portation, a fact the less to be wondered at when one learns that, until the dawn of the nineteenth century, *absolutely no distinction* was made by shoemakers between the right and left feet. A certain William Young, who lived at 128 Chestnut Street, claimed to have introduced this valuable improvement about 1800, and sometime afterwards his spouse promised that she would "by the direction of her husband, cause *her* sex also to have right and left feet, — to stand and walk with facility and ease and pleasure. Why should not they be at ease as well as the gentlemen?" she demands.

This early nineteenth century Philadelphia, had a shifting charm and alluring quaintness of its own which was by no American writer more truly appreciated than by Washington Irving. And although, from the very nature of things, Irving is more closely associated with old New York than with any other city, his memory is enduringly linked to the history of Philadelphia, also, because Philadelphia was the home of Rebecca Gratz, whom Scott, through Irving, has made immortal as the "Rebecca" of *Ivanhoe*.

The tender affection which existed between Irving and Rebecca Gratz was largely owing to the fact that the Philadelphia Jewess had been the lifelong friend of Matilda Hoffman,[1] Irving's

[1] Miss Hoffman, was a relative, too, of Charles Jones Fenno.

first, last, and only love. Miss Hoffman died in April, 1809, at the age of eighteen, Miss Gratz, who was ten years her senior, holding her tenderly in her arms. Irving was then twenty-six and he suffered poignantly. It happened that Rebecca Gratz had undergone a similar experience, for she had lost through a drowning accident Charles Jones Fenno, a young Christian whom she loved and who devotedly loved her. Inasmuch as several members of her family had already intermarried with the Clays, the Schuylers, and other Gentile families, it would not have been strange if this exquisite maiden with the lustrous black eyes had followed their example. But she refused Fenno in life, and after his death steadfastly said " no " to the ardent wooing of many other Christians because she considered herself spiritually his. Yet she continued to be the warm friend of the men and women of her lover's race and throughout her long life (she lived to be very old) was tenderly cherished by all those so fortunate as to know her well.

The Gratz family mansion in Philadelphia was known far and wide as the center of a refined and elegant hospitality. Rebecca's brother, Hyman, was the founder of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and with him the lovely girl was wont to travel south in winter and to Saratoga Springs in summer always as the center

of an admiring circle. Irving came often to be their guest, and through him it was that Thomas Sully, the painter, made Rebecca's acquaintance. Sully painted a portrait of her which is said to be one of his most successful works. Malbone, also, did a miniature of her.

Very interesting personal recollections of Rebecca Gratz have come to me from Mrs. Tudor Hart, who, when she was about eight years old, went with her sister Delia Tudor (afterwards Mrs. Skipwith Wilmer of Baltimore) and their mother, to visit Miss Gratz. "My mother," says my informant, "was the niece of Charles Fenno, and Miss Gratz's greeting to her was unforgettably touching in its tenderness and affection. Miss Gratz had a dignity of bearing quite royal in its aspect, although one felt it to be entirely natural and not assumed. Her individuality was of such charm that it would be quite impossible for any one who had ever had the privilege of meeting her to forget the experience. Her manner to my mother was very beautiful. With an indescribable tenderness (as to an own and dearly loved niece) she put her arm about her at meeting, kissed her most affectionately, and said 'Well, my dear, how are you?' The words are not so much in themselves, but to even a child on-looker they seemed to mean everything that was most intimately

affectionate and real. Moreover, those were not the days when one was more or less hugged and ' my deared ' by nearly everybody. Times have changed; one is now quite likely to be ' my deared ' by the first strange shop-lady of whom one asks the price of a pair of stockings in any big department store! I do not say modern customs may not be in *some* respects better — but they are certainly different.

" Miss Gratz, who was then seventy and who had not seen for many years this niece of her long-deceased lover, met my mother as one genuinely very near and dear to her, greeting her as though, since their meeting, there had been but a short lapse of time. The effect upon me, even as a young child, of her abiding affection was extraordinary. Her personality, too, was, as I say, of a kind never to be forgotten. In stature she impressed one as being very tall, but whether this came from the fact that she was so in reality, or because of her extreme erectness and dignity of bearing, I cannot say. I remember, however, that on the day we dined with her and spent the evening at her house I was immensely impressed, as she preceded us to the dining-room, with her arrow-like erectness as well as with the more than sylph-like trimness of her waist-line. Her whole appearance and bearing were not those of an aged or even middle-aged woman, but of an ideal girl

princess. Her eyes were large, singularly powerful, and of piercing radiance; yet they had withal a mellow softness indescribably affecting to the beholder. Her complexion at that time was of a darkish and yet clear pallor — like the tint on the leaf of a pressed tea rose.

" She was dressed in a very plain gown without ornament of any sort. Her hair was, or impressed one as being, of an intense blackness. Now I had not been ' primed up ' when taken to see Miss Gratz. I am not sure that my sister and I even knew then that she was at all a remarkable person. We did know, I think, that she was a Jewish lady of wealth and good family who, although greatly attached to my great-uncle (who had died in early youth) and he to her, steadily refused marriage with him because of their difference in religion. We knew, also, that, when she heard he could not live, she went at once to him and nursed him faithfully until his death and that they (my great-uncle and she) had before this made a binding and solemn mutual agreement to devote their lives to good works and to the memory of their ill-starred love.

" The *whole* story, as my mother had heard it, we were told later. Her uncle, Charles Fenno, and Rebecca Gratz had loved — not as in these modern days, as it were between flights in an

aeroplane from one divorce court to another, — but as in those days when people had time to form character and loved as they builded homes, — to have them last. True love was then felt to be too great and too real a thing to fill anything less than a lifetime. Miss Gratz always considered that there was a spiritual marriage; consequently the relatives of Charles Fenno were ever to her as her own people and were treated as such. When Julia Hoffman, a cousin of Charles Fenno's, was unexpectedly left destitute at her parent's death, Miss Gratz immediately took her into her own home, where she was always treated as a real relative would have been. This fact it may have been which gave rise to the report that there had been a marriage — a thing my mother, who must have known, always denied.

"Now, as to the manner of Charles Fenno's death. He perished, when twenty-three, as a result of almost fabulously great exertions made, during a shipwreck, in the effort to save the life of a lady who was of no interest to him save for the fact that she was a woman and one whom no one else could or would risk trying to save. He was then put on shore to die. Life had, however, become of virtually no value to him, I feel. Having had the privilege of seeing Miss Gratz, I can quite understand that a man who had missed the happiness of a union with

her could feel little joy in the prospect of a long life spent without her."

A particularly tragic element in the renunciation of these two noble souls is brought out by the fact that certain members of the Fenno family have since believed that *their* line, too, was of Jewish origin! "Had they then been able to *prove* this," declares Mrs. Hart (who seems herself quite to support the idea), "the fact that some individuals in the family had incidentally embraced Christianity would have been no real bar, even in Miss Gratz's mind, to her own union with Mr. Fenno. For it is first and foremost the *race* amalgamation which the religion of the Jew teaches him is the abomination of abominations in marriage and as such never to be entered into.

"Altogether, a study of Miss Gratz's character is a peculiarly fascinating one — and also an illuminating one to many persons — the generality of people having no conception of the unusually strong spiritual side to some persons of pure Jewish origin, and this in spite of the fact that these high traits of character are by no means unusual among Hebrews of refined or exalted birth. George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes), who knew many Jews, has clearly shown this in describing characters such as that of Daniel Deronda."

The quiet elegance of life in Miss Gratz's

home made a deep impression upon the child. "I remember the exceedingly nice table appointments," she says, "the good training of the servants, the style — though without ostentation — in which everything was served. The dinner was a late one, too, a custom then almost unheard of in American families, save in a few of the most exclusive and the wealthiest, and there was a butler to wait on table. One of the dishes was a sirloin roast of beef with shredded horse radish on top as served in England, and I remember how particularly delicious as well as tender the beef was. I mention this because I have so generally heard that all roast or boiled meats served by Jews are unpalatably tough. Another thing I had never seen before, and which particularly charmed me in Miss Gratz's house, was the serving of fruit after dinner in the drawing-room, to which it was brought by the butler, very daintily set out and arranged on a tray, in a way I had never then seen although our family was supposed to lead in Boston [1] in matters of luxury in table and other household appointments. The serving of the fruit in the drawing-room may not have been a customary thing with Miss Gratz, however, but a tactful expedient for breaking the

[1] For a considerable account of the Tudor family, together with pictures of Charles Jones Fenno and Rebecca Gratz, see my *Old Boston Days and Ways.*

tedium of a long dinner to those two of her guests who were children.[1] It would have been like her to have devised some such plan to cater to the restlessness of the young."

Though the story of the way in which Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia came to be Scott's "Rebecca" has often been told, it seems of sufficient interest to be here repeated. Scott and Irving met for the first time in the fall of the year 1817, Scott being then forty-six and in the brilliancy of his early fame, and Irving thirty-four with a fast increasing literary reputation. They became warmly attached to each other, their conversation in due time turning, as even *men's* conversation occasionally does, to personal affairs. Irving spoke of Miss Hoffman and of the Jewish friend who had often visited her in New York. He described the latter's wonderful beauty, related the story of her firm adherence to her religion, and dwelt, as he well might, on her sweet and unselfish character. Scott was deeply interested and immediately decided to introduce a Jewish female character into *Ivanhoe*, the plot for which was then just

[1] Miss Gratz had brought up the two orphan children of her sister, Rachel Gratz Moses, a boy, and the girl who afterward married a Mr. Joseph in Canada and whose English grandson, some years ago, became Mrs. Tudor Hart's son-in-law. Thus a marriage actually took place, eventually, between two collateral descendants of the severed lovers.

shaping itself in his mind. The book was finished in December, 1819, and the first copy was sent to Irving. With it went a letter asking "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?" Miss Gratz quite understood that she was the source of the character, a relative of hers[1] asserts, but she always deftly changed the subject when allusion was made to the matter.

[1] Gratz Van Rensselaer in the *Century Magazine* of September, 1882.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK

"IF there is a town on the American continent where English luxury displays its follies it is New York. In the dress of the women you will see the most brilliant silks, gauzes, hats and borrowed hair. . . . The men take their revenge in the luxury of the table." Which might, though penned so long ago,[1] be a somewhat unkind characterization of the New York of our own day!

Samuel Breck, however, though he wrote of almost the same time, gives us quite a different picture. "As a colonial town it was a place of considerable trade," he says, "but we found it then [in 1787] a place of dilapidation. Having been in the hands of the enemy for seven years and visited during that time by an extensive conflagration . . . it had not at all recovered from the effects of the war. New York in 1787 was but a poor place with about twenty-three thousand people. We anchored opposite a filthy little wooden shed called the

[1] By Brissot de Warville in 1788.

Fly Market, and when our boat reached the shore we had to climb up a wharf that was tumbling to pieces. Some twenty or thirty vessels lay at the other wharfs, and these shores that now exhibit a forest of masts and a stir of commerce surpassed in the whole world by two cities only [Mr. Breck was writing about 1830 and his allusion is to London and Liverpool] were then naked and silent."

Happily, New York, then as now, had tremendous faith in its future greatness; and this faith it was which enabled it so quickly to rebuild itself and so impressively to enlarge its commerce that, in spite of its deficiencies and limitations, it seemed the logical place in which to establish the nation's capital. Soon after 1785 stage lines had begun to connect the city with Albany, Boston, and Philadelphia, and though the journey from the New England capital occupied six days, traveling from three o'clock in the morning until ten at night (!) a good many people essayed the trip, and business at New York grew apace.

Taverns naturally played an important part in the life of that staging day, one of the most interesting being Fraunces' Tavern, at the southeast corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, a hostelry which, though it has been, since 1904, the property of the Sons of the Revolution, still welcomes guests for excellent dinners just

as it did in Colonial days. Here it was that Washington took his famous farewell of his officers. The scene of this historic occurrence was in the "Long Room" of the Tavern on the second floor and the time was December 4, 1783, ten days after the defeated British army had marched sullenly down Broadway to take their departure by boats.

General Washington rode to the Tavern on horseback, and "we had been assembled but a few moments," says Col. Benjamin Talmadge in his *Memoirs*, "when his Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reproduced by every officer present. After partaking of a slight refreshment in almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine and, turning to the officers, said with a heart full of love and gratitude, 'I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and as happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.' After the officers had taken a glass of wine, the General added, 'I cannot come to each of you, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox being nearest to him, turned to the Commander in Chief, who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance, but grasped his hand when they embraced each other in silence. In the same affectionate

manner every officer in the room marched up to, kissed and parted with his Commander in Chief. Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and I hope may never be called upon to witness again. Not a word was uttered to break the solemn silence that presided or to interrupt the tenderness of the scene. The simple thought that we were about to part with the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war and under whose conduct the glory and the independence of our country had been achieved, and that we should see his face no more in this world, seemed to be utterly insupportable. Already the time of separation had come, and waving his hand to his grieving children around him, he left the room, and passing through a corps of light infantry who were paraded to receive him, he walked silently to Whitehall, where a barge was waiting. We all followed in mournful silence to the wharf, where a prodigious crowd had assembled to witness the departure of the man who, under God, had been the great agent in establishing the glory and independence of these United States. As soon as he was seated the barge put off into the river, and when out in the stream our great and beloved General waved his hat and bade us a silent adieu."

Samuel Fraunces, though a West Indian by birth, had proved a staunch friend of the patriot

cause when the Revolution broke out and had worthily played his part in the stirring events of the time. He was one of the first whom Washington in his successful days rewarded. For when the general who had bidden his officers farewell in the Long Room of Fraunces' Tavern returned to New York to be inaugurated President of the United States, he promptly made Fraunces steward of his household, a post for which the Boniface was admirably fitted and which he filled with satisfaction to all concerned. Sometimes, to be sure, he was over-zealous in his desire to provide for the President's table the best the market afforded.

Once, as related by Mr. Griswold in his "Republican Court," he brought home from the old Fly Market a fine shad for which, because it was early in the season, he had to pay a very good price. The next morning the fish was duly served in the best style for breakfast and Washington had no sooner seated himself at table than he sniffed its delicate fragrance and asked what they had there. "A fine shad," replied the steward. "Indeed," said Washington, "it's early for shad, isn't it? How much did you pay for it?" "Two dollars." "Two dollars!" echoed the head of the nation, aghast. "Two dollars for a fish! Take it away. I cannot encourage such extravagance at my table. I shall not touch it." The shad was accordingly

removed, and Fraunces, who had no such economical scruples, made a hearty meal upon it in his own room.

The Fly Market referred to in this anecdote seems at first glance to bear very little relationship to the Valley for which it was named. But V'ly or Fly was recognized by all good Knickerbockers to be an abbreviation of valley and referred to Maiden Lane,[1] the Valley where the Dutch maidens used to wash their linen in early New York times. The transition to Fly came from the fact that the Dutch burghers pronounced their v's like f's. A whole chapter might be written on the butchers of the Fly Market, one of whom was no less a person than Henry Astor, elder brother of John Jacob Astor, and an important factor in the establishment of the better known New Yorker's fortune.

The New York house in which Washington took up his residence, when he came to the city in 1789 as the nation's first President, was that on the corner of Cherry and Franklin Streets, near Franklin Square, referred to varyingly as number 10, and as number 3 Cherry Street, and known as the Franklin house.[2] It is difficult from contemporary writers to get any true idea as to the kind of house it was, for the Quakers called it a "Palace," while the French

[1] Jefferson resided at 57 Maiden Lane after his return from France.
[2] The site is now occupied by one of the piers of Brooklyn Bridge.

Minister, writing to his home government about it, spoke of it as "a humble dwelling." Categorically, the house was of brick, had three stories and was amply lighted by a number of small-paned windows. A heavy brass knocker was on the single paneled front door, which was reached by one of the two short flights of steps leading up from the sidewalk on either side of a tiny porch. For a private citizen it was a large house, but for Washington's official residence it soon proved to be inadequate. What with offices and reception rooms and sleeping accommodations for ex-aides and private secretaries — five in all — as well as for his foster-children, Nellie and George Washington Parke Custis, the "Palace" was badly crowded from the first.

As soon as Mrs. Washington arrived systematic entertaining began: levees, dinners and Drawing Rooms, — all of which provoked adverse criticism on the ground that they were "aristocratical." The levees were appointed at first for two days weekly — Tuesday and Friday — from two to three; later, for one day only, Tuesday, from three to four. Ladies were not expected at these particular functions, nor were gentlemen — unless their standing was of a certain importance. The master of ceremonies on these occasions was Col. Humphreys, and there is a story that once he tricked

the President into receiving in great state by throwing open the door of the presence-room and exclaiming "The President of the United States!" Washington was tremendously disconcerted, and after that levee saw to it that his receptions were simplicity itself. Standing in a room from which the chairs had been removed, he was then wont to greet very simply the guests who came up to him and made their silent bow. One hand held his cocked hat on these occasions, and the other probably rested on the hilt of his sword. For he did not shake hands as visitors were presented and, when all had arrived, he passed from one guest to another chatting for a few minutes with each.

The weekly dinners of state on Thursdays at four in the afternoon were much more impressive. Fraunces then prepared delicious and wonderful things for the delectation of the invited guests, who numbered from ten to twenty-two persons besides the "family." (The private secretaries were always present.) Roast beef, veal, lamb, turkey, duck and varieties of game, with jelly, fruit, nuts and raisins, were wont on these occasions to be placed upon the table before the guests came in. But there was careful attention to the appearance of the viands and upon the central table, set off by a long mirror made in sections and framed in silver, were usually shown "chaste mytho-

logical statuettes." To serve the guests half a dozen or more waiters were on hand wearing the brilliant Washington livery. Mrs. Washington, rather oddly, usually sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Lear, the President's private secretary, at the foot. The President himself was always at the side of the table in the middle. Receiving an invitation to one of these dinners appears not to have been considered a command, as is now the case. For we find in Washington's diary enumeration of the guests invited at different times, and once (July 1, 1790) this note is added:

"The Chief Justice and his lady, Gen. Schuyler, and Mrs. Izard were also invited, but were otherwise engaged."

A vivid description of one of these presidential dinners has come down to us in the *Journal of William Maclay*, senator from Pennsylvania. Mr. Maclay found little to his liking in public life and his comments on the men and manners of the time are often delightfully caustic. John Adams he bitterly hated, Alexander Hamilton he frankly despised, and Morris he appears to have distrusted though his relations with him, as a fellow-Pennsylvanian, were on the surface more or less friendly. The Maclay *Journal*, because written down day by day while the events therein recorded were fresh in the writer's mind, is most entertaining reading. For Senator

Maclay never slighted trifles, as many another man would have done in his place. Who else would have cherished for us that delectable bit of gossip, related at her own table by Mrs. Morris, to the effect that once, when she had been dining at the President's, the sauce of an elegant-looking *entrée* had proved to be made with " cream so rancid that, on taking some of it, she had to pass her handkerchief to her mouth and rid herself of the morsel; on which she whispered the fact to the President . . . and he changed his plate immediately. 'But,' added Mrs. Morris with a titter, '*Mrs. Washington ate a whole heap of it!*' "

The senator's own invitation to dine at the President's table did not come until two months later than this. Perhaps Mrs. Washington, suspecting his critical tendencies, had waited to be quite sure all would be as it should. Such, at any rate, appears to have been the case, for Mr. Maclay cordially pronounces the dinner, " the best of the kind I ever was at! " He characteristically adds, however, that " the room was disagreeably warm." As why should it not be in New York City at four o'clock of an August afternoon? The full list of those present on this occasion were: " President and Mrs. Washington, Vice-President and Mrs. Adams, the Governor and his wife, Mr. Jay and wife, Mr. Langdon and wife, Mr. Dalton

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE, SHOWING IVY BROUGHT FROM MELROSE CASTLE BY BURNS'S "BLUE-EYED LASSIE."

and a lady (perhaps his wife) and a Mr. Smith, Mr. Bassett of the Delaware State, myself, Lear, Lewis, the President's two secretaries. The President and Mrs. Washington sat opposite each other in the middle of the table; the two secretaries, one at each end. First was the soup; fish roasted and boiled; meats, gammon [smoked ham], fowls, etc. This was the dinner. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way, with small images, artificial flowers, etc. The dessert was, first apple-pies, pudding, etc., then iced creams, jellies, etc.; then water-melons, musk-melons, apples, peaches, nuts.

"It was the most solemn dinner ever I sat at. Not a health drank, scarce a word said until the cloth was taken away. Then the President, filling a glass of wine, with great formality drank to the health of every individual by name around the table. Everybody imitated him and charged glasses and such a buzz of 'health, sir,' and 'health, madam,' and 'thank you, sir,' and 'thank you, madam' never had I heard before. Indeed I had liked to have been thrown out in the hurry; but I got a little wine in my glass and passed the ceremony. The ladies sat a good while and the bottles passed about; but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies.

"I expected the men would now begin but the same stillness remained. The President told of a New England clergyman who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called the Brunks. He smiled and everybody else laughed. [Is there a joke here?] He now and then said a sentence or two on some common subject and what he said was not amiss [Oh, grudging Mr. Maclay!] Mr. Jay tried to make a laugh by mentioning the circumstance of the Duchess of Devonshire leaving no stone unturned to carry Fox's election. [It will be recalled that she bartered kisses for votes.] There was a Mr. Smith who mentioned how *Homer* described Æneas leaving his wife and carrying his father out of flaming Troy. He had heard somebody (I suppose) witty on the occasion; but if he had ever read it he would have said *Virgil*. The President kept a fork in his hand, when the cloth was taken away, I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He ate no nuts, however, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it. We did not sit long after the ladies retired. The President rose, went up-stairs to drink coffee; the company followed. I took my hat and came home."

Nor had the senator from Pennsylvania any more enthusiastic praise for the levees. "At such meetings," he wrote, "nothing is regarded

or valued but the qualifications that flow from the tailor, barber, or dancing-master. To be clean shaved, shirted and powdered, to make your bows with grace and to be master of small chat on the weather, play, or newspaper anecdote of the day, are the highest qualifications necessary. Levees may be extremely useful in old countries where men of great fortune are collected, as it may keep the idle from being much worse employed. But here I think they are hurtful. . . . From these small beginnings I fear we shall follow on nor cease till we have reached the summit of court etiquette, and all the frivolities, fopperies and expense practiced in European governments." It is scarcely necessary to add, after citing these two passages from Mr. Maclay's *Journal*, that the senator from Pennsylvania was no longer young, found himself very forlorn away from his home and family — and suffered torture with rheumatism.

Mrs. Washington's Drawing Rooms, held from seven till nine on Friday evenings, were stately and interesting. Attended by all that was fashionable, elegant, and refined in the society of that day, "there was, none the less, no place for the intrusion of the rabble in crowds, or for the mere coarse and boisterous partisan, the vulgar electioneerer, or the impudent place-hunter." Mrs. Washington was quite as careful

to have only the right people at her parties as was her husband at his.

The President, at these Friday evening receptions, signified, by carrying neither sword nor hat, that he was only "unofficially present." Precisely at seven o'clock he would enter the room and take his stand beside Mrs. Washington. Ladies, attended always by gentlemen, then came in, courtesied low and silently, and sat down. When the guests had ceased to arrive, the President walked about and talked to the interested women. The one exciting incident which has come down to us regarding these Drawing Rooms is connected with Miss Mary McIvers, a noted belle, who on a certain occasion wore an ostrich feather head-dress so monstrously tall that it caught fire from the candles of the chandelier, as Miss McIvers stood happily talking in the centre of the room. The "hero" of this occasion was Major Jackson, aid-de-camp to the President, who flew to the rescue, clapped the burning plumes in his hands, and saved the lady with all possible gallantry. "There was no undue rustling of stiff brocades or ruffling of pretty manners," comments Miss Leila Herbert,[1] "for it was then, as now, good form for ladies to be perturbed only by mice and cows."

The costumes worn by these well-bred ladies

[1] *The First American*, p. 55.

and gentlemen must have gone far to compel elegant behavior. Washington was wont to appear in purple satin or drab broadcloth, — when not arrayed in black velvet set off with shining buttons, — pearl satin waistcoat, fine linen and lace. And Mrs. Washington, though buxom and not very tall, by carefully chosen gowns and a peculiar head-dress known, according to Watson's *Annals*, as the "Queen's Nightcap" added height to her appearance and so enhanced the impression of gentle dignity which she never failed to convey.

It is doubtless due to Mrs. Washington's slight stature rather than to the facts of the matter that we find her represented in Huntington's famous picture of the Republican Court as standing upon a slight elevation above most of her guests. Some of her particular friends are near her in this picture — and some who were not actually in New York at the time the painting was made are here also! Similarly Nellie Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, both of whom were far too young to have been present at a formal Drawing Room, save for the purpose of having their portraits painted, stand — in the canvas — close to their grandmother. Mrs. Robert Morris, Mrs. John Jay, Lady Kitty Duer, Mrs. Ralph Izard, Mrs. James Beekman, Mrs. George Clinton, Mrs. Robert R. Livingston, Mrs. Walter Livingston,

Mrs. John Bayard, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton were other of the ladies in Mrs. Washington's immediate circle; the faces of many of them may be distinguished in the picture. But there are some rather startling anachronisms in the work. General Nathanael Greene, who died before the new government was even instituted, is there as large as life, and the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King of the French, is represented as making his bow to Mrs. Washington at the same time that the Duke of Kent, father of the late Queen Victoria, was likewise so engaged. This in spite of the fact that the two dukes were in America at quite different times. Inasmuch, however, as the painting is extraordinarily accurate in the matter of costumes, as well as with regard to the faces and figures represented, the net result is of great historical interest. The background of the work is the *second* New York residence of the Washingtons, the Macomb house on Broadway, to which they removed in the spring of 1790, after the President returned from his tour of the Eastern States.

" Courts," it may here be said, were not at all to Mrs. Washington's taste, nor did the label of " Republican " serve to make her particular brand of " court " acceptable; we have ample assurance that she would " much rather have been at home " [1] than officiating in New York

[1] So she wrote once in a letter to Mercy Warren.

as First Lady of the Land. To Mrs. Fanny Washington, then keeping house at Mt. Vernon, she wrote:

"New York, October 22, 1789."

"My Dear Fanny, — I have by Mrs. Sims sent you a watch; it is one of the cargoe, that I have so long mentioned to you that was expected, I hope it is such a one as will please you — it is of the newest fashion if that has any influence on your taste, the chain is of Mr. Lear's choosing and such as Mrs. Adams the Vice president's lady and those in the polite circle wear.

"Mrs. Sims will give you a better account of the fashions than I can — I live a very dull life hear and know nothing that passes in the town — I never goe to any public place — indeed I think I am more like a State prisoner than anything else; there is certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from — and as I cannot doe as I like I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal.

"The President set out this day week on a tour to the eastward; Mr. Lear and Mr. Jackson attended him — my dear children has had very bad colds but thank God they are getting better. My love and good wishes attend you and all with you — remember me to Mr. and Mrs. L. Wn [Lund Washington] how is the poor

child — kiss Marie, I send her two little handkerchiefs to wipe her nose. Adue."

The President, too, appears to have been homesick very often while in New York. Writing to a friend in Virginia, who had alluded to rumors of presidential pomp, he explains that the real reason his Tuesday callers do not sit down is because the room would not hold enough chairs — even if sitting at such times had been the custom. The dignity of office, he adds, has "God knows no charms for me. I had rather be at Mount Vernon with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe." As evidence that extreme simplicity in his domestic life was the note he would have preferred to sustain we have Judge Wingate's description of the *first* presidential dinner: "The President made his whole dinner upon a boiled leg of mutton. It was his usual practice to eat of but one dish. As there was no chaplain present the President himself said a very short grace as he was sitting down. After the dinner and dessert were finished one glass of wine was passed around the table and no toast. . . ."

It was while living in the Franklin house that Washington, at the request of Congress, wrote our first Thanksgiving proclamation, setting

apart for that festival a Thursday of November, 1789. Here, too, the first New Year's reception of the head of the American nation was held. Writes Washington in his diary:

"The Vice-President, the Governor, the Senators, Members of the House of Representatives in town, foreign public characters, and all the respectable citizens came between the hours of twelve and three o'clock to pay the compliments of the season to me; and in the afternoon a great number of gentlemen and ladies visited Mrs. Washington on the same occasion."

In the February of 1790 the presidential family moved to the larger house they had long felt to be necessary. Thus it is with the Macomb residence on Broadway that Washington's later months in New York are to be associated. This house was the finest private dwelling in the city and commanded from the rear a delightful view of the Hudson and the Jersey shore. It was now easy for Washington to slip out of his back door, clad in his old clothes, and go fishing, when he wished so to relieve the strain of his public and official duties. As a fisherman he was as successful as in his various other activities. "All the fish come to his hook," the captain who was wont to take him out once declared. The Washingtons' stay in the spacious Macomb house was only a short one however.

Scarcely six months after they had there taken up their residence it was decided that Philadelphia should for some years be the capital city in New York's stead and so, once again, the presidential family must "move." The General had hoped to slip away quietly, unobserved by the crowd — whom he loved, yet dreaded. Imagine his chagrin, therefore, when, just as he was congratulating himself that his plot to conceal his departure by getting off early in the morning had succeeded, the raucous notes of an artillery band were heard under his office window, accompanied by the scurrying footsteps of a thousand devoted people come to watch their beloved chief as he took his departure from America's first capital.

But though New York had ceased to be the seat of the national assembly, it remained, as it was bound to do, the commercial and hence the real social centre of American life. Washington, with his astounding sense of comparative values, prophesied that such must be the case. To Richard Parkinson, whom he was entertaining at his home in Mt. Vernon, he said: "Baltimore would be the risingest town in America except the Federal City, Philadelphia would decline; but New York would always maintain eminent commercial rank from its position and from the frost not stopping the

navigation so early and sometimes not at all." With the commercial development of New York — or, indeed, of any city — this book is not particularly concerned; but we must not ignore the fact that to the wealth which this development made possible is due much of the brilliancy and charm of early Republican society.

When Chauncey Goodrich of New York married Mary Ann Wolcott of Connecticut and brought her (October, 1789) to his native city to live for a time, one more very beautiful woman was to be found in Knickerbocker drawing-rooms. The Wolcott women appear to have all been belles. The wife of Oliver Wolcott of Connecticut (who was, first, Auditor of the Treasury, and later succeeded Hamilton as Secretary) had less beauty but was noted for her graceful manners, and few could be compared with her for culture and refinement. When the British minister remarked to Tracy at a dance: "Your countrywoman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James's," the senator replied, "Sir, she is admired even on Litchfield Hill." A member of Congress called this lady a "divine woman"; another "the magnificent Mrs. Wolcott"; and some compared her to Mrs. Bingham.

Second to none of the New York women, either native or imported, in beauty and charm

was Mrs. John Jay, born Sarah Livingston. She it was who was mistaken for Queen Marie Antoinette once, upon entering the theatre in Paris. Just before the outbreak of the Revolution, being then eighteen, she had married John Jay, a young lawyer of very good family connection, who was called almost at once to take an important public office. Subsequently for some years his services to his country kept him from the side of his lovely wife, who passed the greater part of her time at the residence of her father, with occasional visits to her husband's parents at their country place in Rye, Westchester County, New York. When Mr. Jay was appointed minister to Spain in 1779 his wife went with him, however, and when Congress decreed that Mr. Jay should go to Paris to help Franklin negotiate peace treaties, Mrs. Jay was launched at once into the most brilliant Paris circles of the day. For the Queen, whom she so strikingly resembled, Mrs. Jay had a warm admiration. To Mrs. Robert Morris she wrote (November 14, 1782), "She is so handsome and her manner so engaging that, almost forgetful of Republican principles, I was ready, while in her presence, to declare her born to be a queen. There are, however, many traits in her character worthy of imitation, even by Republicans; and I cannot but admire her resolution to superintend the education of

Madame Royale, her daughter, to whom she has allotted chambers adjoining her own, and persists in refusing to name a governess for her."

Among the first to welcome Mrs. Jay to Paris were the Marquis and Marchioness de Lafayette. The acquaintanceship between the ladies soon ripened into friendship and their letters are marked by a tone of sincere affection. John Adams's daughter, writing from Paris in 1785, tells us that Madame de Lafayette said that "she and Mrs. Jay were agreed that, while pleasure might be found abroad, happiness was to be had only at home and in the society of one's family and friends."

In the Franklin circle at Passy the charming American was a prime favorite. The "Sage," as Mirabeau afterwards dubbed him, had lost neither his love of beauty nor his taste in judging of it, even though he was seventy-six at this time. He was constantly surrounded by the fair women and gifted men of the day and the letters which passed between him and Mrs. Jay (and which Mrs. Ellet reprints in her *Queens of American Society*) give us vivid glimpses of social life in the Paris of that day. Before Mrs. Jay left Madrid he had sent her his portrait with these words: "Mrs. Jay does me much honour in desiring to have one of the prints that have been made of her countryman.

I send what has been said to be the best of five or six engraved by different hands from different paintings. The verses at the bottom are truly extravagant. But you must know that the desire of pleasing by a perpetual use of compliments in this polite nation has so used up all the common expressions of approbation that they have become flat and insipid and to use them almost implies censure. Hence music, which formerly might be sufficiently praised when it was called *bonne*, to go a little farther they called *excellente*, then *superbe*, *magnifique*, *exquisite*, *celeste*, all of which being in their turn worn out there remains only *divine*, and when that is grown as insufficient as its predecessors I think they must return to common speech and common sense, as from vying with one another in fine and costly paintings on their coaches, since I first knew the country, not being able to go further in that way, they have returned lately to plain carriages, painted without arms or figures in one uniform colour."

Here is another of the Doctor's little notes: "Dr. Franklin regrets exceedingly that his health does not permit the honour and pleasure of waiting upon Mr. and Mrs. Jay according to their obliging invitation. He hopes Mr. and Mrs. Jay will condescend to indemnify him for the loss he sustains by honouring him with their

company at dinner on Saturday next. The doctor would be happy to see Mr. Munroe [their nephew] at the same time. Passy 9th October, 1782."

There has been preserved for us, also, in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Jay, a charming account of one of Franklin's experiments in magnetism. To her husband, absent at Bath, the lady wrote, November 18, 1783: "Dr. Franklin charged me to present you his compliments, whenever I write to you, but forbids my telling you how much pains he takes to excite my jealousy at your stay. The other evening, at Passy, he produced several pieces of steel; the one he supposed you at Chaillot, which, being placed near another piece, which was to represent me, it was attracted by that and presently united; but when drawn off from me and near another piece, which the doctor called an English lady, behold the same effect! The company enjoyed it much and urged me to revenge; but all could not shake my confidence in my beloved friend."

The "friend" appears to have taken this excellent fooling in very good part, for he replies, "It gives me pleasure to hear that our friend, the Doctor, is in such good spirits. Though his magnets love society, they are nevertheless true to the pole, and in that I hope I resemble them." Which shows that this early Repub-

lican husband, though nine years removed from courting days, had not lost the power to write love-letters to his wife.

The warm friendship between the Jays and Doctor Franklin was never allowed to lapse. Affectionate notes from the Sage of Passy came to them often after they had returned to America, and, when Franklin himself returned, Jay welcomed him in a cordial letter. In reference to the Doctor's proposed visit to New York he declared, " Mrs. Jay is exceedingly pleased with this idea, and sincerely joins with me in wishing to see it realized. Her attachments are very strong and that to you being founded on esteem, and the recollection of kind offices, is particularly so."

The absence from New York of the Jays for nearly five years (they returned in the summer of 1784) had only tended to make them more welcome as social leaders of the day. To beauty and sweet womanliness Mrs. Jay now added the cosmopolitan polish bestowed by long residence near European courts. From her " Dinner and Supper List for 1787 and '8," which chances to have been preserved we see that the most cultivated men and women of the day, whether Europeans on visits over here or residents of other American cities who chanced to be in New York, were entertained by her. Among the older families of New York men-

tioned in her list the names of the Beekmans, the Bronsons, the Clintons, the Clarksons, the Crugers, the Sterlings, the De Peysters, the Livingstons, the Morrises, the Rutherfurds, the Schuylers, the Van Hornes, the Van Cortlandts, the Van Rensselaers, the Verplancks and the Watts, constantly occur. The letters and diaries of the time, too, are full of allusions to hospitalities enjoyed at the home of the Jays, a three-story dwelling of hewn stone which stood at what was then 133 Broadway.

In the spring of 1794 Mr. Jay, who for some time had been Chief Justice, was sent by Washington as special ambassador to England to negotiate with Lord Grenville the treaty which bears his name. At Mrs. Jay's earnest request their young son, Peter Augustus, then in his nineteenth year, accompanied his father on this expedition. But that the wife and mother left behind was soon suffering sorely from fears for the safety of her two beloved ones we see from this letter:

"Oh, my dear Mr. Jay, how greatly do circumstances alter our ideas of things. I've known the time when in your company I could have enjoyed a storm like this. At present I cannot nor would I wish to describe the painful fancies it gives birth to. I know you disapprove the anticipation of evils, but, indeed, my best of husbands, such a storm as this is enough

to prostrate one's reason. At this season of the year it is so unusual. The poplars this morning were on the ground and the cherries, still unripe, were blown from the trees before the dining-room window into the stable-yard. Frank has raised the poplars. When I droop who shall raise me, if the wide ocean should swallow up my husband and child ? "

Happily, however, no such catastrophe occurred. Mr. Jay returned home in safety, having acquitted himself with honor to his country, and subsequently for two terms served his state as Governor. The young son, too, benefited greatly by the experience, just as his mother had thought he would, and came back to take up his place in the New York of his day and to be married to the lovely daughter of General Clarkson, whose home was on Pearl Street. The following account of their wedding has come down to us:

" The company assembled about half-past seven, and were received in the drawing-room, which was on the north side of the house on the second floor, its three windows looking out upon Pearl Street. Among the guests were Governor Jay, Miss Anne Brown, the Rutherfurds, Bayards, Le Roys, Van Hornes, Munroes, Wallaces and others. Bishop Moore arrived a quarter before eight, and at eight the bride, followed by her bridesmaids, entered the room and was re-

ceived by the groom and his attendants. The bridesmaids were the Misses Anne Jay, Helen Rutherfurd, Anna Maria Clarkson, Cornelia Le Roy and Susan and Catharine Bayard. The groomsmen were Robert Watts, Jr., John Cox Morris, Dominick Lynch, George Wechman, Benjamin Ledyard and B. Woolsey Rogers.

"The bride was dressed in white silk covered with white crape or gauze. Pearls adorned her hair, encircled her neck and were clasped around her arms. Her maids wore white muslin, made in the style of the Empire and embroidered in front, and each carried a fan, a present from the bride. 'Drab flesh-colored' small clothes, flesh-colored silk stockings, white vests and coats varying in color to suit the taste of the wearer made up the attire of the gentlemen, which corresponded with that of the groom, whose coat was of a light color. The ceremony was then performed by the Bishop, and Mrs. Jay received the congratulations of her friends.

"A great variety of refreshments was then handed round on trays by colored waiters, and in the dining room below, upon a side table, a collation was spread of which the elderly people partook. The groomsmen drank a bottle of wine together before separating, and the evening's festivities were over at twelve o'clock. On the next day Mr. and Mrs. Jay went on a visit to Edgerston, on the Passaic, a little above

Belleville, the residence of Hon. John Rutherfurd. On Saturday Mrs. Rutherfurd entertained the bridal party at a breakfast, and on Monday they returned to the city. Mr. Jay received his friends on the morning of the succeeding Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and Mrs. Jay's receptions were in the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday." [1]

This account of Peter Augustus Jay's wedding has been quoted in full not only because of its inherent interest but because it shows that the leaven of extreme simplicity which constituted the contribution of the French Revolution to American social life had begun its work. Franklin was in France from 1776 to 1785, but neither he nor John Adams appear to have sensed in the least the impending catastrophe. Jefferson succeeded Franklin, arriving March 10, 1785, and before he came home in 1789 he could not help seeing that trouble was brewing. But he blinked the deep-seated nature of the popular unrest, believing that the extravagance of the Queen was the primary cause of dissension. Thus he was able to sail for America firm in the conviction that "within a year one of the greatest of recorded revolutions would have been affected without bloodshed." [2]

[1] *Colonial Days and Dames:* Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, p. 210.
[2] *Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution:* Charles Downer Hazen, p. 53.

Strange that these men could not scent the breath of Revolution when its fiery blasts were almost in their faces!

Sentimentally, however, Americans revelled in the protest when its actual significance had once been grasped. Some contemplated it with feelings of pleasure and pride as destined to spread abroad their own ideas, and many eagerly welcomed it as an ally in the propagation of doctrines in which they believed but which had not yet won general acceptance. The songs, dances and cockades of the Revolutionists were eagerly adopted. Wansey, who traveled in this country in the summer of 1794, wrote that at least one in every ten persons he met in the streets wore the tricolored cockade, the men in their hats, the women on their breasts. Streets were rebaptized, to the end that Liberty might be always in the public eye, and marriage notices frequently recorded that "Citizen" X had been married to "Citess" Y, the ceremony having been performed by "Citizen" Z! The notices of the Jay wedding are happily without these affectations, but the note of simplicity, attributable to recent excesses in this way, is none the less clearly discernible.

A favorite recreation place in these days of old New York was the Battery, while Castle Garden, near by, was long a fashionable resort

for the best families. In the streets adjoining and fronting the Battery stood handsome old homes, of which Richard Grant White, writing from boyhood memories, says: "Long after the uptown movement began people who were already housed near the Battery, or who could afford to get houses there, lingered lovingly around it, and well they might do so, for a place of city residence more delightful or convenient could not be found. Within five or ten minutes walk of Wall and South Streets, where the great merchants had their counting houses, it was yet entirely removed from business, and its surroundings made mere living there a pleasure. State Street, the eastern boundary of the Battery, was unsurpassed, if it was ever equalled, as a place of town residence; for living there was living on a park with a grand water view. The prospects from the windows and balconies of the old State Street houses included the bay with its islands, and the shore of New Jersey. In summer the western breezes blew upon these windows straight from the water. The sight here on spring and summer and autumn evenings when splendid sunsets — common then but rare now because of changes in the surrounding country which have affected the formation and disposition of the clouds, — made the firmament and water blaze with gold and color, seemed sometimes in their gor-

geousness almost to surpass the imagination. It was a matter of course that such a place should be chosen as the site of the homes of wealthy people. The houses were most of them very simple in their exterior; but they had an air of large and elegant domesticity which proved them the homes of people of taste and character."

Until the middle years of the last century Battery Park, or Battery Walk, remained as it had been during the colonial period, the most frequented promenade of the town. It is curious to think of the way in which this place once came near to seeing the end of the wily Talleyrand. Because Robespierre wished to bring the unfrocked priest to the guillotine he had fled from France to England, and then (in 1794) to this country. During his New York sojourn he had an extraordinary experience on the Battery, the story of which as afterwards recounted to his secretary, Bourdaleau, makes thrilling reading.[1] A certain Beaumetz, with whom Talleyrand had fled from France and engaged in commercial speculation, was about to depart with him in a small vessel for India, there to improve their fortunes further. "Everything was in readiness for our departure; we were waiting for a fair wind with the most eager ex-

[1] It is here quoted, by permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company, from R. R. Wilson's *New York: Old and New.*

pectation, prepared to embark at any hour of the day or night in obedience to the warning from the captain. This state of uncertainty seemed to irritate the temper of Beaumetz, who one day entered our lodging, evidently laboring under great excitement, although commanding himself to appear calm. I was engaged at the moment in writing letters to Europe. Looking over my shoulder he said with forced gaiety, 'What need to waste time in penning letters? They will never reach their destination. Come with me and let us take a turn on the Battery; perhaps the wind may chop round; we may be nearer our departure than we imagine.'

"The day was fine and I suffered myself to be persuaded. We walked through the crowded streets to the Battery, Beaumetz seizing my arm and hurrying me along. When we had arrived at the Esplanade he quickened his steps still more until we reached close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf. Suddenly he paused, for I had freed my arm from his grasp and stood immovable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps I fixed my eyes upon him. He turned aside, cowed and dismayed. 'Beaumetz!' I cried, 'you mean to murder me! You intend

to throw me into the sea. Deny it, monster, if you can!'

"The maniac stared at me for a moment, but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words and strove to pass me, but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left and then flung himself upon my neck and burst into tears. 'Tis true, my friend, 'tis true,' he cried. 'The thought has haunted me day and night like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you. Look! You stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet; in another instant the work would have been done.' The demon had left him; his eye was unsettled and the white foam stood in bubbles on his parched lips, but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been labouring; he suffered me to lead him home without a word. A few days of bleeding, repose and abstinence restored him to his former self, and what is most extraordinary, the circumstance was never mentioned between us. My fate," Talleyrand concluded tersely, "was at work."

Talleyrand's lodging was on the Bloomingdale Road, and there, also, Louis Philippe stayed while in New York at the end of the eighteenth century. It was Gouverneur Morris who gave

the Citizen King money with which to journey to America and who furnished him with unlimited credit during his two years of wandering in the United States. The bourgeois king's after-treatment of this loan showed how very little royal he was in matters of honor. "When he came into his own again," writes Morris's biographer, "he at first appeared to forget his debt entirely, and when his memory was jogged, he merely sent Morris the original sum without a word of thanks; whereupon, Morris, rather nettled, and as prompt to stand up for his rights against a man in prosperity as he had been to help him when in adversity, put the matter in the hands of his lawyer, through whom he notified Louis Philippe that if the affair was to be treated on a merely business basis it should then be treated in a strictly business way, and the interest for the twenty years that had gone by should be forwarded also. This was done, although not until after the death of Morris, the sum refunded being seventy thousand francs."

Another royal (?) Frenchman associated with the Bloomingdale Road is Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, who sought a refuge in America soon after the close of the second war with England and who, during his first weeks in New York, lived in the country-seat of the Post family, at what is now One Hundred and Twenty-

third Street. Before leaving the State of New York Bonaparte settled down on a large tract of land he had acquired in Jefferson County, installing (1822) as mistress of the villa he had there built Annette Savage, of whom he was wont to speak as "the beautiful Quaker girl." When he returned to Europe in 1830 his "American wife" and the daughter who had been born to them remained in Northern New York, the girl eventually marrying a man named Benton. Forty years later Mrs. Benton was able, through friends, to urge her claim to recognition as a Bonaparte and Napoleon III made an appointment to receive her at the Tuileries. No sooner did his eyes rest upon her than he exclaimed, "I recognize you as a Bonaparte." And forthwith the union of Joseph Bonaparte and Annette Savage was legitimized and Mrs. Benton received at court as the first cousin of the emperor! After Napoleon's downfall she returned to America and supported herself by teaching music. "She died in humble lodgings at Richfield Springs," records Rufus Rockwell Wilson," [1] and was laid to rest, on a stormy day of December, 1891, in the cemetery of the Presbyterian Church, at Oxbow, New York, only four persons standing beside the grave of this daughter of a king."

Jerome Bonaparte, when in New York, was

[1] In *New York, Old and New.*

most often to be found at the elegant home of Stephen Jumel and his wife, a house perhaps more freighted with romance[1] than any other of New York so far mentioned. It was this house to which Roger Morris took as a bride Mary Philipse who, tradition has it, had previously declined the hand of George Washington. They lived here together until the Revolution, when Colonel Morris, who had once worn the king's uniform and so felt himself bound by honor to preserve a condition of neutrality, was compelled with other "Tories" to depart for England. The Morris mansion was seized by the Continental troops, and here, curiously enough, Washington for a time had his headquarters. When peace was concluded Morris returned to New York but, finding that his own and his wife's property had been confiscated, sadly turned his steps again to England, where he is said to have died of a broken heart. The title of the house beside the Kingsbridge Road remained in dispute until 1810, when John Jacob Astor bought up the claim of the Morris heirs. A little later Astor sold the place to Stephen Jumel, a Frenchman by birth, who, while yet a young man, had emigrated to the island of San Domingo and there made a

[1] The Jumel Mansion, Fraunces' Tavern and old St. Paul's are the three buildings of a public or semi-public character, dating from pre-Revolutionary days, that still stand on the island of Manhattan.

fortune. The insurrection of the blacks under the leadership of the famous Toussaint l'Ouverture, put an end to this, however, and after a part of his fortune had been seized and destroyed Jumel disposed of the remainder and fled to America, reaching New York in 1798.

There he soon met and fell in love with the beautiful woman who was later to become the reluctant wife of Aaron Burr's old age. This woman's early history, which has only in recent years become fully known, accounts for much that is repugnant in her character. For a long time even her parentage was a mystery but it was then established that a sailor named Bowen was her father and a widow called Phoebe Kelly her mother. The history of Phoebe Kelly, as written in the town records of Providence, makes rather unsavory reading. It appears that she came to Providence from Taunton in 1769. Three years later the people of the town razed an old building which had been the rendezvous of whites and blacks of the lowest order, and Phoebe Bowen, who was in the house at the time, was brought before the Town Council. Again in 1785, another disorderly house, of which Phoebe was an inmate, was broken up and she was imprisoned. The Town Council ordered her two children, Polly and Betsey — the latter subsequently Madame Jumel — at that

time twelve and ten years old, respectively, to to be sent to the workhouse.

The next known of Betsey Bowen is when she became an inmate of the house of Freelove Ballou, on Charles Street, Providence, in 1794. This Mrs. Ballou was a woman of unsavory reputation, and claimed to be a female doctor, midwife, and probably a procuress. It was asserted that while Betsey was an inmate of this house she gave birth to George Washington Bowen. After this she is again lost to view for a series of years, and it is not improbable that, with her loose habits and a craving for excitement and pleasure, she drifted into New York. There her face seems to have made her fortune, and with that cleverness born of her free and easy life and her disposition to enter into intrigue for her own advancement she formed an alliance, about 1806, with Stephen Jumel, "who sailed a dozen ships and was king of the market until 1812."

Jumel purchased the Morris mansion as a home for his bride. The old house was refitted with hangings, plate and furniture brought from France, the drawing-room being furnished with chairs and divans that had been the property of Marie Antoinette. Madame Jumel was not admitted to what was then considered the upper ten of New York society, but her New Year's feasts were counted among the mem-

orable social events of the period and her generous hospitality was heartily welcomed by many. Though living a little out of town she was near enough to allow her each day to display upon the city's streets her gaudy and showy equipage. She seems to have had a particular fondness for horses and in her drives always employed four to draw her carriage; while at Saratoga she surprised as well as amused many of the summer sojourners by being driven about in a huge carriage of bright yellow, drawn by four horses, with riders clad in amazing liveries. In 1815 the true character of the woman, which displayed qualities of treachery and ingratitude, was illustrated by a clever and successful ruse by which she gained possession of nearly the entire estate of her husband. M. Jumel, who proposed to go to France for the purpose of prosecuting claims for the spoliation of his property at San Domingo, before doing so conveyed to trustees the greater part of his property, to be held for Madame Jumel during her lifetime, and at her death to be transferred to him or to his heirs.

Madame Jumel accompanied her husband to France, and while there he decided to dispose of his property in the United States and to settle in his native country. Madame Jumel made a pretence of agreement to this new move, and offered to become the agent of her husband

for the sale of his property in America. She was given a power of attorney by her husband in 1826 which authorized her to sell for his benefit all his real estate in the State of New York. With this important and all-powerful document Madame Jumel returned to this country and immediately took entire control of the estates of her husband. She leased property, collected rents, and in fact transacted the entire business necessary in such matters; recognizing the advantage she now had and seeing the opportunity now presented of possessing herself of her husband's large fortune, she carried the scheme to ultimate success. In her letters to her husband she urged him not to sell the property, as had at first been determined upon, advancing as the reason for her change of opinion that the property had already largely increased in value and was becoming more valuable day by day. On the other hand, while deceiving her husband by these letters, she was for a period of two years carrying out her preconceived scheme for the capture of the fortune, and had conveyed at different times during that period, by the authority given her in the power of attorney, all the property owned by her husband, with the exception of some sixty-five acres of unimproved land at High Bridge. These conveyances were made to an alleged niece of

Madame Jumel, who had been adopted by her, and the property was reconveyed to Madame Jumel by the niece. It seems that M. Jumel was never informed of the transfers made by his wife, and up to the day of his death, in May, 1832, remained in ignorance of the fact that she and not he was the then-owner of his immense estate, valued at $3,000,000.

To aid Madame Jumel in the legal difficulties which inevitably ensued after her husband's death the services of Aaron Burr, then seventy-eight years old, but still active and retaining much of his old-time fascination, were retained. Soon he was dining with the charming widow, then just in her prime, and ere many months had passed was ardently pressing his suit for her hand. When he proposed marriage she promptly refused him but he, not a whit disconcerted, retorted that he would come out again on a certain day, bringing a clergyman with him — and he proved to be as good as his word. On a sunny afternoon of July, 1833, he came riding up to the great portico of her house, accompanied by the same minister who, half a century before, had married him to the mother of his beloved Theodosia; and he insisted that Madame Jumel should then and there become his wife. Alarmed and dismayed, but fearing a scandal she reluctantly consented and they were married in the big drawing-room.

Parton, than whom we could have no better authority, says that Burr, having now put at rest his lurking fear lest old age should find him poor and homeless, forgot to humor wisely the good fortune that had come to him and rapidly squandered his wife's wealth. Naturally there were bitter quarrels, followed by tardy reconciliations. In 1834 came a permanent separation which Madame Jumel effectively clinched by employing as counsel the son and namesake of the man whom Burr had killed in a duel! She lived until 1865. Her former home, with the plot upon which it stands, became in 1901 the property of the city of New York.

Only a mile away (at the corner of Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-second Street) there long stood, also, the house [1] from which Alexander Hamilton rode forth early on the morning of July 11, 1804, to meet his untimely death.

The real cause of Burr's bitter hatred of Hamilton was the latter's political activity against him. The occasion of their meeting was the press publication of some derogatory remarks made by Hamilton about Burr in private letters. Burr had now ready to hand a long-sought excuse for a private quarrel and, the duel being then a recognized means of

[1] This was Hamilton's "country-seat"; his city residence was at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets.

settling such difficulties, Hamilton could not refuse the challenge. The results of their historic encounter on the heights of Weehawken were for Hamilton death; and for Burr an enforced banishment which lasted for many years. Later the murderer [1] partially rehabilitated himself, as has been already shown; and in his more serious moments he never failed to render due respect to the qualities of the man he had killed.

That Burr was very poor and very lonely during the last years of his life was perhaps his punishment for the sins of his young manhood. Parke Godwin, son-in-law of William Cullen Bryant, has left us a picture of Hamilton's slayer weeping at the grave of his ancestors, which certainly makes us far more inclined to pity than to belabor Aaron Burr.

"It was during my student days at Princeton," Godwin says, "where I graduated in 1834. One afternoon, in the late autumn, I went with

[1] That Burr was regarded as a murderer and a sensualist by representative "good citizens" of the day becomes very clear as one reads the contemporary writings. Dr. John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D. says, (in *Old New York*, p. 18) "On the very afternoon of that fatal day, while the whole city was in consternation and on the look-out, Burr had already reached his domicile on Richmond Hill and was luxuriating in his wonted bath, with Rousseau's *Confessions* in his hands for his mental sustenance." In *Philip Hone's Diary* under date of July 3, 1833, we read, "The celebrated Col. Burr was married on Monday evening, to the equally celebrated Mrs. Jumel. It is benevolent of her to keep the old man in his latter days. *One good turn deserves another!*"

a fellow-student for a stroll, and finally, at his suggestion, we turned into the town cemetery and walked among the graves of the distinguished men buried there.

"We were approaching that part of the cemetery in which the presidents of Princeton were buried when I noticed an old man standing there perfectly still, with his hat off, his head bent, and apparently in deep meditation. Something about the man's figure and, perhaps, his clothes — for he wore the conventional garments of an earlier time — led me suddenly to suspect that it was Aaron Burr, up to whom my father had led me, a bashful schoolboy, so many years before. I motioned to my companion to stop, and I moved a little to one side, so that I might see the man's face in profile at least, and when I did that I knew for a certainty that it was Aaron Burr.

"His face was very grave, and its feeble owner, as he stood bowed over the graves of his father and Jonathan Edwards, his grandfather, who were both presidents of Princeton, was oblivious apparently to everything that was going on about him. Silently my companion and I watched him, and I am sure that as we strained our eyes, with a feeling of awe, towards him, we beheld the tears course down his withered cheeks and fall upon the mounds before him. And I at least suddenly found myself thinking

that this would be his last visit to the grave, and that Burr himself realized it. I believe that this turned out to be the case.

" For perhaps ten minutes he stood there just as we had first seen him. At last he turned slowly — it seemed reluctantly — away, and with his head still bent, his hands clasped behind him, and his few straggling gray locks all but sweeping his coat collar, he walked with trembling steps out of the cemetery, not having seen us, or, if he had, making no sign to that effect.

" Two years or so later Aaron Burr himself was at rest at last beside his father in that old burying ground."

Hamilton's grave is in the cemetery adjoining Trinity Church; and there rest also Albert Gallatin, the greatest financier, — after Hamilton, — which this country has produced, William Bradford, the first New York printer and newspaper publisher, Robert Fulton, and many other worthies whose names would be immediately recognized if here rehearsed. Yet I have never heard that flowers are often furtively scattered on the graves of any of these great men; and such is true of the grave of Charlotte Temple, which may also be found in this historic spot. An old New Yorker, writing to the *Evening Post* (September 12, 1903), declared, " When I was a boy the story of Char-

lotte Temple was familiar in the household of every New Yorker. The first tears I ever saw in the eyes of a grown person were shed for her. In that churchyard are graves of heroes, philosophers and martyrs, whose names are familiar to the youngest scholar and whose memory is dear to the wisest and best. Their graves, though marked by imposing monuments, win but a glance of curiosity, while the turf over Charlotte Temple is kept fresh by falling tears."

Read Mrs. Rowson's story [1] if you would understand why this is true. For in spite of its old-fashioned tone, its halting grammar and its somewhat obtrusive moralizing, this romance is as freshly moving today as when its first American edition appeared in1794. In a previous book of mine [2] I have given an extended sketch of Mrs. Rowson's life so I will here confine myself to New York's connection with the novel which made her famous. She always maintained that the story of Charlotte Temple was a true story, and it is pretty well established now that the Montraville of the romance was her own cousin, Colonel John Montrésor, who, when lieutenant in the British army, induced the original of the "Charlotte" in the story "to leave her home (in 1774) and embark with him and his

[1] A new edition with carefully-restored text and valuable notes has recently been published by Funk and Wagnalls.

[2] *Old Boston Days and Ways*, p. 433.

regiment for New York, where he most cruelly abandoned her." Mrs. Rowson herself said, in the Preface to *Charlotte Temple*, printed two years after the death of the officer in question: "The circumstances on which I have founded this novel were related to me some little time since by an old lady who had personally known Charlotte," This "old lady" was probably the Mrs. Beauchamp of the story, whose husband was an officer in the English army and served in America. Mrs. Rowson heard the story from Mrs. Beauchamp after the Revolution, when the army had returned and they first met in England. It was in England that the book was written, and there in 1790 it was first published. "I have thrown over the whole," continues the Preface, "a slight veil of fiction and substituted names and places according to my own fancy. The principal characters are now consigned to the silent tomb: it can therefore hurt the feelings of no one."

Charlotte's "tomb" is in the northern part of Trinity Churchyard, between the eastern pathway and the iron fence that faces Broadway, and is marked by a long brownstone slab, well sunk into the surrounding soil and bearing without date or other inscription the name "Charlotte Temple." In the absence of authenticated records local historians, of course, object from time to time that there is absolutely nothing

to prove that this is the grave of the heroine of Mrs. Rowson's story. But in the family of Mrs. Rowson there has come down from the writer herself a fixed belief that the stone is authentic; and Mrs. Rowson survived Charlotte's death forty-nine years, time enough, surely, in which to establish an effective denial. Not that this is the original stone or that it still marks the resting-place of Charlotte's ashes, save in a poetic sense! After the visit, in 1800, of Charlotte's daughter to her mother's grave, the first simple uninscribed headstone was replaced by the one which still survives; and somewhat later Charlotte's remains were removed to England. The betrayed girl's real name is believed to have been Charlotte Stanley and it is further understood that she was the daughter of an English clergyman and the granddaughter of an English earl. The house to which Charlotte was taken by her betrayer, described in the story as a " small house a few miles from New York," has been identified by Henry B. Dawson [1] as situated at what is now the corner of Pell Street and the Bowery.

Which means that the house was then really in the country. For the word bouwerij is Dutch for farm or country-seat, and Bowery

[1] Introduction to "*New York City During the American Revolution; being a Collection of Original Papers Belonging to the Mercantile Library Association*," published in 1861.

Lane, so called because it ran through the country estate of Peter Stuyvesant, was then largely given over to the houses of well-to-do citizens. (It will be recalled that it was while Mrs. Beauchamp was "walking in the garden, leaning on her husband's arm," that she heard "poor Charlotte" playing the harp and singing a heartbreaking song in *her* garden, which adjoined.)

Very many interesting reminiscences hover about this end of the Bowery. From the Bull's Head Tavern at number 17 the Boston stage was wont to take its noisy departure, and one of Washington Irving's biographers credits to the comings and goings that the impressionable boy here witnessed the famous writer's "rambling propensity." For half a century the Bull's Head remained the most popular meeting-place of the butchers of the town [1] and the drovers of the countryside. Then it was torn down and in 1826 a theatre — the New York, soon to be called the American and not long

[1] According to the *Autobiography of N. T. Hubbard* the population of New York in 1798 was about 70,000. At this time there were no buildings in Broadway above Chambers Street — except scattering ones — and "there were not sixty houses, in all, in Brooklyn from the Navy Yard to the South Ferry. We then crossed to Brooklyn in small boats. The fare was 6*d*. Some years after a horse-boat conveyed passengers across the river." For a condensed but illuminating statement of the astonishing rapidity with which the city grew, between this time and 1825, see McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, Vol. V, p. 122 *et seq.*

thereafter to become the Bowery — was erected on its site.

Four times in the course of the years this Bowery playhouse was burned down and rebuilt. For fifty years almost every English-speaking actor of note trod its stage. The house opened with a company which included Ann Duff and George Barrett; Charlotte Cushman made here her first New York appearance as Lady Macbeth in 1836; George Jones, known in old age as the eccentric Count Johannes but then a young and handsome actor, here won success; and on this stage, also, Priscilla Cooper, who was later to be lady of the White House during the presidency of her husband's father, John Tyler, delighted for a period that curious product of the early nineteenth century, the Bowery Boy,

Bowery Boys were youths who worked for their living on week days but in the evenings and on holidays aimed only to be dandies and firemen. Dayton thus describes a typical representative of this peculiarly New York product which went out with the Civil War: "His hair was one of his chief cares and from appearance the engrossing object of his solicitude. It was cropped at the back of the head as closely as scissors could cut, while the long front locks were stiffened with bear's grease and then rolled and pushed until they shone like glass

bottles. His face was closely shaven as beards in any shape were considered effeminate and so forbidden by his creed. A black straight broad-brimmed hat, polished as highly as the hot iron could effect, was worn with a pitch forward and a slight inclination to one side intended to impart a rakish air. A large shirt collar turned down and loosely fashioned so as to expose the full proportions of the brawny neck; a black frock coat with skirts extending below the knee; a flashy satin or velvet vest cut so low as to expose the entire bosom of a shirt often embroidered; trousers tight to the knee and thence gradually swelling in size to the bottom so as nearly to conceal feet encased in high polished boots" — these were his habiliments. Jewelry that flashed, perfume that cried out for recognition and a voice pitched like a fire trumpet, completed the picture of the Bowery Boy. He walked with arms akimbo when on parade, and if anybody jostled him he was insulted; and when he was insulted, he fought. Rough, rather than tough, another of his admiring biographers records that, desirous of punching somebody at all times, he especially liked to punch persons who were rude or cruel to the female sex, and that he scorned to use any weapons save those that nature gave him. So, with his fists and the vigorous use of a language all his own, this curious creature

compelled the awe, if not the respect, of the New York of his time.

The first New York theatre of which we have definite information was situated on the east side of Nassau Street, previously known as Kip Street, in the vicinity of the Dutch Church. The auditorium here accommodated barely three hundred persons, and Murray and Kean were the managers. Their company was disbanded on July 8, 1751 and, six months thereafter, the "Nassau Street Theatre" was reopened by Robert Upton. The Hallams, who should be considered the real fathers of the American stage, and of whom we have heard in the Philadelphia chapter, are, however, the actors best known in connection with this house. Their plays were well put on and drew large and appreciative audiences. The next theatre in New York was situated on Cruger's wharf and opened on December 28, 1758, with Rowe's "Jane Shore"; in a couple of months it was announcing its last performance.

A somewhat longer and much more exciting career was enjoyed by the Chapel Street Theatre, situated near Nassau Street, on the south side of Beekman Street, then styled Chapel Street. Through "cards" preserved to us in the columns of Gaine's *Mercury* we have convincing proof that the audience at this house sometimes thoroughly enjoyed itself. The first reads:

"Complaints having been several times made that a number of gentlemen crowd the stage and very much interrupt the performance, and as it is impossible that the actors, when thus obstructed, should do that justice to their parts they otherwise would, it will be taken as a particular favour if no gentleman is offended that he is absolutely refused admission at the stage door, unless he has previously secured himself a place in either the stage or upper boxes." The other card states: "Theatre in New York, May 3, 1762. A pistole reward will be given to whoever can discover the person who was so very rude as to throw Eggs from the Gallery upon the stage last Monday, by which the Cloaths of some ladies and gentlemen were spoiled, and the performance in some measure interrupted. D. Douglass."

The Chapel Street Theatre was superseded by the John Street Theatre, situated near Broadway. Performances here began at six o'clock, ladies sending their servants at four to keep seats for them. One member of a company which acted here before the Revolution was a granddaughter of Colley Cibber. During the occupation of New York by the British amateur performances were several times given here for charity, the actors being the brilliant young officers of the invading army. After the Revolution there was the same endeavor to suppress the drama in New York that we have

seen in other cities. But nothing was accomplished, Washington and Adams sturdily attending performances at the John Street house whenever opportunity offered. The last performance which took place here occurred in January, 1798.

None of the houses thus far named equals in interest, however, the Park Theatre, whose history is second to that of no other playhouse in America. It stood on Park Row, facing what was then the lower part of City Hall Park, with a frontage of eighty feet and a depth of one hundred and sixty-five feet. Theatre Alley at the back of this site gets its name logically. Two thousand persons could easily be seated within the auditorium of this house. And though it boasted no architectural magnificence, it had cost its managers, Hodgkinson and Dunlap, no less than $130,000 when it opened, in a somewhat unfinished condition, on January 29, 1798. Hodgkinson almost immediately retired from the management leaving the control to William Dunlap, first historian of the American theatre. But Dunlap was soon forced into bankruptcy, and several other managers, also, found themselves at this time unable to make money here.

After the first building had burned down and another had replaced it (in 1821) brighter days dawned. Edmund Simpson then came to be manager for more than a quarter of a century,

and during this time most of the great actors of the day were here presented. Cooke, Kean, Kemble, Booth and Wallack are only a few of the illustrious names associated with the history of this house. Cooke's first appearance in America occurred here on November 21, 1810, and Dr. Francis, who greatly admired his work, tells us in his *Old New York* that he "eclipsed all predecessors." A little over two years later the great actor died in New York and was buried in St. Paul's Churchyard. There is extant a painting containing a portrait of Kean and Dr. Francis at his tomb. Through the trees of the picture may be descried the outlines of the second Park Theatre. It was at the Park Theatre in 1822 that Junius Brutus Booth first appeared as Richard III. Francis records that "although this actor lacked judgment he possessed genius." Also in 1822 appeared here Charles Mathews, Sr., frightened nearly out of his wits, as Dr. Francis humorously admits, at discovering that New York was undergoing one of its periodic attacks of yellow fever just as he arrived.

At the Park in 1826, Macready, Edwin Forrest and James H. Hackett each made a New York début, and there on Wednesday evening, September 1, 1830, Charles Kean received the plaudits of the discriminating. Here also it was that Charles Kemble and his daugh-

ter, Frances Anne Kemble, scored their initial American success, the former in the title role of "Hamlet" and the latter as Bianca in "Fazio."

Nor were the triumphs of the Park confined to the drama, for the first Italian opera ever heard in the Western world, Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," was produced on its stage in November, 1825, with Manuel Garcia, the incomparable tenor, as Almaviva, and his daughter, Maria Garcia, as Rosina. The "Signorina," as Maria was called by the critics of the day, made an immediate and a prolonged success by reason of her beautiful face, charming manners and golden voice. Twice a week for nearly a year fashionable New York flocked to hear her sing. Then the father set off for Mexico and the daughter married Eugène Malibran, a French merchant resident in New York, who was supposed to be wealthy but soon turned out to be a bankrupt. He was imprisoned for debt and his young wife, thrown on her own resources, secured a position in the choir of Grace Church, then in Broadway below Rector Street, and played several engagements in the theatre afterwards known as the Bowery. Then she left for Paris, where her career was one succession of triumphs until her untimely death at the age of twenty-nine.

Inasmuch as for half a century the Park Theatre was the background of all that is most

interesting in New York's dramatic history it is pleasant to know something of how the house looked. Its walls were of brick; its stuccoed front and wooden steps were painted gray and lined with black to imitate blocks of granite; and in a niche of the front wall stood a bust of Shakespeare. The pit was furnished with wooden benches and the first tier divided into a series of lock-boxes. Men about town, bachelors and clerks occupied the pit, families and women the tier of boxes. A separate stairway led to the gallery and to the third tier, which came to be a meeting-place for the dissolute of both sexes; the gallery was given up to apprentice-boys, servants, sailors and negroes, the last named occupying a place apart. Drinking-bars, in connection with apple, pie and peanut stands were adjacent to the pit, gallery and third tier. Peanuts were munched in the pit; apples and oranges, during recess in the boxes. Mrs. Trollope [1] records that it was not uncommon to see male occupants of the first tier in shirt sleeves, but this could scarcely have been true on the occasions when distinguished players

[1] Unexpected confirmation of this lady's strictures of us — because of our bad manners — may be found in newspaper advertisements early in the century. The *New York Evening Post* of March 2, 1802, acquaints those who would become patrons of the Juvenile Assembly, held at the Old Assembly Rooms, 68 Williams street, that *gentlemen*, when they appear in a ball room wear *full dress* and never "lounge into the room in boots."

from abroad graced the boards. A picture of the interior of the Park, on the November evening of 1822 when it reopened — after the fire — to make Charles Mathews welcome, displays a truly brilliant scene with "all society" on hand.[1] The proprietors at this time were John K. Beekman and John Jacob Astor, the former familiarly called "Theatre Jack" by reason of his love of theatricals, and the latter known as the interested patron of whatever contributed to the higher life of New York.

John Jacob Astor was in many ways a most interesting and a highly romantic character. Born in 1763, in the village of Waldorf, in Baden, the son of a butcher, he eventually came to be one of the most distinguished figures of New York and that, too, I need scarcely add, for other reasons than his financial acumen and his great wealth. An older brother, Henry, had preceded him to New York and had there established himself in his father's useful if humble trade. John Jacob desired to follow him and so left Waldorf at the age of sixteen, set out on foot for the Rhine, worked his passage down the river on a freighter and arrived in due time at London where his eldest brother had some time since established a thriving

[1] This is a water-color drawing made by John Searle for William Bayard, Esq., and showing Mathews on the stage as well as many carefully identified social celebrities in the audience. The original may be seen at the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

piano factory. Here the youth stayed for three years diligently acquiring English and carefully "saving up" for the time when he might realize his cherished dream of going to America. No sooner was the independence of the United States declared than Astor, by this time a sturdy lad of twenty, invested one third of his hard-earned savings in a ticket for Baltimore. Inasmuch as he had to cross the Atlantic in mid-winter he was subjected to a long and wearisome voyage but, characteristically, he turned this to good advantage by cultivating the acquaintance of a German fellow-passenger, who had built up a profitable business in furs and skins and who confided to his absorbed young friend the secrets of his success — how with a few trinkets skins could be bought from the Indians and sold with great profit to the furriers of New York, but more especially how very profitable it was to buy furs in America and sell them in London.

Astor landed in Baltimore in March, 1784, and proceeded promptly to New York, where his brother, Henry, who was very glad to see him secured for him a position as clerk in a Gold Street fur store with a wage of two dollars a week and an opportunity to acquire an expert knowledge of furs. The following summer young Astor made his first trip to the fur country and bought a cargo of pelts. He also learned

a number of Indian dialects and so was in a position to buy advantageously. Thus by 1786 he had sufficient faith in himself to command a few hundred dollars of borrowed capital and so set up a little shop in Water Street. Here, not being able at the outset to afford a clerk, he did everything for himself. In the buying season he went, pack on back, far into the Indian country; the rest of the year he personally prepared the skins for market. From the very first he prospered, not the least lucky of his ventures being the matrimonial one through which he acquired a wife with a small dowry and a genius for business that rivalled his own. The opening of the new century found him the employer of an army of buyers, trappers and Indians. Soon, too, he was able to take advantage of his shipmate's hint that London afforded a better market than did New York for furs, and he chartered a vessel which went over there laden with furs and returned bearing musical instruments. Ere long he was sending vessels around the world, carrying furs to England, France and Germany and European manufactures to the Orient; from China he would bring back tea to New York.

"He seemed," writes Rufus Rockwell Wilson, "to possess an almost intuitive knowledge of the various markets in which he traded, and despite the immense proportions his business

had now assumed, he personally superintended every part of it, exercising a minute inspection even to the smallest details." Astor's office at this time was in Vesey Street and his warehouses in Greenwich between Liberty and Cortlandt Streets. Of his " great national venture," which was not so utterly a success as his earlier enterprises had been, there is not space here to write in any detail. Suffice it to say that, instead of making him, at middle life, the richest man in the world he was only the richest man in America. Great faith in the development of Manhattan Island led him to invest large sums in real estate there, following what seemed to him the probable direction of the city's growth and thus, when he died at the age of eighty-five, he left behind him a fortune of thirty millions.

Much more interesting than Astor's wealth, however, is the way the man himself grew with his opportunities. He was always eager to improve his mind and enrich his life and so was the fondly cherished friend of many artists and men of letters. Washington Irving was devoted to him, and was glad, when his personal sorrows pressed hardest upon him, to take refuge from the world in Astor's beautiful summer place near what is now Eighty-Eighth Street. "I cannot tell you," the literary man once wrote a friend from this spot, " how sweet and delight-

ful I have found this retreat; with its lawn in front and garden in the rear. The lawn sweeps down to the water-edge and full in front of the house is the little strait of Hell Gate, which forms a constantly moving picture. . . . I have written more since I have been here than I have ever done in the same space of time."

Washington Irving, of course, peculiarly belongs to New York both by reason of his intimate personal connection with the city and because of his delightful *Knickerbocker's History*. This work (published in 1807) by its broad humor won for its author a reputation which decided for all time that he was cut out for a literary man rather than for a lawyer. Irving was only twenty-four when the book appeared; and he was only twenty-six when he encountered that experience which, for many years, saddened his life and gave a tinge of melancholy to his writings. For then it was that Matilda Hoffman, the exquisite maiden whom he had hoped to make his wife, died in the eighteenth year of her age. Irving never alluded to this part of his history, but after his death, in a repository of which he always kept the key, was found a package marked on the outside "Private Mems." Herein was discovered a fragment in his own handwriting telling the reason for his celibacy. Here also was a minia-

ture of great beauty enclosed in a case, and a slip of paper, on which was written, "Matilda Hoffman." His nephew, many years later, reprinted some of the memoranda thus available.[1]

"We saw each other every day," the confession runs, "and I became excessively attached to her. . . . The passion was terribly against my studies. I felt my own deficiency and despaired of ever succeeding at the bar. I could study anything else rather than law and had a fatal propensity to belles-lettres. I had gone on blindly like a boy in love; but now I began to open my eyes and be miserable. I had nothing in purse nor in expectation. I anticipated nothing from my legal pursuits, and had done nothing to make me hope for public employment or political elevation. I had begun a satirical and humourous work (The History of New York) in company with one of my brothers; but he had gone to Europe shortly after commencing it, and my feelings had run into so different a vein, that I could not go on with it. I became low-spirited and disheartened and didn't know what was to become of me.

"In the midst of this struggle and anxiety Matilda was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly

[1] *Life and Letters of Washington Irving:* New York, 1867.

worse and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. The ills I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful and more beautiful and more angelical to the very last. . . . I was by her when she died; I was the last one she looked upon. . . . For a long time I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country; but could not bear solitude yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me of my own thoughts.

"Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. . . . I was naturally susceptible and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; and it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty or excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years

I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."

As evidence of the romantic tenderness with which Irving cherished the memory of this early love it may be cited that all through life he kept by him Matilda's Bible and Prayer-book. Yet even those closest to him never ventured to mention her name, one instance only having come down to us of an exception to this. Then it was Matilda's father who made the reference and that in his own house thirty years after the lovely girl's death! A granddaughter had been requested to play for Mr. Hoffman some favorite piece upon the piano and in extracting her music from the drawer had accidentally brought forth a piece of embroidery with it. "Washington," said the older man, picking up the faded relic, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." Instantly Irving, who had been conversing gaily a moment before, sunk into utter silence and in a few moments got up and left the house.

One of the most delightful bits of New York description which Irving has left us is his account of a voyage up the Hudson before the day of steamboats. "In the good old times," he says, "before steamboats and railroads had

annihilated time and space and driven all poetry and romance out of travel, a voyage to Albany was equal to a voyage to Europe at present and took almost as much time. We enjoyed the beauties of the river in those days; the features of note were not all jumbled together, nor the towns or villages huddled one into the other by railroad speed as they are now.

"I was to make the voyage under the protection of a relative of mature age; one experienced in the river. His first care was to look out for a favourite sloop, and captain, in which there was great choice. The constant voyaging in the river-craft by the best families of New York and Albany made the merits of captains and sloops matters of notoriety and discussion in both cities. Captains were mediums of communication between separated friends and families. On the arrival of one of them at either place, he had messages to deliver and communications to execute which took him from house to house. . . . In this way the captains of Albany sloops were personages of more note in the community than captains of European packets or steamships at the present day. . . .

"At length the sloop actually got under way. As she worked out of the dock into the stream there was a great exchange of last words between friends on board and friends on shore and much waving of handkerchiefs when the sloop

was out of hearing. Our captain was a worthy man, native of Albany, one of the old Dutch stock. His crew was composed of blacks reared in the family, and belonging to him; for negro slavery still existed in the state. All his communications with them were in Dutch. They were obedient to his orders; though they occasionally had much previous discussion on the wisdom of them and were sometimes positive in maintaining an opposite opinion. This was especially the case with an old gray-headed negro who had sailed with the captain's father when the captain was a mere boy and who was very crabbed and conceited on points of seamanship. I observed that the captain generally let him have his own way."

The day of steam was, however, at hand and the very year which gave Diedrich Knickerbocker to literature gave Fulton's first passenger boat, the *Clermont* to navigation. Fulton was the son of a Scotch innkeeper settled in Pennsylvania, and had begun life as an artist, studying for several years with Benjamin West in London. But the application of the steam-engine to ship propulsion had early begun to interest him and when chance threw into his way, at Paris, Robert R. Livingston, then American minister to the French court, who was also an enthusiast on this subject, he began to focus his experiments upon the production of a boat

the average speed of which should be not less than four miles an hour. Livingston had secured the exclusive right for a term of years to steam navigation in all waters within the limits of New York State provided he could produce a boat meeting this particular condition, and Fulton, therefore, set himself diligently to work to turn out such a boat. The *Clermont*, in its very first journey to Albany, averaged five miles an hour! At just about the same time, it is interesting to note, Colonel John Stevens of Hoboken, who for a dozen years had been experimenting along this same line, perfected his *Phoenix*, through which he won the mastery of the adjacent waters of the ocean. It was a dozen years more, however, before any steamboat actually crossed the Atlantic; and then the trip (made by the *Savannah* in May, 1819) occupied twenty-two days. Another twenty years passed ere the new method of travel came into general use. New Yorkers had not yet acquired the habit of going abroad each summer.

The evolution of the feeling that summer is the natural time for a universal hegira is very interesting for at the period of the Revolution there were not even *day*-excursions of irresistible attractiveness. A small party could ride out to Murray Hill in a hired carriage and be gone half a day for fourteen shillings, or by paying

two shillings more could reach Gracie's Point opposite Hell Gate. But Long Branch and Saratoga were only just beginning to be known; in 1789 about a dozen respectable persons, including two or three New Yorkers, found themselves "at a wretched tavern at Saratoga." Their opportunities for pleasure were such as may be had in a place where bathing accommodations "consist of an open log hut, with a large trough, similar to those in use for feeding swine, which receives the water from the spring; into this you roll from off a bench!" [1]

Mostly New Yorkers still summered in New York, snatching from the experience what pleasures they could. Horse-racing was a great solace; and as the hour set for the races was invariably one o'clock it would seem that the city summer could scarcely have been so intolerable then as it is now. After the race — in which the horses usually *ran* instead of trotted — the more select portion of the spectators would travel to one or another of the garden club-houses on the river-bank, for supper. Those who were not of "society" would journey to a public music-garden to drink tea — or something stronger — to the accompaniment of sweet sounds. One very popular place of this kind was called Vauxhall, a name, indeed, successively applied to several different places

[1] Elkanah Watson.

the best known of which survived until 1855 at just about where the Astor Library now stands. Niblo's Garden dates from 1830.[1]

No description that has come down to us of attractions at these later resorts equals in charm, however, that left by the Rev. William Burnaby, an English traveller, who visited the city in the last days of the colonial period and has told us of "several houses pleasantly situated up the East River, near New York, where it is common to have turtle-feasts. These happen once or twice a week. Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together; drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves until evening, and then return home in Italian chaises, a gentleman and lady in each chaise."

Castle Garden, which in later years we have come to associate with incoming tides of European immigration, was a very fashionable resort in the twenties of the last century. On summer evenings its rows of wooden benches would be thronged by the quality of the town; and there Lafayette landed, on his return to America in 1824, "on a carpeted stairway

[1] Early in 1830, also, we find in *Philip Hone's Diary* a delightful allusion to Delmonico's, then just launched. "We satisfied our curiosity but not our appetites," writes Hone, "and I think we are prepared, when our opinions are asked, to say with the Irishman who used lamp-oil with his salad instead of olive-oil, that, if it were not for the name of the thing, he had as lief eat butter."

arranged for the occasion, under an arch richly decorated with flags and wreaths of laurel." Later, after the nation's guest had made a tour of other cities, " a splendid *fête* and *gala* was given to him at Castle Garden, which for grandeur, expense and entire effect was never before witnessed in this country. About six thousand persons were assembled in that immense area, and the evening being clear and calm, the whole passed off happily, owing to the excellent arrangements of the committee."

Nothing which may be written of the early Republic, either in connection with New York or any of the other cities, is more satisfying than the welcome we extended to Lafayette in 1824. The noble old Frenchman had absolutely no idea what awaited him and on the voyage over was heard to make anxious inquiries of his fellow-passengers as to the cost of living and the price of travel in America. Obviously, he was fearful that his depleted purse might not be able to cope with the exigencies of the situation! As his ship neared New York harbor, a great number of sailing-craft of all kinds, some bearing bands of music and all flying flags, met his eye and he asked as innocently as did the other passengers, " What does it mean? " He finally conjectured that it must betoken some anniversary of the American Republic of which he had not heard. Yet all this was,

of course, to greet *him.*[1] And throughout his long journey it was everywhere the same.

Lafayette's New York headquarters were at the City Hotel, a house which was to the opening years of the last century what the Astor House became to its middle period. Here on February 22, 1819, a grand ball had been given by the Fourteenth Regiment in honor of General Andrew Jackson, and here, at a considerably later time, Dickens was entertained. It was a favorite resort of literary men when they were in funds. At other times they were more likely to be found at the Shakespeare Tavern at the corner of Nassau and Fulton Streets.

One writer has said that the Shakespeare Tavern was to New York in the early nineteenth century what the Mermaid was to London in the days of Shakespeare and the Turk's Head and St. James Coffee House to that same city at the time of Garrick, Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds. From the fact that the Shakespeare's manager, Thomas Hodgkinson, was brother of the one-time manager of the Park Theatre it became, and long continued, a great resort for the wits of the day. And for

[1] Watson gives an interesting anecdote to prove that the Revolution had meant, in some degree at any rate, the abolition of class-distinctions in America. "But where are the *people?*" Lafayette is said to have inquired as he looked at the prosperous folk come out to greet him. *Before* the Revolution any workman wore his leather apron when on the street, "and never had on a long coat."

workers and writers who were not so witty, too! Here De Witt Clinton was wont to discuss his project of the Erie Canal and beneath this hospitable roof towards the end of its life (it was demolished in 1836) merchants, politicians and " military men " gathered often for stimulus and refreshment.

As the nineteenth century was nearing the end of its first quarter there began to be founded the forerunners of those hosts of Bohemian eating-clubs which now flourish in New York. Perhaps the most interesting of these was the *Bread and Cheese Club*, originated in 1824 through the instrumentality of James Fenimore Cooper. The selection of members for nomination to this fraternity rested entirely with Cooper, the ballots used being made of bread and of cheese. A cheese ballot served as does the more commonplace blackball in clubs which have no ambition to seem " unusual." Former politicians, poets, merchants and lawyers made up the membership here and on at least one occasion something quite interesting happened. Dr. Francis, who tells the story,[1] labels it " curious as well as rare." A theatrical benefit, it seems, had been announced at the Park Theatre with " Hamlet " for the play. But, through some odd chance, no skull was available for the graveyard scene and, at a late

[1] In his *Old New York.*

hour, a subordinate of the theatre hurried to the office of Dr. Francis for a skull. "I was compelled," he says, "to loan the head of my old friend, George Frederick Cooke [the actor]. 'Alas, poor Yorick!'

"The skull was returned in the morning; but on the ensuing evening, at a meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance becoming known to several of the members, and a general desire being expressed to investigate phrenologically the head of the great tragedian, the article was again released from its privacy, when Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton and many others who enriched the meeting of that night, applied the principles of craniological science to the interesting specimen before them."

Dr. Francis also records that the publishers of New York early demonstrated their belief in the commercial value of social gatherings. As early as 1802, he tells us, he attended a publishers' party at the old City Hotel under the auspices of the venerable Matthew Carey. Thirty years later he was one of a large assembly brought together by a Harper's dinner. Later still, on a similar occasion, he heard Bryant eloquently rejoice in the fact that the promise of American authorship, given by the appearance of Cotton Mather, had at last been redeemed. None the less, Francis shrewdly endorses, "as a result of personal observation and individual

experience" the remark of the playwright, George Colman: "Authorship, as a profession, is a very good walking-stick, but very bad crutches!"

A famous gathering-place for politicians was Tammany Hall, built in 1811 on the site of what is now the *Sun* building. The *Journal of William Maclay* contains a puzzled reference to a Tammany celebration of 1790 which he characterizes as "a grotesque scene." "It being the old first of May," he says, "the Sons of Tammany had a grand parade through the town in Indian dresses. Delivered a talk at one of their meeting-houses and went away to dinner. There seems to be some kind of scheme laid of erecting some kind of order or society under this denomination, but it does not seem well digested as yet. The expense of the dresses must have been considerable and the money paid out on clothing might have dressed a number of their ragged beggars."

From this allusion to "their ragged beggars" it would appear that one, at least, of the original objects of this society — which dates from the Revolution — had been benevolence. Chiefly, however, the organization was formed for the purpose of being aggressively American. Tammany, whom they decided to elect as their patron saint, had been an Indian chief of the Deleware nation who lived in the seventeenth cen-

tury and signed the treaty with Penn. It was decided that *he* should be canonized as an offset to the foreign saints, Andrew, Patrick and George, each of whom had his own society and his devoted followers. For a time all the officers of St. Tammany's Society were native-born Americans and they never wearied of proclaiming their democracy — in contra-distinction to the Cincinnati, whose membership, because hereditary, was held to be aristocratic in its tendencies. Some years later, the words, Columbian Order, were grafted upon Tammany's original name. The pernicious association of the Society with ring politics came later still and so is beyond the scope of this book.

Of distinguished writers, who are immediately recognized as belonging to the very first rank, New York had astonishingly few at this period of the early Republic. There was Irving, of course, of whom considerable has already been said; and there were, also, Bryant and Cooper, with Poe just coming to the surface at the time (in the early thirties) we have set as the limit of the present work. The other men, however, whom James Grant Wilson has loyally celebrated as "Knickerbocker Authors"[1] are hardly more than names to the average reader of today. Fitz-Greene Halleck,[2] James Kirke Paulding and

[1] In the *Memorial History of The City of New York*, vol. iv.

[2] Dickens greatly admired Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris."

Joseph Rodman Drake may have meant much to their own and the next generation, but their work is not read today and, save for their genial personalities, they would not be even mentioned here. Cooper, on the contrary, will always be honored as the author of *The Spy* (first published in New York in 1821) whether other of his books continue to be widely read or not. Similarly "Thanatopsis" will never allow William Cullen Bryant to be forgotten, "Home Sweet Home" will force us occasionally to recall the stormy career of John Howard Payne — and that other Paine, author of *The Age of Reason* will continue to be remembered, also, if only to prove how impotent persecution and misconception are to stifle real nobility of thought and expression!

Cooper offers a delightful example of the accidental author, so to say. The story is told that, as he sat, one day, reading to his wife from an English society novel, he put down the book with the remark, "I believe I could write a better novel myself." "Write one!" his helpmeet said. And so he went to work, with the result that, in November, 1820, *Precaution* made its appearance in New York — adding one more to the wretched school of imitative English fiction whose tiresome sameness had induced its creation. Yet Cooper's friends saw in the book promise of real power and they urged him

to try again, offering the excellent advice that, this time, he stay on *this* side of the Atlantic and deal with the men and manners of which he had first-hand knowledge. He did so, and, in 1821, appeared the first truly American novel, founded upon the adventures of a real spy employed by John Jay during the Revolution. Yet Cooper did not then know that he had produced a masterpiece and was as much surprised as were his publishers at the speedy recognition his book attained. Within six months of the day of issue the story passed through three editions in America, was dramatized and acted with success, was published in England, was translated into French, and gained for its unknown writer [1] the title of "a distinguished American novelist." When it was announced that *The Spy* would be followed by *The Pioneers* public interest in this new writer's work became so great that thirty-five hundred copies of his picture of frontier life and manners were sold during the forenoon of the day of publication! What is more, his fame continued to increase and his work was eagerly bought and read up to the time of his death in 1851.

As for the fame of Thomas Paine, who died in New York, in 1809 — that seems to grow

[1] The novel was published as *The Spy: A Tale of Neutral Ground*, by the author of *Precaution*. 2 vols. New York: Wiley and Halsted, 1821.

rather than to decrease with the years. When Paine came to America from England in 1774 his Quaker ancestry and the letters he bore from Franklin led him to settle in Philadelphia, where, as editor of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, he was immediately able to render immense service to the cause of the colonies. Edmund Randolph, a devout churchman, writing long after the author's death, ascribed American independence primarily to George III and next to Thomas Paine. For besides column upon column of newspaper support Paine gave considerable money to the cause. *Common Sense* sold half a million copies at two shillings a copy and all this income was contributed to the patriots and their needs! Moreover, Paine himself fought at the front for his adopted country, headed liberally a subscription which tided Washington over his most trying financial crisis, helped Laurens effect the six million dollar loan from the French king — and in return received from the Republic in its prosperous days only the most meagre and grudging of recognitions. From 1787 until 1802 Paine was absent from this country, and it was England and France which then gave him blows and buffets. But during this time he wrote his *Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason*, the latter a work which has been so persistently misquoted that its author's

name is anathema today in most respectable circles. Yet the tone of this book is noble and reverent throughout and some of its doctrines are now recognized as not inimical to religion.

Ill health, persecution and an ever-increasing poverty conspired to send Paine to a humble little lodging in Greenwich to pass his closing days, and there, as it happens, he attracted the attention of John Randel, Junior, engineer to the Commissioners who prepared the present City Plan. "I boarded in the city," Mr. Randel writes, "and in going to the office passed almost daily the house in Herring Street (later Bleecker Street) where Thomas Paine resided, and frequently in fair weather saw him sitting at the south window of the first-story room of that house. The sash was raised and a small table or stand placed before him, with an open book placed upon it which he appeared to be reading. He had his spectacles on, his left elbow rested upon the table or stand, and his chin rested between the thumb and fingers of his hand; his right hand lay upon his book, and a decanter containing liquor of the colour of rum or brandy was standing next his book or beyond it. I never saw Thomas Paine at any other place or in any other position."

During Paine's last days two worthy divines of the neighborhood endeavored to bring him to a realizing sense of the error of his ways.

They were not successful in this attempt and the aged author instructed his housekeeper not to let them in if they should call again. So, when they returned to the attack the good woman denied them admission, saying to them, simply, as she did so, " If God does not change his mind I'm sure no human can." And no human did. Thomas Paine died in his unbelief and was buried in the grave beyond New Rochelle now marked by a monument which a later generation erected to his memory. The spot in which his remains rest is, however, unknown; for William Cobbett took them from New Rochelle to England, in 1818, and where they were finally deposited has always remained a mystery.

CHAPTER III

WASHINGTON

GENERAL WASHINGTON always modestly designated as "the Federal City" the capital on the Potomac through which his name was to be memorialized. He was most anxious, however, that this city should stand just where it does and that every endeavor should be made to develop it into a centre worthy of a great and growing Republic. His letters offer abundant evidence that, as early as 1791, he was busying himself with the details of the undertaking; and soon after this he was strenuously arguing with old David Burnes, who owned and wished to keep a large lot of land in a valuable part of the new "ten mile square," that his country's needs should take precedence of personal convenience in the matter of holding this site. Tradition tells us that Burnes thereupon retorted: "Oh, I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain; but *what would you have been* if you had not married the Widow Custis?"

Burnes's reluctance to entertain a capital unawares was eventually overcome, however, and Pierre Charles l'Enfant was entrusted with the task of making and executing the necessary plans. Jefferson contributed largely to l'Enfant's information concerning beautiful cities. "In compliance with your request," wrote the Virginian (in April, 1791), "I have examined my papers and found the plans of Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, Carlsruhe, Paris, Amsterdam, Strasburg, Orleans, Bordeaux, Lyons, Montpelier, Marseilles, Turin, and Milan, which I send in a roll by the post. They are on large and accurate scale, having been procured by me while in those respective cities myself. As they are connected with notes I made in my travels, and often necessary to explain them to myself, I will beg your care of them and to return them when they are no longer useful to you, leaving you absolutely free to keep them as long as useful. I am happy that the President has left the planning of the town in such good hands, and I have no doubt it will be done to general satisfaction."

The way in which a capital site was awarded to a Southern State is an interesting piece of political history. New York did not lightly relinquish the honor that had been accorded her, and New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia, as well as Pennsylvania, coveted the distinction.

In all, no less than twenty-four different sites were proposed! Finally the House passed a bill selecting Pennsylvania but the Southern members, led by Madison, bitterly resented this and the measure was defeated in the Senate. The selection of the Potomac site was the result of a compromise reached only after a sectional struggle so fierce as to threaten the very life of the new nation.

Gladstone once remarked that the United States furnished the first instance in history of the establishment of a national capital by legislative enactment. This enactment was, however, the outgrowth of a political trade, so to say, for which Alexander Hamilton was bitterly blamed, at the time, by his fellow New Yorkers. The government was trying to fund its debts and one of the questions was whether it should also assume the debts incurred by the several States while carrying on the war. The Northern States were in favor of so doing, because they had furnished the greater portion of men and means; but those of the South objected as it would increase their proportion. Hamilton found that some Southern votes would be necessary to carry the measure; and in connection with Jefferson, who wished to have the capital located in Virginia, or as near as possible, it was arranged that the latter should induce the Virginia delegation to vote for the

general assumption of the indebtedness, while Hamilton was to induce the New York delegation to give up their preference for the location of the capital in their chief city. This plan was carried out, but to placate Philadelphia it was decreed that the capital should remain there ten years. Then the nation's household was to be removed to the banks of the Potomac.

L'Enfant had the brains, and the knowledge which should have made him a most successful leader in this important piece of town-planning.[1] But he, also, had so much "temperament" that no one could work with him. His limitations were admirably summed up by Washington when he said, "Major l'Enfant is as well qualified for the work as any man living, but the knowledge of this fact magnifies his self-esteem." And l'Enfant's self-esteem could not bear magnifying. So obstructive and un-co-operative did the gifted architect soon become that he had to be brusquely retired and his post, as head of the enterprise, given to Andrew Ellicott, a self-educated young Pennsylvania Quaker, who had been his assistant. The story of the building of Washington is full, indeed, of jealousies and bickerings on the part of the various architects who had a share in the enterprise. On this account, as well as because

[1] His dream of a fair city is now, after a hundred years, to be logically worked out!

of the many physical difficulties to be overcome, work progressed slowly. When Washington looked last upon the new city, shortly before his death in 1799, it was still only a straggling settlement in the woods, almost wholly devoid of streets, with thirty or forty residences, — these for the most part small and uncomfortable, — and an unfinished Capitol and President's House. A few months after the President's death John Cotton Smith, than a member of Congress from Connecticut, wrote thus of the place:

"Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which with the President's House, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road with two buildings on each side of it called New Jersey Avenue. The Pennsylvania, leading, as is laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass covered with alder-bushes, which were cut through the intended avenue during the ensuing winter. Between the President's House and Georgetown a block of houses had been erected, which bore

the name of the Six Buildings. There were also two other blocks consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in different directions, and now and then an isolated wooden habitation; the intervening spaces and, indeed, the surface of the city generally, being covered with scrub-oak bushes on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either trees or some sort of shrubbery. Nor was the desolate aspect of the place augmented by the number of unfinished edifices which had been abandoned."

The removal of the department archives from Philadelphia to Washington was effected in the spring of 1800 and the following month President Adams paid a visit of inspection to the new capital on his way to Quincy for the summer.

It but remained for Mrs. Adams to inspect the callow city. We are very glad that she was not content merely to pour out in the bosom of her family her deep disappointment at what she found; for American literature would be considerably poorer without the following letter, sent to her daughter, on November 21, 1800:

"I arrived here on Sunday last and without meeting any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other night through woods, where we wandered

two hours without finding a guide or the path. . . . Woods are all you see until you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. . . . There are buildings enough if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is on a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments from kitchen to parlours and chambers is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle and render less attendance necessary bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do or how to do . . . if they will put me up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months. . . . There is not a single apartment finished. . . . We have not

the least fence, yard or other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the president and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlour, and one for a levee-room. Upstairs there is the oval room which is designed for the drawingroom, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now but when completed it will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. But it is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement."

Capable of every improvement Washington long remained. Gouverneur Morris wittily declared it "the best city in the world for a *future* residence." And Oliver Wolcott wrote his wife, "I have made every exertion to secure good lodgings near the office, but shall be compelled to take them at the distance of more than half a mile. There are, in fact, but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor,

and as far as I can judge, *they live like fishes — by eating each other.*"

In respect to its business quarters Congress was fairly well off, to be sure, for the completed wing of the Capitol afforded sufficient room for the sessions of both branches and $9,000 had been appropriated for furnishing it. Considerably less fortunate, as we have seen, were the members in the matter of personal accommodation. If they lived in Georgetown, where there was agreeable society, they had to travel to and fro over very bad roads and, if they took lodgings near the Capitol, they were pretty certain to be uncomfortably crowded and pitifully cramped in their social pleasures. A letter from Gallatin to his wife shows us how very real were the hardships which these early legislators had to endure: "Our location," he wrote (January 15, 1801), "is far from being pleasant or even convenient. Around the Capitol are seven or eight boarding houses, one tailor, one shoemaker, one printer, a washing-woman, a grocery shop, a pamphlet and stationery shop, a small dry goods shop, and an oyster house. This makes the whole of the Federal City as connected with the Capitol. At the distance of three fourths of a mile, on or near the Eastern Branch, lie scattered the habitations of Mr. Law, of Mr. Carroll, the principal proprietors of the ground, half a dozen houses, a very large but perfectly empty

warehouse, and a wharf graced by not a single vessel. And this makes the whole intended commercial part of the city, unless we include in it what is called the Twenty Buildings, being so many unfinished houses. . . . I am at Conrad and Munn's, where I share the room of Mr. Varnum and pay at the rate, I think, including attendance, wood, candles and liquors, of 15 dollars per week. At table, I believe, we are from twenty-four to thirty, and, was it not for the presence of Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Brown, would look like a refectory of monks."

The Mr. Law referred to in this letter (and of whom Wolcott, writing to his wife, speaks as one who "lives in great splendor") had not long before married Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, Anne Custis. The alliance was to prove a most unhappy one, however, for the girl was high-spirited and only nineteen, and the groom, an Englishman nearly twice her age, developed, as time went on, several very trying eccentricities. One of these was to carry in his hand a piece of dough which he constantly manipulated, the loss of which would cause him to lose the thread of his story. Quite frequently he forgot his own name, and once, when asking for letters at the post-office, was unable to say to whom the letters would come addressed until a friend, saluting him as Mr. Law, gave him the necessary cue. Yet

he had been thought a great match for Miss Custis inasmuch as he was the brother of an English peer and of the Bishop of Wells. Law's early life had been passed in India with Lord Cornwallis; when he died in Washington at the age of seventy-seven he was still hoping and planning for the future greatness of the city in which he had rashly invested his all.

Scarcely did Abigail Adams get fairly settled in the White House whose discomforts she had so vividly described than it became clear that not for long was she to remain mistress there. To her son she writes:

"WASHINGTON, November 13, 1800.

"Well, my dear son, South Carolina has behaved as your father always said she would. The consequence to us, personally, is that we retire from public life. For myself and family I have few regrets. At my age and with my bodily infirmities I shall be happier at Quincy. Neither my habits, nor my education or inclinations, have led me to an expensive style of living so that on that score I have little to mourn for. If I did not rise with dignity I can at least fall with ease, which is the more difficult task. . . . My own intention is to return to Quincy as soon as I conveniently can; I presume in the month of January."

John Adams did not take so blithely retirement from the political field. "If I were to go over my life again," we find him saying, "I would be a shoemaker rather than an American statesman." After which illuminating glimpse of the man's deep wound at his failure to be reëlected we are glad to know that Mistress Abigail never once faltered during this trying period of transition. Her husband deeply appreciated her "gameness." Soon after their return home he wrote to one of their children, "Your mother had a fine night's sleep which has made her as gay as a girl." And we find *her*, on May 3, 1801, buoyantly telling her son-in-law, "I have commenced my operations of dairy-woman and Mrs. Smith might see me, at five o'clock in the morning, skimming my milk!" Her consort, at this same dewy hour, was busy with his haymakers in the fields. It had not then become a problem what to do with our ex-presidents.

John Adams had been born to the simple life and he returned to it, after he had recovered from the first blow to his self-esteem, easily and naturally. Yet, while in public service, he had always defended stateliness of demeanor. There is amusing evidence that the leveling tendency chargeable to the French Revolution, and ardently advocated by Jefferson, piqued and annoyed him extremely. In a letter which

he wrote to Dr. Rush in 1811 he said: "In point of Republicanism all the difference I ever knew or could discover between you and me, or between Jefferson and me, consisted (1) In the difference between speeches and messages, I was a monarchist because I thought a speech more manly, more respectful to Congress and the nation. Jefferson and Rush preferred messages. (2) I held levees once a week that all my time might not be wasted by idle visits, Jefferson's whole eight years was a levee. (3) I dined a large company once a week, Jefferson dined a dozen every day. (4) Jefferson and Rush were for liberty and straight hair. I thought curled hair was as Republican as straight."

It is, of course, a fact that Jefferson made a cult of simplicity. *Vulgarity*, his political opponents called it, when he walked from his lodgings to the Capitol to be inaugurated and, having been sworn into office by Chief Justice Marshall, returned to his boarding-place, as he had come — on foot. Certainly his was not Simon-pure simplicity. Otherwise there would have been no need of eleven servants (slaves) from his plantation, besides a French cook and steward and an Irish coachman to conduct the affairs of his bachelor establishment. For the new President being a widower whose married daughters preferred their own homes for the

most part to "queening it" in Washington, the White House was now without a mistress.

Of none of the early Presidents is there so engaging a romance to be told as of Jefferson. The lady he had married, nearly thirty years before this time, was Mrs. Martha Skelton, a beautiful and accomplished young widow with soft hazel eyes and luxuriant auburn hair. She walked, rode and danced with inimitable grace and spirit and was renowned throughout the Old Dominion as a player upon the harpsicord. Of course, such a woman, who had wealth in addition to personal charms, was much sought after by the eligible youth of her county. Two of these once chanced to meet at the door of her house and were shown into a room adjoining one where she was singing and playing the harpsichord to the accompaniment of Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice. The suitors listened for a stanza or two; then they crept quietly away convinced that they had absolutely no chance against the musical caller within. Jefferson had ten happy years of married life with this lovely woman and he never sought a successor for her. During part of the time that he was in Washington as President his daughter, who had married Thomas Mann Randolph, himself a member of Congress, made the White House her home but, for the most, he had to borrow, on

state occasions, the presence of Mrs. Madison [1] as hostess.

A unique feature of the campaign preceding Jefferson's election was the extraordinary demonstration of belief in him made by Elder Leland and his followers, of Cheshire in New England. By his opponents Jefferson had been declared a foreigner in his tastes, un-American, unpatriotic and a French infidel.[2] Certain of his opponents went so far as to say that, if he were elected, Sunday would no longer be observed and churches throughout the country

[1] From the "collection of period costumes" being arranged at the old National Museum, Washington, as this book goes to press, it appears that, about this time, Mrs. Madison introduced into Republican circles the empire gown made famous in Paris by the lovely Récamier and the women of Napoleon's court. The waist-line was entirely obscured by this fashion and the bodice shortened, in some cases, to an inch. A portrait of Mrs. Madison, showing her in such a toilet is extant. The figures in the "collection" during the Monroe period show, on the contrary, that black dresses, especially of velvet and satin, have now come into vogue and that bodices gradually lengthened until the waist-line dropped to its natural level. Skirts were now very full and very much flounced. With the advent of the Quincy Adamses came the reign of the grotesque leg-o'-mutton sleeve, short full skirt and gigantic poke bonnet. This lasted through Jackson's administration as well. The shoulders of women's gowns were at this time so much "extended," that ladies had to edge sidewise through doors. And when Jackson was running for president the wives and sisters of his partisans wore calico printed with great medallions bearing his rugged features!

[2] In refutation of these absurd slanders Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith was glad to write that during Mr. Jefferson's first winter in Washington he regularly worshipped at the rude church which the Episcopalians of the place had fitted up in a building formerly used as a tobacco-house.

would be closed! Elder Leland of Cheshire believed none of these things and, having previously preached many sturdy electioneering sermons in Jefferson's behalf, proposed to his people, as soon as the election was secure, that they should celebrate the victory by making for the new President the biggest cheese the world had ever seen. "Every man and woman who owned a cow," was on a certain day, writes Dr. Manasseh Cutler, then a member of Congress, "to give for this cheese all the milk yielded that day — only no *Federal* cow must contribute a drop. A huge cider press was fitted up to make it in, and on the appointed day the whole county turned out with pails and tubs of curd, the girls and women in their best gowns and ribbons, and the men in their Sunday coats and clean shirt-collars. The cheese was put to press with prayer and hymn singing and great solemnity. When it was well dried it weighed sixteen hundred pounds. It was placed on a sleigh and elder Leland drove with it all the way to Washington. It was a journey of three weeks. All the country had heard of the big cheese and came out to look at it as the elder drove along." Six horses were used to draw this unique offering and on its side it bore a label inscribed: "The greatest cheese in America for the greatest man in America!"

The elder and his offering were most cordially received at Washington. Jefferson was himself a farmer and so interested in cheeses. He was, also, interested to prove himself thoroughly democratic and a true Apostle of Simplicity. The chief article of furniture in his own particular room at the White House was a long table with a set of carpenter's tools tucked away in the drawers of one side, and a set of gardener's tools similarly disposed at its other end. There was no affectation in Jefferson's love of the out-of-doors and in his deep affection for trees. Once at a dinner party he exclaimed abruptly, "How I wished that I possessed the powers of a despot!" then explaining, in answer to the astonished look called forth by a declaration so opposed to his disposition and principles, "I wish I was a despot that I might save the noble beautiful trees that are daily falling sacrifices to the cupidity of their owners, or the necessity of the poor. The unnecessary felling of a tree — perhaps the growth of centuries — seems to me a crime little short of murder; it pains me to an unspeakable degree."

In the window recesses of the room used as an office by this President who so loved Nature were flowers and plants to which he attended personally. "And among his roses and geraniums," Mrs. Smith tells us, "was suspended the cage of his favourite mocking-bird, which

he cherished with peculiar fondness, not only for its melodious powers, but for its uncommon intelligence and affectionate disposition, of which qualities he gave surpassing instances. It was the constant companion of his solitary and studious hours. Whenever he was alone he opened the cage and let the bird fly about the room. After flitting for a while from one object to another, it would alight on his table and regale him with its sweetest notes, or perch on his shoulder and take its food from his lips. Often, when he retired to his chamber, it would hop up the stairs after him, and while he took his siesta, would sit on his couch and pour forth its melodious strains. How he loved this bird! How he loved his flowers! He could not live without something to love and, in the absence of his darling grandchildren, his bird and his flowers became objects of tender care."

Apart from this one room the White House of Jefferson's day appears to have been a bare and unhomelike place. It was scantily furnished with articles brought from Philadelphia and which had been used by General Washington. From respect to their former possessor Jefferson retained these, worn and shabby though they were. In the drawing-room was the same crimson damask furniture that had been used in Philadelphia and only the most meagre and

simple additional articles had been provided by the government for the more spacious mansion. The large East Room was still unfinished. But this mattered little to Jefferson. He had no mind to "entertain" largely. One of the first things he did after coming to the White House was to abolish the levees which Washington and Adams had punctiliously maintained, limiting to January first and the Fourth of July public receptions at the Executive Mansion. At other times persons were privileged to call as they pleased. Sometimes they were greatly disturbed by what they encountered. It is said that a foreign functionary who went one morning to pay the President a visit of ceremony found that gentleman just drawing on his boots and prepared with a shoe-brush to give them a polishing touch. Of course the visitor was shocked. So shocked that the story seems to me apocryphal. A Virginian brought up to be waited upon by slaves was not one to be brushing his own shoes; but of course those who resented the perfectly tenable social rules Jefferson had promulgated would draw upon their imaginations for stories which should make the Democratic President ridiculous.

The basic idea of Jefferson's social rules was that "when brought together in society all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office." In ac-

cordance with this idea Mr. Jefferson, at one of his rare state dinners, committed the "unpardonable sin" of taking in the lady who stood next to him — Mrs. Madison, — and requesting his guests to do the same. Mr. Merry, the newly appointed British minister, thus found himself obliged to offer his arm to his own wife! And he — more likely *she* — never forgave Jefferson for the slight this choice of Mrs. Madison had put upon the English lady. Sir Augustus Foster loyally upheld his chief and his chief's lady in their resentment, deprecatingly comparing the present lack of "etiquette" at the Executive Mansion with the "good old days." "Mr. Jefferson," he argued hotly, "knew only too well what he was about — he had lived in too good society at Paris, where he was employed as Minister from the United States previously to the French Revolution. . . not to set a value on the decencies and proprieties of life. But he was playing a game for retaining the highest office in a State where manners are not a prevailing feature in the great mass of society."

Perhaps Jefferson was "playing a game." At any rate he was persistent in adhering to his stand, once taken. When some of the fashionable ladies, who were affronted that he had abolished levees, one day swarmed down upon his home by a concerted arrangement, he went in among

them, dusty as he was from his ride, and while apologizing for his spurs and disarranged costume, bade them welcome with such studied charm that they could not miss the conviction that the joke was on *them* instead of on the President. Dr. Manasseh Cutler on the other hand records so many dinners at "his Democratic Majesty's" that we may well believe the story that Jefferson made himself poor by his liberality while at the White House. Lemaire, who was the purveyor for the household, told Edmund Bacon, the steward from Jefferson's Virginia estate, Monticello, that he frequently spent fifty dollars upon one day's marketing. Which one may easily credit after reading that the bill of fare — besides having on it fried eggs and fried beef — often included, as on one occasion when Dr. Cutler was there, turkeys, ducks, "the new foreign dish macaroni," ices, and various fancy-pudding dishes, among them "a new kind of pudding, very porous and light, inside white as milk of curd, covered with cream sauce."

The lady who did the honors at Jefferson's dinners whenever neither of the President's daughters was available and it was necessary that some woman act as hostess, was Mrs. James Madison, wife of the Secretary of State. Thus began that extraordinary career of social ascendency at Washington which, with only

a few interruptions, lasted for over forty years! Mrs. Madison still retained at this time much of that exquisite beauty which was embalmed by James Peale in the charming miniature made just about the time of her marriage to Madison and herewith reproduced. It is pleasant to see that, when sitting to Peale, Mistress Dolly wore her Quaker cap. From her later life it is hard to recall that she was a Quaker by birth. Even as a child, indeed, there seems to have been very little of the Quaker about her training. Both her mother and her grandmother had been belles and they evidently had resolved that the dainty Dolly should lose no jot or tittle of her dower of good looks by any neglect on their part. So she was sent to school with long gloves on her hands and arms and with a close sun-bonnet and a white linen mask on her face. But in this attention to her outward charms, her inward graces were not neglected. No more sweet and lovely character may be found in all our history than that of Dolly Madison. At nineteen she had been married by her father to Mr. Todd, a lawyer of Philadelphia, and within two years had borne this worthy man two children, the first of whom, John Payne Todd, lived to be the joy and the heartbreaking sorrow of her womanhood. Ere she was twenty-two, however, both her husband and her second baby had died, and thus it was that, in 1794,

she was being sought out in Philadelphia by all the eligible men of the day, among them James Madison, twenty years her senior, who arranged that Aaron Burr should take him to the Payne home and introduce him to the fascinating young widow. When Dolly came down that day " in a mulberry colored satin, and a silk tulle handkerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisitely dainty little cap from which an uncropped curl would escape " she must have looked very much as in our picture. We do not at all wonder that James Madison fell head over heels in love with her and promptly set about to make her his wife. When Mrs. Washington heard of the engagement she told Mistress Dolly that she was very glad indeed " for James Madison would make her a good husband." Which appears to have been a true prophecy.

It is also true that no wife was ever more devoted to a husband than this lovely woman to her " great little Madison." Dr. Mitchell, who was in turn representative and senator from New York, said of her in 1802: " She has a fine person and a most engaging countenance, which pleases, not so much from mere symmetry or complexion as from expression. Her smile, her countenance and her manners are so engaging, that it is no wonder that . . . with her fine blue eyes and large share of anima-

tion, she should be, indeed, a QUEEN OF HEARTS."

In and out of the drawing-rooms of Georgetown, where this lady "queened it," there flitted, early in Jefferson's administration, a poet who could very well, had it happened to occur to him, have celebrated Mrs. Madison's unique charms. This was Tom Moore, then twenty-four years old. Because slight and dandified, Moore had so little impressed Jefferson, when the latter met him at a reception, that after the merest word or two the poet was allowed by the President to get lost in the crowd. This the gifted Irishman could not forgive and so fell to lampooning Jefferson and pretty much everything else American. But not Niagara Falls! I have been privileged to examine the scarcely-legible manuscript journal in which Moore recorded his enthusiasm over the beauty of the falls and one there sees that his emotion was so great that he could scarcely find words to express it. "Never shall I forget," he wrote, "the impression I felt at the first partial glimpse of them, which we got as the carriage climbed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene but I saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with [manuscript illegible] magnificence and received just enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing. . . . I

felt as if approaching the very residence of the Deity.[1] The tears started into my eyes and I remained, for some moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which only pious enthusiasm can produce. . . . My whole heart ascended toward the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration which I never before experienced. Oh, bring an atheist here and he cannot return an atheist. I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders. . . . It is impossible, by pen or by pencil, to convey the faintest idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior subjects. One should have new combinations of language to describe the falls of Niagara!"

"Why, he is a poet after all!" Jefferson is said to have exclaimed when, years after his lampooning at Moore's hands, he was given a volume of the Irish melodies. "So *this* is the little man who satirized me so!" The great Democrat, it is thus clear, bore the little Irishman no malice; indeed Moore shared with Burns the leisure hours of the retired statesman.

[1] It is interesting to set alongside of this outburst of splendid faith in a good and gracious Creator Thomas Paine's belief that "theology should be studied in the works or books of the creation." Thus studied it "causes the mind to become at once enlightened and serene. Information and adoration go hand in hand." (*Existence of God.*)

Jefferson was very glad to go "back to the farm" when his time came to lay down the cares of office. There is no question that he could have had a third term as President, if he had allowed himself to be nominated, but he accepted as wise the precedent established by Washington in this matter and blithely relinquished to his successor, James Madison, his post as Chief Executive. Never was he more witty and more charming than at Mrs. Madison's first reception in the White House. As the ladies pressed near him, a friend whispered jestingly, "You see, they *will* follow you." "That is as it should be," answered Jefferson, "since I am too old to follow them. I remember," he added, "when Dr. Franklin's friends were taking leave of him in France, the ladies almost smothered him with embraces. On his introducing me to them as his successor, I told them that among the rest of his privileges, I wished he would transfer this one to me. But he answered, 'No, no; you are too young a man.'"

What appears to have been Washington's first inaugural ball was given at Davis's Hotel the evening that Jefferson relinquished to Madison the "heavy burden" of a President. It is said that "upwards of four hundred persons graced the scene, which was not a little enlivened by the handsome display of female fashion

and beauty." Of course the "Lady Presidentess" was the centre of all eyes on this occasion. And that not only because she was a Queen of Hearts; she must also have been a splendid figure to look upon in her gown of yellow velvet, her neck and arms hung with pearls and her head surmounted by a Parisian turban, from which nodded a bird-of-paradise plume.

No more Jeffersonian simplicity now at the White House! A contemporary writer tells us that the Presidential mansion was refurnished "splendidly" throughout; and it is probably true that Dolly Madison procured all the splendor she could for the modest sum of five thousand dollars allowed for the purpose. An additional thousand was granted Mr. Latrobe, we learn, for the curtains, chairs and sofas of the drawing-room, which was done all in yellow satin damask. Here Mrs. Madison was soon receiving her own friends, her husband's and those who came just to pay their respects, with that sunniness of manner which has made her name almost a synonym for tact and hospitality. Even shy and awkward youths from the country were at once put at their ease by her. William C. Preston, in his unpublished journal,[1] gives an instance of this from his own experience which may well stand as typical: He was then eighteen — and so full of self-consciousness.

[1] Quoted by Mrs. Ellet in *Court Circles of the Republic.*

No wonder there had been "utter silence in the hack!" as he made his way to the White House. He says, "The appearance of the house and grounds was very grand. There was a multitude of carriages at the door; many persons were going in and coming out; especially many in gaudy regimentals. Upon entering a room where there were fifteen or twenty persons, Mr. Madison turned toward us, and the General said, presenting me, 'My young kinsman, Mr. Preston, who has come to present his respects to you and Mrs. Madison.' The President was a little man with a powdered head, having an abstracted air and a pale countenance, with but little flow of courtesy. Around the room was a blaze of military men and naval officers in brilliant uniforms. The furniture of the room with the brilliant mirrors was very magnificent.

"While we stood Mrs. Madison entered — a tall, portly elegant lady, with a turban on her head and a book in her hand. She advanced straight to me and, extending her left hand, said: 'Are you William Campbell Preston, the son of my old friend and most beloved kinswoman, Sally Campbell?' I assented. She said: 'Sit down, my son; for you *are* my son and I am the first person who ever saw you in this world. Mr. Madison, this is the son of Mrs. Preston, who was born in Philadelphia.' The President shook hands with me cordially.

. . . All this was performed with an easy grace and benignity which no woman in the world could have exceeded. My awkwardness and terror suddenly subsided into a romantic admiration for the magnificent woman before me."

Washington Irving gives us a similarly agreeable snap-shot impression of one of these Drawing Rooms, where he found "a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones. . . . Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two merry wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison — ah! poor Jemmy! — he is but a withered little apple-John."

From a passage in another Irving letter, written about this same time, we learn how really primitive in some ways the social life of the time was — even in the nation's capital. "When you see my good friend Mrs. Renwick," he writes Mrs. Hoffman, "tell her I feel great compunction at having deprived her of her Tartan pladdie all winter; but if it will be any gratification to her she may be assured it has been of signal comfort to me, *and has occasionally served as a mantle to some of the prettiest girls in Washington.*"

This is the more interesting when it is recalled that Mrs. Renwick was the heroine of

Burns's "Blue-eyed Lassie", that she had often as a girl met Burns at her father's fireside and had inspired in him, besides the verses to her blue eyes, which are printed in every collection of his works, the song "When first I saw my Jeanie's face," which is scarcely known at all but whose charming last stanza makes it well worth reprinting here.

> "But gang she east, or gang she west,
> 'Twixt Nith and Tweed all over,
> While men have eyes, or ears or taste,
> She'll always find a lover."

It was to the lovely lass of Annandale, whom the Scotch bard had thus celebrated, and whose New York home was a cherished resort of Irving's, that the author of the *Sketch Book* was indebted for the slip of ivy from Melrose, which, planted with her own hands, runs now in rich luxuriance over the walls of Sunnyside.

We must, however, hark back to Washington with its gracious "Lady Presidentess" and her "withered little apple-John" of a "Jemmy." Unquestionably Mrs. Madison was much happier in social life than the President could possibly be. He took no pleasure in the crowded dinners and parties which meant much to her. Moreover he was bowed down by heavy cares of state; for the War of 1812 was at hand. Presently a British fleet actually sailed up into

Virginia waters and the White House family were told that the enemy had come determined to "burn them out," Admiral Cockburn sending the President's wife word that he would very soon make his bow at her drawing-room door and his officers pleasantly adding that they would capture the beautiful Mrs. Madison and "make a show of her in England!" It appears, too, that the British came fairly near fulfilling these threats. For peace-loving James Madison was no leader of armies and, when he saw the bayonets of the enemy glittering in the distance, he ingloriously directed his companions to leave Blandensburg to the commanding general. Whereupon, he and Armstrong and Monroe clambered into a waiting carriage and drove rapidly away in the direction of Washington. Much sport was afterwards made of this retreat of the Commander-in-Chief from the field of battle and a New York newspaper writer wittily declared that

> "'Fly, Monroe, fly! Run, Armstrong, run!'
> Were the last words of Madison."

Dolly proved herself really heroic, however. To her sisters she wrote as the enemy drew near, "I am ready. I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage. Our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its trans-

portation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C—— with the hundred men, who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure." Only after two messengers had arrived from Mr. Madison, urging her flight, did the plucky woman consent to set forth without her husband. Before leaving she provided for the safety of the large picture of General Washington by Stuart, which was hanging in the dining-room, by causing it to be removed from its heavy frame and committing it to the care of Jacob Barker and Robert G. L. Depeyster, who temporarily secreted it in a farmhouse outside the city.

To the struggle which culminated in this attack upon Washington it is that we owe the "Star Spangled Banner" and, though the story of the special crisis which gave occasion to that song really belongs to the Baltimore chapter, Francis Scott Key must here be mentioned because his home at this period was in Georgetown. Georgetown is, also, associated with another American whom we remember as the author of a single song — John Howard Payne. For there in Oak Hill Cemetery rest today the mortal remains of the homeless poet who, in touching strains, has celebrated for all time the sweet and tender joys of home.

Washington had known Payne in life, too, however. For he was often in the city, during the period of the Early Republic, visiting Joel Barlow,[1] poet and philosopher, who upon his return from a mission to France, in 1805, had built his mansion Kalorama on a natural terrace above Rock Creek, not far from Twenty-first Street. The Barlows were great friends of the Madisons and there is extant a delightful letter written them by Mistress Dolly, during one of their visits to France, in which she requests that they send her "by a safe vessel large head-dresses, a few flowers, feathers, gloves and stockings, black and white, with anything else pretty and suitable for an economist."

When the President and Mrs. Madison returned to Washington, forty-eight hours after their flight, they found their home a black and still-smoking ruin. Admiral Cockburn and his men had spectacularly worked their will. For some months now the Presidential headquarters were in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cutts on F Street and then the Madisons removed to the Octagon, which Colonel John Tayloe generously placed at their disposal.

Colonel Tayloe was reputed to be the richest Virginian of his time and no house in all Wash-

[1] It was to this Joel Barlow that Elizabeth Whitman, generally believed to have furnished Hawthorne with the central idea of *The Scarlet Letter*, wrote the only letters of hers which have been preserved. See my *Old New England Churches*, p. 23 *et seq.*

ington has seen more of magnificent entertaining than this splendid one at the junction of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street. The reception given here by the President and Mrs. Madison after the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, is described by residents of the capital as the most brilliant ever held in Washington. Mrs. Madison, knowing that peace was assured and that her beloved husband had been restored to popularity, was especially happy. Now, even more than previously in the White House, indeed, her parties and receptions were brilliancy itself. It may very well have been at about this time that the Friend from Philadelphia whom she had invited to dinner replied to her toast, "Here's to thy absent broadbrim, Friend Hallowell," with the undaunted, "And here's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy!" Washington ladies were rather exaggeratedly décolletée at this period. Mrs. Seaton wrote that Madame Bonaparte, having set the fashion in this way,[1] was eagerly imitated by all the

[1] Was it of Madame Bonaparte, we wonder, that Mrs. Smith wrote, in 1804: "An elegant and select party was given her by Mrs. Robert Smith; her appearance was such that it threw all the company into confusion, and no one dar'd to look at her but by stealth. . . . Her dress was the thinnest sarcenet and white crepe. . . ; there was scarcely any waist to it and no sleeves; her back, her bosom, part of her waist and her arms were uncovered and the rest of her form visible. She was engaged the next evening at Madam P's . . . and several ladies sent her word, if she wished to meet them there she must promise to have more clothes on."

belles. "But without equal *éclat*, as Madame Bonaparte has certainly the most transcendently beautiful back and shoulders that ever were seen." Mrs. Seaton, also, professed herself much shocked at the amount of powder and rouge used by the Washington women. "Mrs. Madison is said to rouge, but it is not evident to my eyes, and I do not think it true, as I am well assured I saw her colour come and go at the naval ball." Mrs. Seaton was the wife of the editor of the *National Intelligencer* and she has photographically described [1] for us many a splendid party of the day. She is not above telling us, too, how and when and what Washington people ate — in the privacy of home as well as at levees — for which we are very grateful to her. "It is customary," she writes her mother, "to breakfast here at nine o'clock, dine at four and drink tea at eight, which division of time I do not like but am compelled to submit. I am more surprised at the method of taking tea here than any other meal. In private families, if you step in of an evening, they give you tea and crackers and cold bread, and, if by invitation, unless the party is very splendid, you have a few sweet-cakes, — maccarroons [sic] from the confectioner's. This is the extent. Once I saw a ceremony of preserves at tea. But the deficiency is made up

[1] In *William Winston Seaton: A Biographical Sketch.*

by the style at dinner, with extravagant wines etc. Pastry and puddings going out of date and wine and ice-creams coming in, does not suit my taste, and I confess to preferring Raleigh hospitality. I have never even heard [here] of warm bread at breakfast."

Mrs. Madison's levee of New Year's Day, 1814, has been so vividly described by Mrs. Seaton that we can almost *see* the paint rolling down from the ladies' cheeks as she pictures this sad result of over-heated apartments. "The marine band, stationed in the ante-room, continued playing in spite of the crowd pressing on their very heads. But if our pity was excited for these hapless musicians, what must we not have experienced for some members of our own sex, who, not foreseeing the excessive heat of the apartments, had more reason to apprehend the efforts of nature to relieve herself from the effects of the confined atmosphere.[!] You will perhaps not understand that I allude to the rouge which some of our fashionables had laid on with unsparing hand, and which, assimilating with the pearl-powder, dust and perspiration, made them altogether unlovely to soul and to eye.

"Her majesty's appearance was truly regal, — dressed in a robe of pink satin trimmed elaborately with ermine, a white velvet and satin turban, with nodding ostrich plumes and a

crescent in front, gold chain and clasps around the waist and wrists. 'Tis here the woman who adorns the dress, and not the dress that beautifies the woman. I cannot conceive a female better calculated to dignify the station which she occupies in society than Mrs. Madison. Amiable in private life and affable in public, she is admired and esteemed by the rich and beloved by the poor. You are aware that she snuffs; but in her hands the snuff-box seems only a gracious implement with which to charm. Her frank cordiality to all guests is in contrast to the manner of the President, who is very formal, reserved and precise,[1] yet not wanting in a certain dignity. Being so low of stature, he was in imminent danger of being confounded with the plebeian crowd; and was pushed and jostled about like a common citizen, — but not so with her ladyship! The towering feathers and excessive throng distinctly pointed out her station wherever she moved." It is to Mrs. Seaton, too, that we owe that famous story

[1] Mrs. Smith, who knew Madison in his home-life, tells us repeatedly, however, that his excessive dignity was only his *public* manner. It appears that he was really an incessant humorist and, at Montpelier, used to set his table guests daily into roars of laughter over his stories and his whimsical way of telling them. As late as 1828 she writes, while visiting at the Madisons' home, " Mr. Madison retains all the sportiveness of his character. His little blue eyes . . . have not lost the look of mischief that used to lurk in their corners, and which vanished and gave place to an expression ever solemn, when the conversation took a serious turn."

about the exceedingly good breakfast Lafayette made when he was at Washington: six fine bay perch, considerable bread, Bordeaux, and hominy, and, to top off, a whole canvas-back duck! Not that Lafayette had developed into a gourmand but that he was made voraciously hungry by being so much in the open air, speech-making and viewing processions.

Mrs. Benjamin W. Crowninshield of Salem, whose husband was to be Secretary of the Navy under Monroe, wrote home delightfully chatty letters about Washington in the winter of 1815-1816. Almost immediately after her arrival she went " with our girls to see Mrs. Madison. She lives in the same block with us. I did not alter my dress. Well, we rung at the door, the servant showed us up to the room — no one there. It was a large room, had three windows in front, blue window curtains which appeared to be of embossed cambric damask pattern, red silk fringe. The floor was covered with dark blue cloth, two little couches covered with blue patch, a small sideboard with I don't recollect what on it.

" In about two minutes the lady appeared, received us very agreeably, noticed the children much, inquired their names, because she told them she meant to be much acquainted with them. You could not but feel at your ease in her company. She was dressed in a white

cambric gown, buttoned all the way up in front, a little strip of work along the button-holes, but ruffled around the bottom. A peach-bloom-coloured silk scarf with a rich border over her shoulders by her sleeves. She had on a spencer of satin the same color, and likewise a turban of velour gauze, all of peach bloom. She looked very well indeed."

Mrs. Crowninshield has also preserved for us a picture of Mrs. Madison at the New Year's Levee of 1816. "Such a crowd I never was in. It took ten minutes to push and shove ourselves through the dining-room; at the upper part of it stood the President and his lady, all standing — and a continual moving in and out. Two other small parlours open and all full — likewise the entry. In every room was a table with wine punch and cakes and the servants squeezing through with waiters for those who could not get to the table. Some of the ladies were dressed very elegantly, beautiful bonnets and pelisses, shawls, etc. Mrs. Madison was dressed in a yellow satin, embroidered all over with sprigs of butterflies, not two alike in the dress; made high on the neck; a little cape, long sleeves, and a white bonnet with feathers. . . . At three it was all over and done. I was disappointed in my pelisse. First, it was made too short — it was then pieced down and the border quilted; it really looked handsomer —

but she charged ten dollars more than she engaged to make it for."

Nothing in all Washington, indeed, appears to have made so great an impression upon Mrs. Crowninshield as Mrs. Madison's frocks. Sometimes the First Lady is in "sky blue striped velvet!" Again she is in black velvet with gold embroidery and a gorgeous turban. Womanlike, Mrs. Crowninshield herself began to long for more and handsomer gowns, remarking that she feared to be "taken for a piece of furniture" if she presented herself again at the Drawing Room in the same dress she had several times worn. Yet if the New England lady lacked the fine gowns of the Southern women she also lacked their unpleasant habit of taking snuff. "The first thing Mrs. Todd does on her coming in," she writes, "is to take from the shelf a tin box of snuff and pass it round. I keep this box handy as all the ladies take snuff, but I have not got in the fashion yet, nor I don't mean to learn any bad habits."

One bad habit she did learn, though: she played cards for money! It happened in this wise. "Yesterday was delightful weather (February 23, 1816). . . . Went to the Navy Yard to see the monument and the ruins. Heard good music. Returned and walked the pavement till dinner time. It is paved in front of the seven buildings, so we go out of our houses,

and sometimes we muster a large party if it is pleasant. Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Todd on one side and Mrs. Monroe's family on the other, and the ladies of our family, and we can always find gentlemen. They sit in the doorway reading papers. . . . Last evening I was at Mrs. Monroe's our neighbor — quite a large party. . . . We played loo and I won — I am afraid to say how much, but shall give it to the orphan asylum. I am going this morning to carry my winnings to Mrs. Madison." [1] For Mrs. Madison was a " directress " of the Washington Orphan Asylum. Her name may be found on its books for one year as the donor of twenty dollars and a cow! She herself played for money early in her Washington career but she subsequently gave up the practice and declared herself sorry that she had ever indulged in it.

In 1817 " Jemmy " Madison was succeeded by " Jemmy " Monroe. The journals of the day were wont to characterize the latter as " the last of the cocked hats," in recognition, doubtless, of the fact that Monroe was the last of the Presidents to adhere to the old-fashioned style of dress — dark blue coat, buff vest, doeskin buff-colored breeches, top boots and the military cocked hat of the Revolutionary era. Jefferson once remarked of Monroe that he was so perfectly honest that " if his soul were

[1] *Letters of Mary Boardman Crowninshield*, 1815-1816.

turned inside out, not a spot would be found on it." So noble a man was worthy of a noble wife, and such an one he found in Miss Eliza Kortwright of New York, a lady who appears to have possessed remarkable beauty as well as all the fine womanly graces. Inasmuch as she had been with her husband when he served his country as Minister to France she had the social gift also which residence abroad is likely to bestow.

Of the two daughters who officiated with her as ladies of the White House the elder, Eliza, had had the advantage of education under Madame Campan in the celebrated school at St. Germain. The first really authenticated appearance of this little girl, indeed, is in Madame Campan's *Private Memoirs* where she is mentioned as walking with her father and teacher in the beautiful St. Germain's wood in the year 1794, a very memorable year to ardent democrats like Madame Campan [1] and Mr. Monroe. Quite naturally they were talking of the advantages to be derived from life in a Republic — like America. Suddenly the little maiden by their side was discovered to be saying, " Yes, papa, but there are no streets in America like these," pointing out to the fine highways.

[1] The brother of Madame Campan, Citizen Genet, married Cornelia Tappan Clinton (daughter of New York's governor), and fixed his residence here.

"Very true, my dear," replied the American Minister; "our nation may be compared to a newly-formed household — we are in want of many things. But we possess the finest thing of all — liberty."

One of Eliza Monroe's friends at St. Germain was Hortense de Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine, and the attachment thus formed was never allowed to lapse. When the American girl grew up and married her first child was named Hortensia after the Queen of Holland, and there are still preserved in the family some charming letters sent by the famous Frenchwoman at this time to the American whom she had come to love while both were Madame Campan's pupils.

One of Mrs. Monroe's levees at the White House has been thus pictured by Mrs. Tuley, then of Virginia:[1] "Mr. Monroe was standing near the door, and as we were introduced we had the honour of shaking hands with him and passing the usual congratulations of the season. My impressions of Mr. Monroe are very pleasing. He is tall and well formed. His dress was plain and in the old style, small clothes, silk hose, knee-buckles, and pumps fastened with buckles. His manner was quiet and dignified. . . .

"We passed on and were presented to Mrs. Monroe and her two daughters, Mrs. Judge

[1] The entire letter was later reprinted in the *Philadelphia Times*.

Hay, and Mrs. Gouverneur, who stood by their mother and assisted her in receiving. Mrs. Monroe's manner is very gracious and she is a regal-looking lady. Her dress was superb black velvet; neck and arms bare and beautifully formed; her hair in puffs and dressed high on the head and ornamented with white ostrich plumes; around her neck an elegant pearl necklace. . . . In Paris she was called 'la belle Americaine.'

"Mrs. Judge Hay (the President's eldest daughter) is very handsome also — tall and graceful, and, I hear, very accomplished . . . her dress was crimson velvet, gold cord and tassel round the waist, white plumes in the hair, handsome jewelry, bare neck and arms. The other daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, is also very handsome — dress, rich white satin, trimmed with a great deal of blonde lace, embroidered with silver thread, bare neck and arms, pearl jewelry and white plumes in the hair. By the by, plumes in the hair seem to be the most fashionable style of head dress for married ladies.

"All the lower rooms were opened, and though well filled, not uncomfortably so. The rooms were warmed by great fires of hickory wood in the large open fire-places, and with the handsome brass andirons and fenders quite remind me of our grand old wood fires in Virginia. Wine was handed about in wine-glasses on large

silver salvers by coloured waiters, dressed in dark livery, gilt buttons etc. I suppose some of them must have come from Mr. Monroe's old family seat, 'Oak Hill' Virginia."

Another woman letter-writer of this period has recorded that the President's wife "is certainly the Ninon of the day and looks more beautiful than any woman of her age I ever saw. She did the honours of the White House with perfect simplicity." But though Mrs. Monroe did these honors well she did not do them often. She had lived in Washington long enough and had seen enough of the social life of the last administration to realize that White House entertaining could no longer be conducted on the generous lines established by Mrs. Madison. Very soon after her husband came into office, therefore, she made her position in this matter known. Mrs. Seaton writes (in 1818): "It is said that the dinner-parties of Mrs. Monroe will be very select. Mrs. Hay returned the visits paid to her mother, making assurances, in the most pointedly polite manner, that Mrs. Monroe will be happy to see her friends morning or evening, but that her health is totally inadequate to visiting at present! Mrs. Hay is understood to be her proxy." In order to make quite clear the position of the latest First Lady in this matter of calls John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, drew up a code of

social etiquette, very similar to that formerly used by President Washington and so practical, from the official standpoint, that with a few modifications it has sufficed, ever since, to regulate social life in the capital.

As might be expected Mrs. Monroe's receptions were the more highly regarded just because they were infrequent. Phoebe Morris, writing to Mrs. Madison, January 19, 1824 says, " Mrs. Monroe is really going to have a Drawing Room on Wednesday. You have no doubt seen the description of Mrs. Hay's personal elegance of deportment and costume in the papers. We all attended Mrs. Adams's reception on the 8th, and it was really a very brilliant party, and admirably well arranged. The ladies climbed the chairs and benches to see General Jackson [Jackson and John Quincy Adams were rival candidates for the Presidency at this time] and Mrs. Adams very gracefully took his arm and walked through the apartments with him, which gratified the general curiosity."

But though Jackson, as " Hero of New Orleans," was so eagerly stared at on this occasion, it was John Quincy Adams and not he whom the people chose the following year to be head of the nation. No more patriotic and honorable man ever lived than this sixth President of the United States. And no public officer has ever been so

little understood. Austere and utterly lacking at first acquaintance in genial human qualities he repelled most persons who came in contact with him. He knew this, too, and once remarked humorously that his excellent mother's dictum that "children should be seen and not heard" had wrought his social ruin. In a previous book of mine [1] I have quoted a youthful letter of Quincy Adams's in which he complained that too many of the Boston belles, encountered during a gay visit to that city, were "like a beautiful apple that is insipid to the taste." He had no mind to choose such an one for a wife. The woman he married has, on the contrary, been characterized as the most scholarly [2] who ever presided over the White House. Born, educated and married in London, where her father was first American consul, Louisa Catherine Johnson added to the social grace common to those bred up in courts very real culture and a deep love of domestic life. She and her husband were perfectly congenial, for she well knew that the man's heart was of gold and strove ever to help him make the best of himself to the outside world. Necessarily, though, her husband's manner of life considerably affected the social functions over which it was her duty to preside.

[1] See *Old Boston Days and Ways*, p. 401.

[2] She was wont to read Plato in the intervals of social and domestic duties!

For instance: White House receptions had to break up well before ten o'clock in order that the President might get to bed early! He had to be up betimes; in winter at five, that he might go abroad for a two hours walk under the light of the moon and stars, nearly always returning in time to see the sun rise from his favorite eastern window. Then he made his own fire and sat down to read three chapters of the Bible with the accompaniment of various commentaries before breakfast. On summer mornings a swim in the Potomac took the place of the walk, the President, who was a strong swimmer, often remaining in the water two hours or more. But he characteristically takes himself to task in his Diary for thus indulging in swimming — merely that he might show of what feats he was capable!

Early rising was the only excess, however, in which President Adams indulged. The same thing was true of President Quincy of Harvard, and both gentlemen were therefore likely to take gentle little cat-naps whenever they were seated quietly anywhere for ten minutes at a time. One day, we are told, they went together into Judge Story's lecture-room to hear that distinguished jurist read his lecture to a law school class. The Judge received the visitors with his usual politeness, placed them on the platform by his side, in full view of the class,

and then went on with his talk. In a very few minutes both Presidents were fast asleep! The Judge paused a moment, then, pointing to the sleeping dignitaries, said, "Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising." This remark was followed by a shout of laughter which, of course, at once aroused the visitors from their slumbers.

A kinsman of these early risers, Josiah Quincy of Boston, has left us perhaps the best picture that we have of Washington society at just this time. To the dinners of the day considerable space is given [1] particularly to one dinner which he enjoyed in the home of Daniel Webster, then a member of the House and just coming into his own as a figure of national importance. The beautiful affection which existed between Webster and his wife made an especially deep impression upon young Quincy, then himself but five years out of college and with a keen eye for such relationships. "It was like organ music," he says, "to hear Webster speak to or of the being upon whom his affections reposed, and whom, alas! he was so soon to lose. I am sure that those who knew the man only when this tenderest relation had been terminated by death, never knew him in his perfect symmetry. Whatever evil-speakers may choose to say about the subsequent career of Daniel

[1] In *Figures of the Past*, by Josiah Quincy.

Webster, he was at that time 'whole as the marble, founded as the rock.'" Mr. Quincy also enjoyed the hospitality of the Vice-President, who "contrary to custom, had come up to the capital and was actually doing the work of his place. The usage had been for the holders of this office to stay quietly at home, draw their salaries and allow some senator to preside in the upper house."

Miss Calhoun, the Vice-President's daughter, delighted young Quincy by her intelligent grasp on the political situation. "I well remember," he says, "the clearness with which she presented the Southern view and the ingenuity with which she parried such objections as I was able to present. The fashionable ladies of the South had received the education of political thought and discussion to a degree unknown among their sisters of the North. 'She can read bad French and play a few tunes upon the piano,' said a cynical friend of mine concerning a young lady who had completed the costly education of a fashionable school in New York, 'but upon my word she does not know whether she is living in a monarchy or a republic.' The sneer would never have been applied to the corresponding class at the South. These ladies were conversant with political theories, and held definite political opinions."

The social features of Washington at the

time of this visit, were evening parties. "The company assembled about eight," our author tells us, "and began to break up shortly before eleven, having enjoyed the recreation of dancing, card-playing, music or conversation. Everybody in the city who occupied the necessary social position appeared at these gatherings; and being at the age when the tinsel of Vanity Fair is at its full glitter, I enjoyed them highly. My first Washington party was at Mrs. Wirt's, where I was taken as a stranger by Mr. and Mrs. Webster. . . . I was there presented to a lady whose beauty was the admiration of Washington and whose name was, consequently, upon every tongue, — at least something like her name; for society had decreed that this fair woman should be known as Mrs. Florida White, her husband being a delegate from our most southern territory. Very splendid in her beauty was Mrs. White." This Mrs. White it was who was afterwards known in Paris as "*la belle sauvage*" by reason of an incident which amusingly illustrates the dense ignorance which then obtained in France concerning American life and customs. A fancy dress ball was to be given by one of the members of the Bonaparte family and, on receiving her invitation, Mrs. White asked her hostess what she should wear. "An American costume, of course," was the prompt reply. "But," said

Mrs. White, "we have no original American costumes; we follow your fashions." The Frenchwoman was not to be convinced, however, that natives of Kentucky (Mrs. White's birthplace) were not, when at home, arrayed as are the Indians and so, accepting the hint, Mrs. White appeared at the ball as an Indian girl, gay with beads and feathers, a quiver at her back and a bow in her hand. Mrs. Edward Livingston and her charming daughter, Miss Cora Livingston, were other women whom the visitor from Massachusetts met and admired at Mrs. Wirt's party. Of Mrs. Livingston we shall hear more when we come to the New Orleans chapter. Suffice it here to say that her Washington *salon* at this time was no less famous than the one she had previously conducted in the chief city of Louisiana.

Watching Washington's first waltz was another of Josiah Quincy's delectable experiences during this visit to the capital in 1826. The scene was a "public ball" and the chief performer Baron Stackelburg, "who whirled through the mazes of this dance with a huge pair of dragoon spurs bound to his heels. The danger of interfering with the other dancers, which seemed always imminent, was skilfully avoided by the Baron, who received a murmur of appreciative applause as he led his partner to her seat. The question of the decorum of

this strange dance was distinctly raised upon its first appearance, and it was nearly twenty-five years later before remonstrances ceased to be heard. How far the waltz and its successors of a similar character may be compatible with feminine modesty is a question which need not here be discussed. It is sufficient to say that, socially speaking, it has proved an unmitigated nuisance. It has utterly routed the intellectual element that was once conspicuous even in fashionable gatherings. It has not only given society over to the young and inexperienced, but, by a perverse process of *un*natural selection, it has pushed to the front by no means the best specimens of these."

Mr. Quincy on the evils of the waltz is much less vital and suggestive than Mr. Quincy on the evils of aristocratic government, however. So I want to turn back to his dinner at the Calhouns' and to some conversation which there went on. "Mr. Calhoun, with the fore sight of a politician," we are told, "was accustomed to make himself agreeable to young men appearing in Washington who might possibly rise to influence in their respective communities. It was probably with a view to such a contingency that he favoured me with a long dissertation upon public affairs. He never alluded to the subject of slavery though it was easy to see that reference to this interest shaped

his opinions about tariff, State rights, internal improvements, and other questions, with which, on the surface, it had small connection. The concluding words of this aggressive Democrat made an ineffaceable impression upon my mind. They were pronounced in a subdued tone of esoteric confidence, such as an ancient augur might have used to a neophyte in his profession. Substantially they were these: 'Now, from what I have said to you, I think you will see that the interests of the *gentlemen* of the North and those of the South are identical.' I can quote no utterance more characteristic of the political Washington of twenty-six than this. The inference was that the 'glittering generalizations' of the Declaration were never meant to be taken seriously. *Gentlemen* were the natural rulers of America, after all. It has taken all the succeeding half-century to reach a vital belief that the people and not gentlemen (using the word, of course, in its common and narrow sense) are to govern this country. It will take much more than another half-century before the necessary and (in the end) beneficent consequences of this truth shall be fully realized."

Already, however, the issue between "gentlemen" and "the people" had come to be a clear-cut one in Washington. As the four years term of John Quincy Adams drew to a close the opposition which had long been felt towards

him grew very bitter and very vocal. Because he was cold and reserved he was charged with being a monarchist and an aristocrat. It was further alleged against him: that he had married an English woman; that he was rich, and that he had received large sums of public money, some of which he had spent in installing a billiard room in the White House(!). Against Andrew Jackson plenty of half-true things were also urged but the "Hero of New Orleans" was the people's choice nevertheless, so that we find the second Adams solemnly recording in his diary, almost as his mother had done thirty years before, when to his father, also, had been denied the honor of a second term, "The places that have known us shall know us no more."

Yet Mrs. Adams went out, as she had come in, with impressive social grace. At her last Drawing Room the great audience chamber, never before opened and then only just finished, was thrown open for *dancing*, a thing unheard of before at a Drawing Room.

In strange contrast with the dignity of previous Presidential inaugurations was that of Andrew Jackson, if we may trust contemporary reports. "When the President's address was concluded," says Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith,[1]

[1] Mrs. Smith was the wife of the editor of the *National Intelligencer*, which conservative organ necessarily disapproved of the "People" and the "People's President."

" the barricades gave way before the multitude, who forced a passage to shake hands with the choice of the people. General Jackson mounted his horse, having walked to the Capitol, and then such a cortege followed! Countrymen, laborers, white and black, — carriages, wagons, and carts, all pursuing him to the President's house. . . . The closing scene was in disgusting contrast with the simplicity of the impressive drama of the inaugural oath! The President was literally pursued by a motley concourse of people, riding, running, helter-skelter, striving who should first gain admittance into the Executive Mansion, where it was understood that refreshments were to be distributed. The halls were filled with a disorderly rabble of negroes, boys, women, and children scrambling for the refreshments designed for the drawing-rooms, the people forcing their way into the saloons, mingling with the foreigners and citizens surrounding the President. . . . China and glass to the amount of several thousand dollars were broken in the struggle to get at the ices and cakes, though punch and other drinkables had been carried out in tubs and buckets to the people; but had it been in hogsheads it would have been insufficient besides unsatisfactory to the mob, who claimed equality in all things. . . . The confusion became more and more appalling. At one moment the President,

who had retreated until he was pressed against the wall of the apartment, could only be secured against serious danger by a number of gentlemen linking arms and forming themselves into a barrier. It was then that the windows were thrown open and the living torrent found an outlet. . . . It was the People's day, the People's President and the People would rule."

What manner of man was this "People's President?" The answers which the contemporary documents of Jackson's day give to this query depend altogether upon the inherited prejudices and political bias of their respective writers. Josiah Quincy suggests that there were two Andrew Jacksons, one the person whom he himself attempted to describe, the other "the Jackson of comic myth." That the composite Jackson had in him, however, much that was admirable one is forced to admit after reading the following from the pen of a writer who, by birth and training, was little predisposed to be favorably impressed by the newcomer at the White House. "Although I have only a holiday acquaintance with the General," wrote Mr. Quincy, "and although a man certainly puts on his best manners when undergoing a public reception, the fact was borne in upon me that the seventh President was, in essence, a knightly personage, — prejudiced, narrow, mistaken upon many points, it might be, but vigorously a

gentleman in his high sense of honor and in the natural straightforward courtesies which are easily to be distinguished from the veneer of policy."

Jackson was the first President to lack the advantage of early association with those to whom the amenities of life mean much. By the time he was twenty-one he had worked at the saddler's trade, taught school, been clerk in a store, served as constable, studied law and got a lawyer's license. His boyhood days were passed in a Carolina pine-woods where, as Parton says, " he learned to read, to write, to cast accounts — little more. . . . He was never a well-informed man. He never was addicted to books. He never learned to write the English language correctly, though he often wrote it eloquently and vigorously." A man's man, with a life full, in its early years, of betting, racing, cock-fighting, and carousing, Jackson supplies a striking example of a character completely transformed by tender, passionate love for a good woman. So much did this woman mean to him, indeed, that he made many grievous mistakes in judgment, after he had been elected to the presidency, out of sheer chivalrous regard for her sainted memory and for what she had suffered in life.

Mrs. Jackson never coveted a place in the White House. When the news of the General's

election reached her, in her Tennessee home, she said, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I'm glad; for my own sake I never wished it." She had not been happy in Washington when her husband was senator there. For a time, indeed, it seemed doubtful if any of the society leaders of the day would call on her! The reason for this hesitation lay in the fact that legally, the General's "Rachel" as he called her, had not been free of her first husband when her second took her to wife. That this was the fault of neither but was rather blamable to the loose divorce laws of the time is quite true but it is plain, none the less, as Sumner points out, "that Jackson himself was to blame for contracting a marriage under ambiguous circumstances, and for not protecting his wife's honour by precautions, such as finding out the exact terms of the act of the Legislature of Virginia. Having put her in a false position, against which, as a man and a lawyer, he should have protected her, he was afterwards led, by his education and the current ways of thinking in the society about him, to try to treat the defects of his marriage certificate by shooting any man who dared to state the truth, that said certificate was irregular. The circumstances of the marriage were such as to provoke scandal at the time, and this scandal, which in the case of a more obscure man would have died out during

thirty years of honourable wedlock, came up over and over again during Jackson's career."

The bare facts of the case are that Jackson, when a young man, had settled in West Tennessee and was taken to board by Mrs. Donelson, the mother of Mrs. Lewis Robards. Robards mistreated his wife and, on one occasion, Jackson, roused beyond self-control as he witnessed the man's brutality, said with that straightforwardness and utter want of tact which ever marked his course, "If I had such a wife I would not willingly bring a tear to her beautiful eyes." To which Robards wrathfully retorted, "Well, perhaps it is a mistake, but she is *not* your wife." From that time on jealousy mingled with cruelty in the husband's treatment and things became so bad that Mrs. Robards was urged by her mother and her friends to desert the man. This she ultimately did by journeying from Nashville to Natchez under the protection of a little party of gentlemen of whom Jackson was one. Recent Indian disturbances in the country through which they were to pass had rendered a considerable escort necessary and Jackson, because of his strong right arm, had been urged by Colonel Stark, an old friend of the Donelsons, to be of the party.

Soon after this the young lawyer learned that Robards had applied for a divorce from his wife, and, without waiting to assure himself

that it had been granted, he asked Mrs. Donelson for permission to marry her daughter. "Mr. Jackson," this good woman queried, "would you sacrifice your life to save my child's good name?" "Ten thousand lives, madam, if I had them," the youth replied with fervor. And he meant it, too. From the time of their marriage, in the summer of 1791, until his wife's death, the year he was made President, Jackson showed himself always a tender lover and, on more than one occasion, faced death at the hands of an enemy because of slurring things which had been said of the woman he adored. He could fight for her but she could only die for him. The story goes that, soon after the election, being in Nashville on a shopping expedition, she found herself very weary and went to the principal inn of the place to rest before starting on the twelve-mile ride to the Hermitage. There, while reclining on a sofa in the back parlor, she overheard through the closed folding-doors some of the cruel slanders of her which had been current campaign gossip, set off by ugly suggestions as to the possibility of getting rid of her and sarcastic references to the load the General would have to carry if he brought such a wife to the White House. All through the long drive home the cruel words kept ringing in her ears and when her husband met her at Stone's River, after his custom, he noticed that she

looked worn and unhappy. "What is the matter, my love?" he inquired anxiously, but could draw nothing from her. To her niece, however, she confided what had occurred, adding that she felt sure that what the gossips had said was true, that she would be of no advantage to her husband in the White House and that she did not wish to go there and disgrace him. Never the same woman after that day at Nashville, she grew more and more feeble as the time for her husband's departure drew near, and almost on its eve she slipped quietly into the great Beyond.

Jackson's grief was terrible. Nor was he ever quite the same man afterwards. And his wrath against gossip and gossipers was simply unbounded. When asked on his death-bed if he forgave his enemies, he replied, "All except those who slandered my Rachel to death."

Only in the light of his poignant sorrow, which he felt to be distinctly chargeable to slander, can we at all understand the extreme position President Jackson took in the famous affair of Mrs. Eaton and the Cabinet ladies. Mrs. Eaton, born Peggy O'Neal, was the daughter of a Washington tavern-keeper, at whose comfortable old-fashioned house many members of Congress boarded while in the Federal City. Major Eaton, Senator from Tennessee, had lived at this house for ten years and had seen pretty,

saucy Peggy grow up, become the wife of Purser Timberlake of the United States Navy and the mother of two children. The year before Jackson became President Timberlake had committed suicide in a fit of despondency induced, it was said, by previous intoxication. He had been on duty in the Mediterranean at the time and Mrs. Timberlake had not been with him. Washington had continued to be her home after her marriage as before. Thus, when the death of her husband left her free to entertain other marriage proposals, it was not difficult for Major Eaton, who had long admired her (and with whom, indeed, her name had on various occasions been suggestively linked), to ask her to become his wife. They were married in January, 1829, just a few weeks before General Jackson arrived at the seat of government.[1]

All of which might have been well enough had not Major Eaton been appointed Secretary of War and had not President Jackson decreed that to Mrs. Eaton, as to the wives of other Cabinet members, all honor and respect should be accorded. "The spiteful cats who plagued the life out of my patient Rachel shall not scratch this brave little Peggy!" he swore; and he refused to be moved by the story that

[1] "General Jackson's enemies laugh and divert themselves with the idea of what a suitable lady in waiting Mrs. Eaton will make to Mrs. Jackson," wrote Mrs. Smith at the time.

Mrs. Eaton had borne a bad reputation in Washington from her girlhood; that she had herself instructed the servants to call her children Eaton and not Timberlake on the ground that that was their rightful name; that Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake had often traveled together as husband and wife etc. etc. etc. Andrew Jackson honestly considered this case to be parallel with his dear dead Rachel's and for him that was enough.

Mrs. Calhoun, however, positively refused to receive Mrs. Eaton, and thus the strained relations already existing between the President and Mr. Calhoun were increased. The Secretary of State, Mr. Van Buren, however, being a widower and anxious to oblige his chief, arranged that the fair Peggy be made guest of honor at some dancing parties in which he persuaded two legation bachelors to join him as hosts, and for a little while it looked as if the lady might be launched in spite of everything. Imagine, therefore, the consternation of these complaisant gentlemen when they beheld substantial Cabinet dames float away and vanish into thin air upon the approach of the radiant and faultlessly attired Mrs. Eaton while cotillion after cotillion dissolved into its original elements when she was given the place at its head. At a very elegant ball, given by the Russian Minister, (another bachelor), Mrs. Huygens, wife

of the Dutch Minister, when confronted with the alternative of sitting next to Mrs. Eaton, who had been placed at head of the supper table, or leaving the room, chose the latter course and with great dignity withdrew upon the arm of her husband. It was for this offence that the President threatened to send the minister home.

He even sent his beloved niece, Mrs. Donelson, home when she refused to bend to his will in this matter! Though compelled, as mistress of the White House, to receive Mrs. Eaton, she absolutely refused to visit her. "Anything else, uncle, I will do for you," she declared, "but not that." "Then go back to Tennessee, my dear," replied the President. And back to Tennessee she went, her husband, who had been the General's private secretary, of course going with her. Happily, they were both persuaded to return, after an absence of six months, by the interposition of friends.

Meanwhile the lady who was the cause of all this trouble enjoyed herself to the utmost, frequently entertaining her zealous champions by enacting for them, in the privacy of her home, little scenes from this extraordinary "Bataille de Dames." Finally her husband cut the Gordian knot by resigning as a Cabinet officer. The President soon after appointed him governor of the recently acquired Territory of Florida, from which post he was ere long advanced to the

position of Minister to Spain. At the court of Madrid Mrs. Eaton spent the happiest years she had ever known. General Eaton died in 1859 and his widow, who still retained much of her remarkable beauty, eloped not long afterward with an Italian adventurer who taught dancing at Marini's in Washington. That the lady's money and jewels were the real source of attraction in this case was soon proved by the fact that, after a brief interval, the dancing-master retired from the scene accompanied by the pretty young granddaughter of his elderly consort.[1]

Having now depicted President Jackson at his worst, having shown him as the protagonist of an exceedingly squalid drama, a drama in which his native obstinacy appears at its very crudest, let us turn and take a glimpse of him at his best — at home among the little children whom he so dearly loved. The time is in the evening after the day's work is over and the scene "a large parlour, scantily furnished, lighted from above by a chandelier; a bright blazing fire in the grate; around the fire four or five ladies sewing, say Mrs. Donelson, Mrs. Andrew Jackson [wife of Jackson's adopted son], Mrs. Edward Livingston and another one or two; five or six children from two to seven years of age,

[1] Mrs. Eaton then divorced the rascally foreigner. She survived until 1879, obviously enjoying herself to the end, inasmuch as her last words are said to have been, "I am not afraid to go — but this is such a beautiful world!"

playing about the room, too, regardless of documents and work-baskets. At a distant end of the apartment the President, seated in an arm-chair, wearing a long loose coat, smoking a long reed pipe, with a red clay bowl, exhibiting the combined dignity of a patriarch, a monarch and an Indian chief. A little behind the President, Edward Livingston, Secretary of State, reading to him, in a low tone, a dispatch from the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. The President listens intently yet with a certain bland assurance, as though he were saying to himself, 'Say you so, Monsieur? We shall see about that.' The ladies glance toward him now and then, with fond admiration expressed in their countenances. The children are too loud occasionally in their play. The President inclines his ear closer to the Secretary, and waves his pipe absently, but with an exquisite, smiling tenderness toward the noisy group, which, Mrs. Donelson perceiving, she lifts her finger, and whispers admonition."

Mrs. Trollope, who never gave a more favorable picture of any American than she felt absolutely obliged to do, describes impressively a visit made by Jackson to Cincinnati soon after his election to the Presidency. "More than one private carriage," she says, "was stationed at the water's edge to await the general's orders, but they were dismissed upon the information

that he would walk to the hotel. Upon receiving this information the silent crowd divided itself in a very orderly manner, leaving a space for him to walk through them. He did so, uncovered, though the distance was considerable and the weather very cold; but he alone (with the exception of a few European gentlemen who were present) was without a hat.[1] He wore his gray hair carelessly, but not ungracefully arranged, and spite of his harsh gaunt features, he looked like a gentleman and a soldier. He was in deep mourning having very recently lost his wife; they were said to have been very happy together.[2] "

[1] There is considerable evidence that Jackson, in spite of his ragamuffin boyhood, had a finer feeling for the etiquette of the hat than most American men of his time. One of the old slaves on his plantation told a visitor who was making inquiries about the life which Jackson there led with his wife that the General, after Mrs. Jackson's death, was wont to visit some trees he and his Rachel had planted together and, upon leaving them, " would take off his hat, *just like they was a lady!* "

[2] *So* happy that never a day passed without the General's remembering with thanksgiving to God all that she had meant to him. N. P. Trist, who became Jackson's private secretary early in the Presidency, tells of going to the General's room one night after he had retired and says: " I found Jackson sitting at a little table, with his wife's miniature, a very large one, before him propped up against some books and between him and the picture an open book which bore the mark of long use. This book was her Prayer-Book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended around his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night before going to rest was to read in that book with that picture before his eyes." This miniature was done in 1819 (when Mrs. Jackson was 32) by Anna C. Peale. The gown is that which the General's wife wore at the ball given him in New Orleans before his departure, after the victory of January 8.

Plenty of other contemporary chroniclers, to be sure, can be found who will present a much less pleasing picture of this extraordinary man. In those days no domestic scene was too intimate and no social function too impressive to lack its "chiel amang them takin' notes." And always the notes were printed. There were ardent Jackson sheets and virulent Anti-Jackson sheets, the *Globe* being the best representative of the former and the *Intelligencer* of the latter. Jefferson [1] had been the godfather of this "National Smoothing-plane," as the Federalists dubbed it, and Samuel Harrison Smith, otherwise, "Silky Milky Smith," its first editor. The obtuse quality of the paper and its ownership may be gathered from the fact that, when its proprietor, the elder Gales, sat to Charles King to have his portrait painted, — insisting that a copy of the *Intelligencer* be shown in his hand, — he quite failed to perceive that, by displaying the words "Dry Goods" very legibly at the top of the page as though at the head of the advertising columns, the painter was taking his revenge!

Solid columns of advertising on the front pages and inside fulsome praise for all whose favor was worth currying characterized this

[1] Yet it appears that news in which Jefferson was deeply interested continued to reach his South-Land very slowly. It took Kentucky from November, 1812, until the following *February* to learn of Madison's election!

paper during Jackson's time. Notices of "blushing virgins" who had been selling for the benefit of helpless orphans "the goods their own fair fingers had made" abound. No wonder the paper failed to satisfy the ardent temperament of Jackson. He desired a vigorous and dominant organ that should announce his "policies"; and with this end in view he brought on from Kentucky Frank Blair, who founded the *Globe* and soon made himself and his co-workers a power in Washington. In its issue of April 20, 1831, the *Globe* editorially, and quite frankly, may be found declaring that "it will be devoted in the future as it has been hitherto to the discussion and maintenance of the principles which brought General Jackson into office." The same issue states that it will also advocate a second term for Jackson — this in spite of the fact that he was then only half through his first term.

But if the people of Washington were in dead earnest at this time over their politics they were touchingly naïve concerning their amusements. The same issue of the *Globe* which has been already cited advertises a show whose chief features are the "Great Anaconda of Java" and the "Boa Constrictors of Ceylon" both of which are declared to be "so docile that the most timid lady or child may view them with safety and pleasure." There was very little

else to " view " in the Washington of those days. When a Philadelphia company stopped on its way to Savannah there was good drama in the United States Theatre, the first playhouse of the city, or the Washington Theatre, opened in 1820. In the latter house appeared in the course of the years the elder Booth, Macready and Thomas Apthorpe Cooper. It is interesting to note, in passing, that to Cooper's Virginius his young daughter, who afterwards married Robert Tyler and during a portion of the fourteenth administration presided over the White House, at this time played Virginia.

Horse-racing was the chief amusement, even the fashionables joining with zest in this diversion. Mrs. Seaton gives a lively description of a race she witnessed in October, 1812, and Dr. Cutler thus describes the institution of the race-course as he saw it in 1803. " The race-ground is an old field with something of a rising in the centre. The race path is made about fifty feet wide, measuring just one mile from the bench of the judges round to the stage again. In the centre of this circle a prodigious number of booths are erected, which stand upon the highest part of the ground. Under them are tables spread much like the booths at Commencement (at Cambridge), but on the top, for they are all built of boards on platforms to accommodate spectators. At the time of the racing these

are filled with persons of all descriptions. On the western side and without the circle is rising ground, where the carriages of the most respectable people take their stand. These, if they were not all Democrats, I should call the *noblesse*. Their carriages are elegant, and their attendants and servants numerous. They are from different parts of the Southern and Middle states and filled principally with ladies, and about one hundred in number. . . . While the horses were running the whole ground within the circle was spread over with people on horseback stretching round full speed to different parts of the circle to see the race. This was a striking part of the show, for it was supposed there were about 800 on horseback, and many of them mounted on excellent horses. There were about 200 carriages and between 3000 and 4000 people — black and white and yellow; of all conditions from the President of the United States to the beggar in his rags; of all ages and of both sexes, for I should judge one-third were females."

Another writer, Warden, tells us that " women in the territory of Columbia have no reason to complain of the degradation to which they are exposed by the tyrant man. Free and innocent, they go where they please, both before and after marriage and have no need to have recourse to dissimulation and cunning for their own re-

pose and that of their husbands." This same writer also mentions a number of "peculiar customs," of which the following are some: "Both sexes, whether on horseback or on foot, wear an umbrella in all seasons; in summer, to keep off the sunbeams, in winter as a shelter from the rain and snow; in spring and autumn to intercept the dews of the evening. Persons of all ranks canter their horses, which movement fatigues the animal, and has an ungraceful appearance.

"Boarders in boarding-houses, or in taverns," this entertaining chronicler further records, "sometimes throw off the coat during the heat of summer; and in winter, the shoes, for the purpose of warming the feet at the fire — customs which the climate only can excuse."

In a curious little book, *Description of Etiquette at Washington City*, by E. Cooley, M. D., which appears to have been published in Philadelphia in 1830, there are printed detailed rules for the proper conduct of visitors to Washington! Here we learn that from noon until dinner time at four o'clock is the proper time for making morning calls; that ladies, when attending sessions of the Supreme Court, go in, "resting on the left arm" of the gentleman who is acting as their escort; that it is "quite uncommon to see a gentleman and lady walk out together without her resting on the gentle-

man's arm — unless they are fresh arrivals"; and that on Sunday the streets are left almost entirely to the colored people, "who dress themselves very fine, male and female, and walk out arm in arm, in imitation of the white belles and beaux." In odd juxtaposition with these counsels of frivolity Dr. Cooley prints the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

Foreign visitors, especially those of high literary reputation, were immensely "lionized" in the Washington of the middle thirties, even such sensible women as Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith putting themselves to great trouble and expense for the sake of "doing the proper thing." When Harriet Martineau came to Washington, in 1835, the fact that she was deaf, very serious-minded and the author of books so profound that almost none of the Washington women had read them did not prevent her from being *fêted* nearly to death. A very amusing account of Mrs. Smith's preliminary preparations for the dinner she purposed giving Miss Martineau is found in a letter to her sister.[1] "The day previous," she writes, "I sent for Henry Orr, whom I had always employed when I had company and who is the most experienced and fashionable waiter in the city. 'Henry,' said I, when he came, 'I am going to have a small

[1] *The First Forty Years of Washington Society.*

dinner party but, though small, I wish it to be peculiarly nice, everything of the best and most fashionable.' "

Whereupon Henry proceeds to tell her that even for a " small genteel dinner " thirty dishes of meat are absolutely necessary. " ' For side dishes,' quoth he, ' you will have a very small ham, a small turkey, on each side of them partridges, mutton chops or sweetbreads, a macaroni pie, an oyster pie — ' ' That will do, that will do, Henry, now for vegetables.' ' Well, ma'am, stewed celery, spinach, salsify, cauliflower.' ' Indeed, Henry, you must substitute potatoes, beets, &c.' ' Why ma'am, they will not be genteel but, to be sure, if you say so, it must be so. Mrs. Forsyth, the other day, *would* have a plum pudding, she will keep to old fashions.' ' What, Henry, plum pudding out of fashion? ' ' La, yes, ma'am, all kinds of puddings and pies.' ' Why, what then must I have at the head and foot of the table? ' ' Forms of ice-cream at the head, and a pyramid of anything, grapes, oranges or anything handsome at the foot.'

" ' And the other dishes? ' pursued Mrs. Smith eagerly. ' Jellies, custards, blanc-mange, cakes, sweetmeats and sugar-plums,' answered the unperturbed Henry. ' No nuts, raisins, figs? ' ' Oh, no ma'am they are quite vulgar.' " Yet as these two talk on it develops that, the day before, at one of the magnificent dinners

given for "the great English lady," Henry, who was waiting on table, had particularly noticed, with an eye to future business, what she ate and found that "a little turkey and a mite of ham" was *all* — absolutely all — that she took — so absorbed were she and Mr. Clay in their discussion of national debts! "They tells me ma'am," Henry confides, "that she is the greatest writer in England. . . . If not another besides her was invited you ought to have a grand dinner. . . . I dare say, ma'am," he tempted, "she'll put you in one of her books,[1] so you should do your very best."

Yet eight dishes of meat were all to which Mrs. Smith would consent. The next day, when she hastened upstairs from the dining-room, she found Miss Martineau and her companion, Miss Jeffries, combing their hair in quite a comfortable and homely fashion. "You see," said the great English writer, "we have complied with your request and come sociably to pass the day with you. We have been walk-

[1] Miss Martineau did, as a matter of fact, put most of her American experiences in her book, *Society in America*. A good many mistakes may be found in this work and rather too much dogmatism as well. But John Graham Brooks, who has made a special study of books which foreigners have written about America, declares that "at that time, not two books had been written on the United States so full of truth, so enriched by careful observation and stated with more sobriety." George Eliot once declared Miss Martineau to be "the only Englishwoman who possesses thoroughly the art of writing."

ing all the morning, our lodgings were too distant to return, so we have done as those who have no carriages do in England when they go to pass a social day." Mrs. Smith offered combs, brushes &c but Miss Martineau, showing the enormous pockets in her dress, said that they were provided with all that was necessary, and pulled out " nice little silk shoes, silk stockings, a scarf for her neck, little lace mits, a gold chain and some other jewelry, and soon, without changing her dress, was prettily equipped for dinner or evening company."

Even with only eight dishes of meat the dinner was a success, too. Not being served until the then-very-late hour of five o'clock, the curtains were drawn and the candles lighted; and Miss Martineau, notwithstanding the fact that those who wished to talk with her had to do so through a tube, delighted them all by her charm and intelligence. " Ease and animation pervaded the whole of the company," concludes Mrs. Smith, happily, " we had some delightful singing from the young ladies — Scotch songs to perfection. It was eleven o'clock before the party broke up! "

A very interesting, but little understood, character of the early Republican period in Washington was Anne Royall, publicist and editor. John Quincy Adams once bestowed upon Mrs. Royall the title " virago-errant in

enchanted armor "; most books about Washington refer to her, as " that common scold, Anne Royall." None the less, the fact remains that Mrs. Royall was one of the most vigorous and picturesque personages of her time, — a woman quite worthy of the scholarly and gallant biography [1] recently written about her by Sarah Harvey Porter.

A pioneer journalist, Mrs. Royall had the unique privilege of talking with every man who became President of the United States from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln inclusive. Hence her personal history is more " closely intertwined with, and more analogous to, the growth of our Republic than that of any other woman of whom record is preserved." It is, however, chiefly because Mrs. Royall is " very good fun " that Miss Porter, according to her own words, has resurrected her; and it is because the story of Mrs. Royall will help us to understand the times of which she was a part that I wish here to retrace her career. Born in Maryland in 1769, she lived, until she was thirteen, on the Indian-haunted frontier of Pennsylvania. At the age of twenty-eight she met and married Captain Royall, many years her senior, and to him it was that she owed the education which made her able to do a man's work in the world at a time when most women

[1] *The Life and Times of Anne Royall:* Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1909.

were tender, sheltered — and helpless — things. "Captain Royall constantly led Anne to the contemplation of the principles of just government as laid down by his master Thomas Jefferson, and this training in state politics," declares Miss Porter, "was the foundation of Mrs. Royall's newspaper work long afterward."

Then her husband died and Mrs. Royall lost, for a time, the power to find a solace in books. But she traveled much at this period of her life, going from town to town with three slaves and a courier and drinking in the impressions which were afterwards to serve her so well. She was not yet pressed for money, as she came to be when her husband's nephew broke the will by which she had been left comfortably off. How very individual a person she had already become we see, however, from some letters which, about this time, she sent to a young lawyer-friend. "Novels," she there declares, "corrupt the morals of our females and engender hardness of heart to real distress. Those most pleased with fictitious distress have hearts as hard as iron." Such was not Mrs. Royall's own heart. Wherever she went she extended a helping hand to women who needed her, believing that nothing more calls for changing in this world than woman's inhumanity to woman. Once when her young correspondent's "conventional male" views had aroused her

resentment she wrote, "You ask whether I would have ladies 'take such persons into their homes, associate with them?' Yes, if they repent; I would not only take them into my house but unto my bosom. I would wipe the tears from their eyes — I would soothe their sorrows, and support them in the trying hour. I would divide my last morsel with them. For those who would not repent — if they were hungry, I would feed them; if they were naked I would clothe them; and much more, if they were sick I would minister unto them; I would admonish them and I would then have done. What did our Saviour? I would not revile them. I would not persecute them." And Anne Royall lived up to the womanly charity that she preached. So consistently a Christian was she that her humble dwelling in Washington served almost continually as a refuge for some homeless, fallen woman! Yet she was persecuted, actually *persecuted* by the religious press of her time!

Two reasons there were for this, or, I may better say, two *explanations:* Anne Royall believed in and defended Masonry — and she disbelieved in and attacked canting Evangelicalism. Hence we find the *New England Religious Weekly* declaring, during the Jackson era, "Mistress Anne Royall . . . is now applying herself to her old vocation with all the virulence of a Meg Merrilies. The old hag

publishes a weekly paper at Washington, ycleped the *Paul Pry*, which is a strong Jackson print and contains all the scum, billingsgate and filth extant." Mrs. Royall, after reprinting this unflattering picture of herself and her paper, comments dryly, " Wonder in what part of the Bible he found *that?* "

Not that the lady herself treated too gently those who did not agree with her. Noble as she was in certain aspects, it is undeniable that she often dipped her pen in venom. To those she did not like she accorded words quite as bitter as her praise was fulsome on other occasions. This was, however, due in part to the very great hardships of her life in Washington. When she had first arrived in the city with which her name was for so long to be associated she was a stranger, penniless and in bad health. Moreover, she was a lone woman — and she was fifty-five years old. She was then preparing and securing subscriptions to her initial book, *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States*, and one of the first calls she made was upon John Quincy Adams, at this time Secretary of State under President Monroe. It is greatly to this good man's credit that he received the little woman courteously, paid his subscription to her book in advance, invited her to call on Mrs. Adams at their residence in F Street, and promised to give his earnest

support to her claim for the pension of a Revolutionary officer's widow. This promise he scrupulously fulfilled, and Mrs. Royall never forgot his kindness to her that morning when she was an utter stranger in a strange city.

The book for which Adams had subscribed came out two years later, and within five years after that, while constantly traveling, Mrs. Royall issued no less than eleven volumes! A contemporary reviewer [1] thus characterizes her work: "She marches on, speaking her mind freely, and unpacks her heart in words of censure or praise as she feels. Sometimes she lets fall more truths than the interested reader would wish to hear, and at others overwhelms her friends with a flattery still more appalling. At any rate, hit or miss, the sentiments she gives are undoubtedly her own; nor will it be denied that she has given some very good outlines of character. Her book is more amusing than any novel we have read for years." Writing nearly a century later, I can add that her books are sprightly in style and hence make good reading.

It was not, however, until she had hit upon the device of compiling books whose chief feature should be pen portraits of famous living people that Mrs. Royall became a real power in Washington. "I wish to write books that people

[1] In *The Boston Commercial.*

will read," she said in frank explanation of this departure, " and I find there is nothing like throwing in plenty of spice. Possibly a gentleman may not like his portrait (for which he can give no reason) yet twenty other gentlemen may, and may buy the book for the sake of the portrait." But Mrs. Royall's " spice " must not be confused with that of modern sensationalism. There was nothing of the blackmailer about her; *she* never pried into closets to discover family skeletons. The names of her newspapers, *Paul Pry* and the *Huntress* were most unfortunate, for they connote the kind of thing her work distinctly was *not*. Her concern, as a journalist, was that the state be kept free from the church; that Masons [1] receive credit for noble idealism instead of abuse; that canting " Missionaries " be shown up as the hypocrites they often were; and that the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES (the object of her adoration) be carefully and on all occasion safeguarded. Of course, she was in many ways the child of her time and, like her contemporaries, handled without gloves those whom she believed to be enemies of the country. Thus it was that she came to be indicted as a common scold. Only narrowly, indeed, did this doughty old woman escape a ducking in the Potomac (in 1829)

[1] The Anti-Masons were, at this time, a powerful and well-organized political faction.

under the provisions of an obsolete law then exhumed for her benefit!

That Anne Royall was a woman of tremendous courage is proved by the fact that, the very next year after being thus persecuted, she started her first Washington paper, the *Paul Pry*. A four-page paper, with selected material and advertisements on the two outside pages, this sheet, on its inside, was devoted to editorials and to political and local news, all of which was deeply colored by Mrs. Royall's personal prejudices. One article, in an early issue, was against "Old Maids," then a term of reproach because there were at that time in our country plenty of men to go around. Mrs. Royall did not coin the phrase "race-suicide," but she was probably the first American to preach against that evil in print, Miss Porter thinks, adding that she was certainly the first *woman* to do so.

For Andrew Jackson, whose personality dominated the United States throughout most of the years during which Mrs. Royall was a newspaper editor, the *Paul Pry* fought valiantly — not, as might be supposed, because Jacksonians had bought up the sheet, but because Mrs. Royall warmly admired Jackson the man. Miss Porter quotes a delightful story about a dinner which Jackson and the little-old-woman-journalist together enjoyed on one occasion. She had called in to present one of her books to the Presi-

dent and, when she opened her budget, he saw a partridge in the feather which she had bought for her dinner. He invited her in and the poor old woman made a hearty meal with him.

Anne Royall was, indeed, poor; but not so poor that she would sell the silence of her little sheet on a question which seemed to her vital. Once, when she was hungry and cold and very depleted as to wardrobe, she was offered two thousand dollars for such silence. But she refused the bribe. "Some people think we write for money," she then said, "and so we do, but we are not a hireling writer." So effectively, indeed, did she attack what seemed to her evils that, on more than one occasion, she was subjected to physical violence. But this did not deter her from fighting for the causes to which she had pledged allegiance. One of these was opposing a law to stop the transportation of mail on Sunday, another opposition to a threatened nullification of the tariff laws. Mrs. Royall and that other famous journalist of our own day, Ida Tarbell, appear to be the only women America has produced with ability to grasp the ins and outs of tariff legislation!

Nothing but the necessity of "repairing our clothes" caused the *Huntress* and the *Paul Pry* to skip an issue. "No paper will be issued from this office this week," we sometimes find the editor announcing. "We really must take

one week once in ten years to fix up our wardrobe, which is getting shabby!" Truly had Anne Royall said, "You might stop my breath if you stop my pen." Even at eighty-five she was putting out her two little sheets on time, confiding to her readers, in the *Huntress* of June 24, 1854, that "we are getting strong and feel as blithe and gay as ever." Her end was near, however; for the following month she issued (July 2) what was to prove her Valedictory. Here she says editorially: "We trust in Heaven for three things: First, that Members may give us the means to pay for this paper — perhaps three or four cents a Member — a few of them are behind hand in their subscriptions, but the fault is not theirs; it was owing to Sally's sickness. Others, again, have paid us from two to six dollars. Our printer is a poor man. We have only thirty-one cents in the world, and for the first time since we have resided in this city — thirty-one years — we were unable to pay our last month's rent. . . . Second, that Washington may escape that dreadful scourge, the cholera. Our third prayer is [and these were Anne Royall's last printed words] that the UNION OF THESE STATES MAY BE ETERNAL."

Though Mrs. Royall's later life falls outside the period to which this book intends, for the most, to limit itself, her entire career has here been included because she really *belongs* in

the early Republic. I regard her, indeed, as a forgotten heroine of that far-away time and I am glad to honor her, as has Dr. Ainsworth R. Spofford,[1] " because, in a ruder age than ours, she conquered adversity and ate her hard-earned bread in the sweat of her brow."

[1] In a paper on " Early Washington Journalists."

CHAPTER IV

BALTIMORE

UP to the time of the Revolution Baltimore increased very slowly in size. One chronicler tells us that, in 1752, the settlement had only twenty-five houses and two hundred inhabitants. (A Rooseveltian family for each house!) Even as late as 1773 the town had no newspaper, merchants sending their advertisements to Annapolis and Philadelphia until that happy day when William Goddard, who had for some years been a successful publisher in Pennsylvania, removed to Maryland and issued (Friday morning, October 20, 1773,) his first copy of the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*. At this early period Fairs were held at stated intervals, thus doing something to promote exchange; but Baltimore had not yet become the chief town of the Province nor gained any great commercial ascendency.

Delightfully simple appear to have been the social customs of the place in these pre-Revolutionary days. As it drew towards evening, the

old diarists tell us, it was the custom of the family, "especially the female part," to dress up neatly and sit on the street porch. Callers went from porch to porch in their neighborhood to sit awhile and converse. Merchants then lived on the same spot where they pursued their business and their wives and daughters very often served in the stores. The retail dry-goods business was mostly in the hands of widows or maiden ladies. At Christmas, dinners and suppers went the round of every social circle, and they who partook of the former were also expected to remain for the latter. Men and women then hired out by the year as servants in a fashion which would have delighted Mrs. Trollope,[1] the former getting sixteen to twenty pounds annually for their labor and the latter about half these sums. Yet even out of these small wages people were able to "lay up money," as the phrase goes, and so, when ready for marriage, could buy the bed, bedding and silver teaspoons and the spinning-wheel and "dresser" absolutely essential to a self-respecting household of that day. Where the contracting parties were "well off," getting married involved a large expenditure for entertainment, however. Those who came to dine remained for tea and supper, also. And for two days punch was dealt out in profusion.

[1] Cf. *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, p. 61.

Happily cookery in general was plainer then than now. Chocolate was served morning and evening coffee as a beverage being little used. Of furniture most households had only the necessary things prior to the War of Independence, sofas, carpets, sideboards and marble mantels being practically unknown. "A white floor sprinkled with clean white sand, large tables and heavy, high-backed chairs of solid walnut or mahogany were considered all that a parlour needed. Upstairs there would be a show parlour, not used except upon gala occasions, and then not to dine in."

One very curious custom which had some vogue in the Baltimore of this period was that of transplanting teeth. A certain Doctor Le Mayeur, a dentist of Philadelphia, had conceived the idea of buying the front teeth of those willing to sell and placing the same in the mouths of those anxious to replace losses. Two guineas was often paid the person with a tooth to trade. And several respectable ladies of Baltimore invested in these articles, gladly living on milk and soft food for two months for the sake of their greatly improved appearance when the boughten teeth had "grown in." One of the "Mischianza" belles had such teeth, we are disenchantingly told. Which one, however, deponent saith not. I fervently hope it was not our lovely Peggy Shippen!

While the Revolution was in progress, a spirit of enterprise began to show itself in Baltimore and during the early days of the Republic [1] trade in the staple productions of Maryland — particularly tobacco — grew apace. Organized amusements, too, now come to the fore, the dancing assembly soon obtaining high vogue. The subscription here was £3 15*s*, admitting "no gentleman under 21 years, nor lady under 18. The supper consisted of tea, chocolate, and rusk. Everything was conducted by rule of six married managers, who distributed places by lot, and partners were engaged for the evening, leaving nothing to the success of forwardness or favoritism. Gentlemen always drank tea with the parents of the ladies who were their partners, the day after the assembly — a sure means of producing a more lasting acquaintance, if mutually desirable." [2] Invitations to these functions were printed on the backs of playing-cards, blank cards not being then obtainable in America. To these balls guests, women as well as men, often rode in full dress on horseback. For prior to 1800 not over half a dozen four-wheel carriages could be found in the entire city.

The theatre-going spirit appears to have been

[1] Baltimore town became a city December 31, 1796, with a population of about 20,000.

[2] *Scharf's Chronicles.*

active in Maryland even before Baltimore had evolved beyond the village stage. Annapolis, indeed, claims the first theatre, in point of time, ever erected in the United States! "This," we read,[1] "was a neat brick building, tastefully arranged, and competent to contain between five and six hundred persons. It was built upon ground which had been leased from St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church, which lease expired about the year 1820, when the church took possession of the theatre." Thus, at the time when Baltimore had only its "25 houses and 200 inhabitants," the "Beaux' Stratagem" was being performed (July 13, 1752) at a *theatre* in nearby Annapolis! In Baltimore no temple to the dramatic muse was erected for another thirty years. The following playbill was then published in the papers of the day:

THE NEW THEATRE IN BALTIMORE
Will Open, This Evening, being the 15th of January, 1782,
With an HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, called

KING RICHARD III.

Containing — The Distresses and death of King Henry VI. in the Tower; The inhuman Murder of the young Prince; the Usurpation of the Throne by Richard; the Fall of the Duke of Buckingham; the landing of Richmond at Milfords Haven; the Battle of Bosworth Field, and Death of Richard, which put an end to the Conten-

[1] *Scharf's Chronicles*, p. 112.

tion between the Houses of York and Lancaster; with many other Historical Passages.

King Richard, by Mr. Wall.

Earl of Richmond } By Gentlemen for their Amuse-
And Tressel } ment.

King Henry, by Mr. Tilyard; Duke of Buckingham, by Mr. Shakespeare; Prince Edward, by a young Gentleman; Duke of York, by Miss Wall; Lord Stanley, Mr. Lindsay; Catesby, by Mr. Killgour; Ratcliff, by Mr. Atherton; Lady Anne, by Mr. Bartholomew; Queen Elizabeth, by Mrs. Wall.

An OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE by MR. WALL,
to which will be added a FARCE, called

MISS IN HER TEENS
Or The Medley of Lovers.

Boxes: one Dollar: Pit Five Shillings; Galleries 9d.

Doors to be open at Half-past Four, and will begin at Six o'clock.

No persons can be admitted without Tickets, which may be had at the Coffee House in Baltimore, and at Lindlay's Coffee House on Fells-Point.

*** No Persons will on any pretence be admitted behind the Scenes.

Concerning this old Play House John P. Kennedy, writing[1] in the middle of the last century of the Baltimore of long ago, has much that is delightful to say: "It stood in Holliday Street on the site afterwards occupied by a 'theatre.' What a superb thing it was! — speak-

[1] In *Our Country*, Baltimore, 1864.

ing now as my fancy imagined it then. It had something of the splendor of a great barn, weather-hoarded, milk white, with many windows, and to my conception, looked with a hospitable, patronizing, tragi-comic greeting down upon the street. It never occurred to me to think of it as a piece of architecture. It was something above that — a huge mystical Aladdin's lamp that had a magic to repel criticism and was filled with wonderful histories. There Blue Beard strangled his wives and hung them on pegs in the Blue Chamber; . . . and there the Babes in the Wood went to sleep under the coverlet provided for them by the charitable robins that swung down upon wires, — which we thought was even superior to the ordinary manner of flying; and the ghost of Gaffer Thumb came up through the floor, as white as a dredge box of flour could make him — much more natural than any common ghost we had seen. . . . The age now, is too fast for the old illusions and the theatre deals in respectable swindlers, burglars and improper young ladies as more consonant with the public favour than our old devils, ghosts and assassins, which were always in their true colors and were sure to be severely punished when they persecuted innocence.

"The players were part and parcel of the play-house and therefore shared in the juvenile

admiration with which it was regarded. . . . The players understood this, and therefore did not allow themselves to grow too familiar. One company served Baltimore and Philadelphia, and they had their appointed seasons — a few months or even weeks at a time, — and they played only three times a week. 'The actors are coming hither, my lord,' would seem to intimate that this was the condition of things at Elsinore — one company and a periodical visit. In old Baltimore, too, there was universal gladness when the word was passed round — 'the players are come.' It instantly became everybody's business to give them a good reception. . . . When our players came with their short seasons, their three nights in a week, and their single company they were received as public benefactors, and their stay was a period of carnival. The boxes were engaged for every night. Families all went together, young and old. Smiles were on every face: the town was happy. The elders did not frown on the drama, the clergy levelled no cannon against it, the critics were amiable. The chief actors were invited into the best company, and I believe their personal merits entitled them to all the esteem that was felt for them."

Of the Kembles, whom we find being hospitably entertained at Baltimore in 1833, this last statement is certainly true. What Fanny

Kemble says about the courtesies she received here and of the way the town impressed her is very interesting and so worth while to quote — even if it does take us a little too far ahead in point of time. "Baltimore, itself, as far as I have seen it, strikes me as a large rambling red-brick village on the outskirts of one of our manufacturing towns, Birmingham or Manchester. It covers an immense extent of ground, but there are great gaps and vacancies in the middle . . . which at present give it an untidy, unfinished straggling appearance.

"While my father and I were exploring about together yesterday, we came to a print-shop, whose window exhibited an engraving of Reynolds's Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and Lawrence's picture of my uncle John in Hamlet. We stopped before them, and my father looked with a good deal of emotion at these beautiful representations of his beautiful kindred, and it was a sort of sad surprise to meet them in this other world where we are wandering, aliens and strangers. This is the newest-looking place we have yet visited, the youngest in appearance in this young world; and I have experienced today a disagreeable instance of its immature civilization, or at any rate, its small proficiencies in the elegances of life. I wanted to ride but, although a horse was to be found, no such thing as a side-saddle could be procured at any livery-

stable or saddler's in the town, so I have been obliged to give up my projected exercise. . . .

"There is a foreign — I mean continental — custom here, which is pleasant. They have a *table d'hôte* dinner at two o'clock, and while it is going on a very tolerable band plays all manner of Italian airs and German waltzes, and as there is a fine long corridor into which my room-door opens, with a window at each end, I have a very agreeable promenade, and take my exercise to this musical accompaniment. . . . Our windows are all wide open; the heat is intense.[1] . . .

"In a week's time we are going on to Washington, where we shall find dear Washington Irving, whom I think I shall embrace, for England's sake as well as his own. We have letters to the President, to whom we are to be presented, and to his rival, Henry Clay, and to Daniel Webster, whom I care more to know than either of the others. . . . I spent yesterday with some very pleasant people here, who are like old-fashioned English folk, the Catons, Lady Wellesley's father and mother. They are just now in deep mourning for Mrs. Caton's father, the venerable Mr. Carroll, who was upward of ninety-five years old when he died, and was the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. I saw a lovely picture by Law-

[1] Though it was January!

rence of the eldest of the three beautiful sisters, the daughters of Mrs. Caton, who have all married Englishmen of rank. (The Marchioness of Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford. The fashion of marrying in England seems to be traditional in this family. Miss McTavish, niece of these ladies, married Mr. Charles Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle.) The Baltimore women are celebrated for their beauty, and I think they are the prettiest creatures I have ever seen as far as their faces go."

Of the " three beautiful Catons," as they were called, Mary Ann (the Marchioness of Wellesley) had married Robert Patterson, brother of Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, for her first husband. She was the lady whom the Duke of Wellington long admired and who, when a widow, consoled herself (in 1825) by espousing his brother, then Viceroy of Ireland. It was of this famous beauty that Richard Lalor Shiel, who saw her as a mature woman at a ball in Dublin, said, with quite unconscious condescension, " Nobody would have suspected that she had not originally belonged to the proud aristocracy to which she had been recently annexed. She had nothing of *la bourgeoise parvenue.* She executed her courtesies with a remarkable gracefulness, and her stateliness sat as naturally upon her as though she inherited it by royal

descent!" She died at Hampton Court in December, 1853.

Following Fanny Kemble has, however, led us too far ahead in our story of Baltimore. For the town was still a pretty primitive place — even if its daughters *were* marrying into the nobility of Europe. Hogs ran loose in the streets early in the century and for many years later,[1] engaged apparently in the function of the scavengers.

For the Baltimore of this period, — " when building lots were for the most part still sold by the acre, — " though passing out of the village phase, had not yet left behind it its village limitations and its village peculiarities. It had its heroes and its fine old gentlemen, its accomplished lawyers, divines, physicians and public-spirited merchants. The people all knew them and treated them with amiable deference. Society, too, had a more aristocratic air then than later — not because the educated and wealthy assumed more, but because the community itself had a better appreciation of personal worth, and voluntarily gave it the healthful privilege of taking the lead in the direction of manners and in the conducting of public affairs. This was, perhaps, the lingering characteristic of colonial life, which the Revolution had not effaced.

[1] Von Raumer.

The avenue of a fine afternoon was a very delightful promenade — in spite of the pigs, we must conclude. For there might be seen "matrons and damsels, some with looped up skirts, some in brocade luxuriantly displayed over hoops, with comely boddices supported by stays disclosing perilous waists, and with sleeves that clung to the arm as far as the elbow, where they were lost in ruffles that stood off like the feathers of the bantam. . . . And then such faces! so rosy, spirited and sharp; — with the hair drawn over a cushion . . . tight enough to lift the eyebrows into a rounder curve, giving a pungent supercilious expression to the countenance. . . . Then they stepped away in such a mincing gait, in shoes of many colours with formidable points at the toes and high tottering heels delicately cut in wood; and in towering peaked hats, garnished with feathers that swayed aristocratically backward and forward at each step, as if they took pride in the stately paces of the wearer. In the train of these goodly groups came the gallants who upheld the chivalry of the age; — cavaliers of the old school, full of starch and powder: most of them the iron gentlemen of the Revolution, with leather faces. . . . It was, indeed, a sight worth seeing, when one of these weather-beaten gallants accosted a lady on the street. There was a bow which required the whole width of the pavement,

a scrape of the foot and the cane thrust with a flourish under the left arm and projecting behind in a parallel line with the cue. And nothing could be more piquant than the lady's return of the salutation, in a curtsey that brought her, with bridled chin and a most winning glance, halfway to the ground." [1]

Even the seasons, if we may trust Mr. Kennedy, knew how to comport themselves with more dignity then than now. "There were none of your soft Italian skies and puny affectation of April in December. But winter strutted in, like a peremptory bandit on the stage, as one who knew his power and wasn't to be trifled with, and took possession of sky and field and river in good earnest, flinging his snowy cloak upon the ground as a challenge to all comers, determined that it should lie there until he chose to take it up and continue his journey. And the nights seemed to be made on purpose for frolicks [sic] — they were so bright and crisp and so inviting to the jovial spirits of the time who, crowded in sleighs, sped like laughing phantoms over every highway, echoing back the halloos of boys that, at every street corner, greeted them with vollies of snow-balls. And the horse-bells, jangling the music of revelry from many a near and many a distant quarter, told of the universal mirth that fol-

[1] Kennedy.

lowed upon the track of the old-fashioned winter." Not at all a bad place for young people to grow up in, it would appear — even if Elizabeth Patterson *did* attribute to the dulness of her home town her unfortunate marriage with the cad-brother of the great Napoleon.

A good deal of romance has been wasted on the relations between these two self-seeking young people and, but for the fact that this marriage of an American to a Bonaparte is a subject of perennial interest, it would not be worth while to retell here this disappointingly sordid story. For, since the lady's letters have come to light, it has grown quite clear that she married Jerome for his name and rank and that he married her because in that way only could he possess her beautiful person, which had captivated his easily-kindled passion. Young as he was he had already had several *affaires*, and Sir Augustus Foster tells us [1] that, before even he met Elizabeth Patterson, Jerome had been taking advantage, in Washington, of the custom by which a young lady occasionally entrusted herself alone, in this country, to the escort of one whom she supposed to be a gentleman. In a word, he early demonstrated the truth of that *mot*, attributed to his American wife, when, quite disenchanted, she declared him: "*un liard qui s'est glisé par hazard entre deux Napoleons.*"

[1] See *Quarterly Review* of 1841.

The Emperor himself she never ceased to admire even though he was consistently scornful of her and steadfastly refused to receive her. Perhaps he feared that even *his* resolution might yield to the influence of her great charm and wonderful beauty, beauty so striking that it drew from Madame Récamier the compliment, "*Vous êtes la plus belle femme au monde, plus belle même que la parfaite Pauline Borghese.*"

"*Mais ça est bien, impossible,*" was the clever reply, "*vue que ma belle sœur est parfaitement belle.*"

Jerome Bonaparte had always had overwhelming desire to own beautiful things. There is a story to the effect that, when only fifteen, he purchased a traveling-case with silver, ivory and mother-of-pearl fittings, the cost of which was 10,000 francs. The bill for this trifle came in due time to Napoleon, who, at dinner-time, said to his brother, "So, sir, it is you who indulge in ten thousand franc travelling-cases." "Yes," said Jerome, quite unembarrassed. "You see I am like that. I only care for beautiful things."

Nor did he in the least scruple about the means by which he obtained what he wanted. In the memoirs of Mademoiselle Cochelet, a schoolfellow of Hortense Beauharnais under Madame Campan, is told the tale of a youthful trick once played by Jerome upon his uncle, Abbé

Fesch, when he wanted pocket-money, a tale which, although pretty flagrant, is said to have elicited only a laugh of appreciation when related to the First Consul! Jerome, it seems, had spent all his quarter's pocket-money in advance and now urgently required twenty-five louis. All his brothers were away except Napoleon whom he dared not ask; and his mother had not the money in hand to give him. So he sought out his uncle Fesch whom he found with a dinner company to entertain. He was, however, invited to remain; which he did. After dinner a move was made to the *salon* for coffee. Seeing his uncle enter an adjoining room Jerome followed, made his request and was refused. In a trice the boy had drawn the sword he was wearing and, pointing to one of his uncle's priceless Van Dycks on the wall, he said, "That fellow appears to be laughing at me; I must avenge myself upon him." The agitated priest caught the lad's arm as he was making for the picture, Jerome again mentioned the twenty-five louis, the uncle gave way, the sword was sheathed, and an embrace followed the bargain.

Thus it was to a spoilt child possessing the vices of a dissipated man that Elizabeth Patterson, despite the protests of her family, united herself in marriage on the Christmas Eve of 1803. Their wedding notice may be found in the *Federal*

Gazette of Tuesday, December 27. It reads as follows: "Married, on Saturday evening last, by the Reverend Bishop Carroll, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the First Consul of the French Republic, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, eldest daughter of William Patterson, Esquire, of this city." This was the marriage to sustain which Pope Pius VII braved the anger of the most powerful man in Europe. No wonder all the American Bonapartes are devout Catholics!

That William Patterson, from the very first, heartily disapproved of this marriage and did everything in his power to prevent it from being consummated there seems no shadow of doubt. Nor can one read his letters to his daughter without feeling that she deserved — on account of her later conduct as well as because of her youthful indiscretion — the censure in her father's will one passage in which runs as follows: "The conduct of my daughter, Betsey, has through life been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinions or feelings; indeed she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my children put together, and her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of expense that, first and last, has cost me much money." In accordance with which he left Elizabeth less than any of his other children. Some have called his con-

duct cruel; it does not so seem to me after examining as much of the evidence on both sides as I have been able to command.

There is a good deal of such evidence, first and last, inasmuch as the entire series of English and French letters on this subject fell, early in the seventies of the last century, into the hands of a Philadelphia publisher [1] who had purchased them from a Baltimore paper-maker. The latter obtained them *as waste paper* directly from Mr. William Patterson's old warehouse on Gay Street. Madame Bonaparte was then still living and when the proof sheets of the greater part of the book were sent to her for examination and comment she replied that " the publication of the volume was a matter of perfect indifference to her! "

That a woman of eighty-seven was too old to be bothered with any such decision as the publication of these letters involved would be at once conceded but for the fact that Madame Bonaparte, *up to the age of ninety*, was in the habit of personally conducting her extensive business affairs. Thus we are forced to conclude that she really *wished* to have all the facts about her extraordinary marriage revealed. Up to the time of her last illness, indeed, she cherished each bit of finery associated with her early triumphs and was never weary of rehearsing

[1] W. T. R. Saffel.

to her friends the stories with which these were connected. Nor did her interest in European politics ever disappear — though she cared nothing at all for American affairs, always considering it her great misfortune that she had been born under the Stars and Stripes. When negroes were admitted to Congress she is said to have caustically remarked that "baboons were in the Senate, and monkeys in the House, which was carrying republican principles out to their legitimate ends." One wonders, after reading this, whether it was Elizabeth Patterson's misfortunes which made her bitter or her congenital acerbity of temper which invited her misfortunes. While she was still young, handsome and envied, it was universally said of her, "She charms by her eyes and slays with her tongue."

Even caustic wit,[1] however, is forgiven to a girl of sufficient beauty and Elizabeth Patterson's sharp tongue did not in the least prevent her from being the belle of Baltimore at the time (1803) when Captain Jerome Bonaparte and his suite arrived in the town for a short visit. These two, who were long to pose as America's most romantic lovers, encountered each other for the first time at the Baltimore

[1] Didier says truly, in the preface to his *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte* that this girl appears to have possessed the *savoir faire* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld and the practical economy of Franklin!

races, Elizabeth looking irresistibly charming in a buff silk dress, a lace fichu, and a leghorn hat with pink tulle trimmings and black plumes. There is a story that she then became somehow caught by a gold chain which formed part of the magnificent attire of the First Consul's brother and that she was thereby reminded of a prophecy, made to her as a child, to the effect that she would one day be a great lady in France. This sounds apocryphal; but so, for that matter, do many of the proven incidents in the remarkable story of these young lovers. For they became lovers almost at once — following their formal introduction at the house of Honorable Samuel Chase, one of the Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence and the father-in-law of Commodore Barney, through whom Jerome had come to Baltimore. In a few weeks they were engaged; without, however, it need scarcely be added, the consent of Mr. Patterson. That gentleman, indeed, foreseeing the great risk his daughter would run in marrying the minor and dependent brother of Napoleon, tried, by sending his daughter to Virginia, to break off the intimacy. But the experiment was useless. The two were in communication all the time, and upon the lady's return to Baltimore, the last of October, a marriage license was at once taken out by them.

In less than a week after this a warning letter

reached the harassed father informing him that Captain Bonaparte had no intention of sticking to this bride but "would be the first to turn your daughter off, and laugh at her credulity." Again, Mr. Patterson tried to use his authority to the end that the marriage be not consummated. But Miss Patterson declared that marry this man she would, adding that "she would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life." At least, this is what she is reputed to have said and it was obviously the appropriate speech for a girl madly in love. From her subsequent letters, however, we must conclude that what really dazzled her about Jerome was his nearness to a European kingdom. Moreover, she longed unspeakably to get away from Baltimore which she seems actually to have "hated and loathed." [1]

So, less than four months after their first meeting, these obstinate young people realized their desire, Mr. Patterson having, however, taken all possible precaution that the union should be indissoluble. The religious ceremony was performed, as has been said, by Bishop, afterwards Archbishop Carroll, and the marriage contract drawn up by Alexander J. Dallas, who was later to be Secretary of the Treasury. Among those who witnessed the wedding were

[1] See her letter to her father of December 4, 1829.

M. Sotin, the French consul at Baltimore, Alexander Le Camus, then Jerome's secretary and afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs of the kingdom of Westphalia, as well as the Mayor of Baltimore and several other leading citizens. Jerome's costume on this festive occasion was sumptuous in the extreme. His coat was of purple satin, laced and embroidered, the white satin-lined skirts reaching to his heels. He wore knee-breeches, his shoes had diamond buckles and his hair was powdered. Of the bride's clothes one of the guests is reported to have said that he could have put them all in his pocket. Another witness relates in horror that she wore "only a single garment underneath!" Very likely. She probably considered her Indian muslin gown, embellished with old lace and pearls, about all the clothing that was necessary. For on an occasion not long afterward Mrs. Washington is found commenting rather scathingly on the extreme liberality with which Mrs. Bonaparte displays her shoulders; and Phoebe Morris, in a letter dated February 17, 1812, refers to the fact that, at a ball, this lovely matron's "sylphic form" was so "thinly veiled as to display all the graces of a Venus de Medicis."

Immediately following the marriage the young couple proceeded to the Pattersons' estate, "Homestead," outside Baltimore, for their

honeymoon and, shortly afterwards, they went to Washington where they were entertained by the French Minister and enjoyed for several weeks all the gayety of which the national capital was capable. Later they made a long tour to the Northern and Eastern States, and in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Albany and elsewhere, were tendered one continuous round of hospitality.

Meanwhile the French Consul-General had sent Talleyrand word that the alliance they had both been fearing was now a reality; and Mr. Patterson, having first written (February 10, 1804) to the Honorable Robert R. Livingston, American Minister to France, that he "had never directly or indirectly countenanced or gave Mr. Bonaparte the smallest encouragement to address my daughter. . . but finding that the mutual attachment they had formed for each other was such that nothing short of force and violence could prevent their union, had consented to it with much reluctance" now dispatched his son Robert to France to see what could be done towards reconciling the First Consul to the marriage. In passing through London on his way to Paris young Mr. Patterson obtained letters of introduction from Miss Monroe, daughter of James Monroe, to Josephine's daughter with whom the former had established a lasting friendship while at Madame

Campan's school. These and Madame Campan's own intercessions — she was on very intimate terms with the family of the First Consul besides being interested in Americans from the fact that her brother had married the daughter of De Witt Clinton — were expected to be of considerable service in softening the Great Man's wrath.

But it was all of no avail. Napoleon, from the very first, was as adamant toward Jerome in this matter of his marriage, treating him as a naughty child, — who was also a disobedient subject, — and steadfastly refusing to recognize either the legality of the union or the rights of the beautiful young wife. Lucien Bonaparte, however, heartily assured Robert Patterson that the whole family, *with the exception of the Consul*, highly approved the match, and he gave Jerome the excellent advice that he become an American citizen and proceed to carve out his own fortune in the land where he had found his wife. But this counsel suited Elizabeth as little as it suited her husband; I fancy that she even preferred to such "mistaken kindness" the uncompromising cruelty of Napoleon's fiat, interpreted by the French Minister of Marine thus: "Jerome has received orders, in his capacity of lieutenant of the fleet, to come back to France by the first French frigate returning thither; and the execution of this

order, on which the First Consul insists in the most positive manner, can alone regain him his affection. But what the First Consul has prescribed for me, above everything, is to order you to prohibit all captains of French vessels from receiving on board the young person to whom the Citizen Jerome has connected himself, it being his intention that she shall by no means come into France, and his will that, should she arrive, she be suffered not to land, but be sent immediately back to the United States."

This, then, was the dampening news from France that reached the young couple in the summer of 1804 while they were enjoying to the full the brilliant social life of New York. There arrived also a document which declared that " by an act of 11th *Ventôse*, all the civil officers of the Empire are prohibited from receiving on their registers the transcription of the act of celebration of a pretended marriage that Jerome Bonaparte has contracted in a foreign country during the age of minority, without the consent of his mother, and without previous publication in the place of his nativity." Jerome must have begun to fear, as he read this, that, in this connection as in many later ones, protests would have absolutely no strength against his brother's iron will.

Yet he still put on a bold front, declaring that he would soon sail for France and would take

with him his fair young wife whom Napoleon had only to see to accept as a member of the family. A start was made, in a ship sailing from Philadelphia for Cadiz towards the end of October. But a dangerous gale overtook their craft, and, having narrowly escaped with their lives, they again found themselves in America. The "proper thing" would have been for Madame Bonaparte to be overwhelmed with thanksgiving at being thus rescued from a watery grave. But, instead, she blithely made an excellent meal of roast goose and apple sauce, at the home of the people who took her in, running back and forth at intervals, from the house to the yard, to see how well her handsome clothes on the line were drying after the shipwreck![1] This was the last attempt of the young Bonapartes to sail for Europe that year.

In the spring of the following year, however, the voyage was actually accomplished in one of Mr. Patterson's own vessels, the *Erin*, which he was glad to provide for the purpose. With the party went William Patterson, Junior, a brother of Elizabeth; Le Camus, Jerome's secretary, and Garnier, Jerome's doctor, of whom the young wife, who was expecting a child, might have sore need ere the journey ended. The passage was quite uneventful, though, as we learn by

[1] A very elegant wadded pelisse, which she had on when thrown into the water, very nearly proved her destruction.

this letter, sent back to Mr. Patterson, in Jerome's own hand and *with his own English.*

"On Board of the Erin,
the 2d April 1805

"I have the pleasure of writing to you, dear father, from the arbous of Lisbon where we arrive this morning the 21st day of our departure from Cape Henry. We shall be obliged to perform a quarantine of 16 days, but I have already found the way for not doing it, and in three days I shall be ready to proceed on my long, monotonne and fatiging journey. My feelings for you, my second mother, and all your good family are very well known to you, and it is easier for me to feel them than to express them. I have left one of my family and will be soon among the other, But the pleasure and satisfaction of being in my first will never make me forgot my second.

"My dear wife has fortunately supported the fatigues of our voyage perfectly well. She has been very sick, but you know as well as anybody that seasick never has killed nobody.

"I pray you, dear father, to do not forget me near my friends, and particularly General and Mrs. Smith and family, Nancy, Dallas, and Dr. McHenry, and remember that you solemnly promised me to never show my letters, and to burn them after having read it. B"

This letter, Saffell assures us, was in the waste paper package already mentioned, endorsed, in the handwriting of Madame Bonaparte's father, "Bonaparte, Lisbon, April 1805 — received 15th May." Mr. Patterson had the precise habits of a man of business. There is no reason to believe that he ever showed the letter; but he certainly did not burn it. As indeed it would have been very wrong for him to do in dealing with any son-in-law in Jerome Bonaparte's situation!

If immediate proof of Napoleon's despotic power was needed by the travelers it was found in the French guard he at once caused to be placed around the *Erin* and in the tone his ambassador was instructed to take towards Jerome's wife. This emissary pointedly inquired what he could do for *Miss Patterson.* To which the Baltimore beauty replied with spirit, "Tell your master that Madame Bonaparte is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the imperial family." But demanding rights was not to obtain them — from Napoleon. Nor was the boy-husband's mother allowed to intercede for him, as she would have been glad to do. To her the Emperor explained himself (in a letter written from the neighborhood of Turin, on April 22) in a way which, when conveyed to Jerome, left no doubt whatever of his brother's inflexibility: "Mr.

Jerome Bonaparte," this epistle runs, "has reached Lisbon with the woman with whom he is living. I have sent orders to this prodigal son to proceed to Milan by way of Perpignan, Toulouse, Grenoble, and Turin. I have let him know that, if he diverges from this route, he will be arrested. Miss Patterson, who is living with him, has taken the precaution of bringing her brother with her. I have given the order that she is to be sent back to America. If she evades the orders which I have given, and comes to Bordeaux or Paris, she will be taken back to Amsterdam, there to be put on board the first American vessel. I shall treat this young man severely if, at the only interview which I shall grant him, he shows himself unworthy of the name which he bears, and persists in wishing to continue his intrigue. If he is not prepared to wash out the dishonour which he has brought on my name by abandoning his flag for a wretched woman, I shall give him up forever and perhaps make an example to teach young soldiers the sacredness of their duties, and the enormity of their crime when they desert their flag for a woman. Write to him on the supposition that he is going to Milan; tell him that I have been a father to him, that his duty towards me is sacred, and that he has no longer any salvation except in following my instructions. Speak to his sisters that they may

write to him also; for when I have pronounced his sentence I shall be inflexible, and his life will be blasted forever." [1]

Poor Madame Mère, who had consented to the marriage, — if only after the event, — must have been sorely perplexed, upon receiving this brutal letter, as to her mother's duty! But she appears to have obediently counselled Jerome to hasten to meet his brother. So, bidding a tender farewell to Elizabeth, the harassed young husband set off for Italy through Spain, not yet without hope, it would appear, that he would be able to bend the imperial will to his desire by disclosing the astonishing beauty of the girl whom he had made his wife. It chanced that, on his way, he met Junot, who had just been appointed Minister to Portugal; to him and to his wife, who has preserved the incident for us, he exhibited a miniature which showed Madame Jerome in all her exquisite loveliness and declared solemnly that he was strong in the justice of his cause and was firmly resolved never to abandon this wife he dearly loved and in whom " are united all the qualities that can render a woman enchanting." With the young husband as he rode off, firm in this noble sentiment, was his friend and secretary, Le Camus, who at the time impressed Madame Junot favorably, though she later came to feel that he took

[1] Lecestre, *Lettres Inedites de Napoleon, I.*, p. 47.

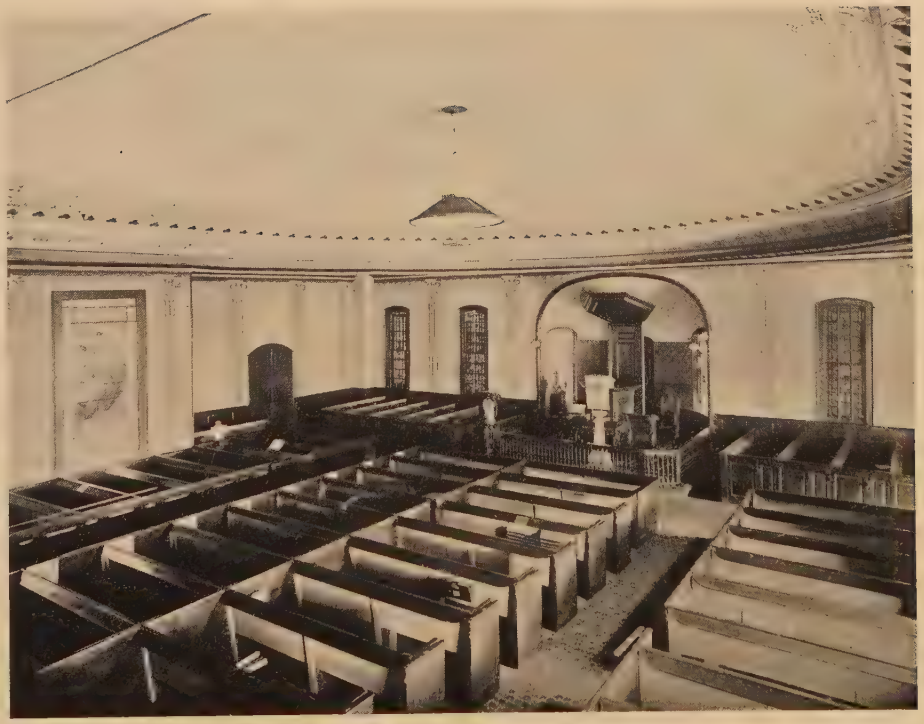
Napoleon's side and helped to persuade Jerome that his wife must be abandoned. Le Camus knew on which side his bread was buttered.

From various points along the way the "prodigal son" dispatched to his hard-hearted brother letters begging for an opportunity to explain his conduct. But the first word he received in reply was this, which surely did not tend to raise in him any false hopes of forgiveness. "I have received your letter of this morning. There are no faults which you have committed which may not be effaced in my eyes by a sincere repentance. Your marriage is null both in a religious and legal point of view. I will never acknowledge it. Write to Miss Patterson to return to the United States, and tell her it is not possible to arrange things differently. I will grant her a pension of 60,000 francs during her life, on condition that, in no event she shall bear my name,[1] to which she has no right, her marriage being non-existent. You yourself must make her understand that you have not been and are not able to change the nature of things. Your marriage being thus annulled of your own free will,[!] I will restore to you my friendship. . . ."

When Jerome was at length admitted to the presence of his brother, Napoleon thus ad-

[1] Yet he always allowed her to sign her receipts for this money "Elizabeth Bonaparte"!

BALTIMORE STREET (FORMERLY MARKET STREET) IN STAGE-COACH DAYS.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, IN WHICH PATRICK HENRY MADE HIS GREAT SPEECH.

dressed him: "So, sir, you are the first of the family who has shamefully abandoned his post. It will require many splendid actions to wipe off that stain from your reputation. As to your *love affair with your little girl, I pay no regard to it.*" Napoleon was, however, soon to find out that this marriage could not be so easily set aside. Though he had now been crowned Emperor, he had been only First Consul of France at the time of the marriage and so could have no control over the members of his family. Jerome's mother and his eldest brother, Joseph, were the only persons whose consent was necessary and they concurred in approving the marriage, which had been celebrated by the highest dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church in America in accordance with the prescribed rites of that body. — But of this more anon.

What, meanwhile, of the beautiful young wife who, a stranger in a strange land, felt herself forced to sail for Amsterdam because excluded by Napoleon from every port over which he had control? Even at the Dutch city, as the event proved, she was not to be admitted. Her ship was obliged to turn back to Dover where, on May 19, she was finally allowed to disembark. And at Camberwell, near London, July 7, 1805, her first and only child was born. He was named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte after the husband from whom she believed her-

self only temporarily parted. Five weeks later, in a letter to her father, she says of this husband: "We imagine that Bonaparte is in some measure a prisoner, and we must wait patiently to know how he will act; in the meantime it would be extremely imprudent for me to go out or see anyone, and I must avoid getting into any scrapes which I might be led into from thinking he would desert me. No matter what I think, it is unjust to condemn until we have some certainty greater than at present, and my conduct shall be such as if I had a perfect reliance on him. I think that by returning to the United States, it would seem as if I had yielded the point, and by next spring everything will be decided."

None the less, mother and child sailed back to Baltimore, three months after this letter was written; and they were there, occupying a position detestable above all others to one of her pride, — that of an injured heroine of romance — when Napoleon tried (May, 1805) unsuccessfully to bribe [1] Pope Pius VII to annul Jerome's marriage. In his letter to the Pope Napoleon made no attempt to state correctly the facts of the marriage. His brother, he declared, had been united to a "Protestant young woman," after only a month's residence

[1] With the letter went a magnificent gold tiara studded with diamonds and rubies.

in the United States, by "a Spanish priest who had so far forgotten his duties as to pronounce the benediction." He added that he could easily have the union broken in Paris but preferred that it should be annulled in Rome "on account of the example to sovereign families marrying Protestants." Cardinal Fesch, as well as Napoleon, appears to have believed that the Pope would readily enough grant Napoleon's request. But this the Pontiff quite positively declined to do. He pierced through the network of misrepresentations with which Napoleon had endeavored to confuse the issues of the case, examined all the precedents which might be held to have a bearing on the matter, and then declared that, glad as he would be to oblige Napoleon, he found no reasons whatever for annulling a marriage duly performed by the Bishop of Baltimore. Marriages between Protestants and Catholics, although *disapproved of* by the Church, are nevertheless acknowledged as *valid*, he pointed out.

Napoleon's own Council of State proved much more complaisant, and, in October of the following year, the American marriage was declared null ecclesiastically in Paris. In the August of 1807 Jerome's flabby hand was bestowed upon Sophia-Dorothea-Frederika-Catherine of Würtemberg. None the less, this astonishing deserter continued at intervals

to write to his American wife! After leaving her at Lisbon, in April, 1805, he had addressed to her frequent and tender letters, repeatedly declaring that she was the sole object of his love and that for her he would be willing to give up even his life. Up to the year 1812, indeed, he continued to write to her, though after he had been declared free of his marriage his expressed interest was in his son rather than in his son's mother. In 1808 he attempted, with Napoleon's consent, to bring the young Jerome Napoleon to Westphalia. Naturally, Elizabeth and her family flatly refused this proposition. Which seems only to have whetted the King of Westphalia's desire to re-establish connections with the American Bonapartes for, in November of that same year, he actually wrote to offer the woman he had so heartlessly abandoned the principality of Smalkalden, in Westphalia, with a pension of 200,000 francs a year! She replied that, though Westphalia was a large kingdom it was not large enough for two queens. Moreover, she preferred being sheltered under the wing of an eagle, she said, to hanging from the bill of a goose. The eagle was, of course, Napoleon, who, up to the date of his Fall, kept his promise of allowing her 60,000 francs a year.

This last rebuff kept Jerome silent for three years. Then he wrote to her as follows: — "My dear Elisa, what a long time it is since I have

received any news of you and of my son! In the whole world you could never find a better or more tender friend than me. I have many things to write to you; but as I can but fear that this letter may be intercepted, I limit myself to giving you news of myself and asking you for news of you and my son. Be assured that all will be arranged sooner or later. The Emperor is certainly the best as he is the greatest of men." This letter was signed "*Votre affectionné et bon ami Jérôme-Napoléon.*"

And she *really believed* him! In spite of her contempt for him and in spite of her distrust of his honor she all her life long hugged the delusion that Jerome really loved her. Yet, characteristically, the year after Napoleon's downfall, she forestalled any attempt this "*bon ami*" might make to claim a share in her fortune by divorcing him under a special act of the legislature of Maryland.

And now, to educate her child "as his rank demanded" and to give herself the pleasures of that society to which she felt she rightly belonged, Elizabeth Patterson again took up life in Europe. "Although you have always taken me for a fool," she writes her father, "that, I assure you, is not my character here. . . . Nature never intended *me* for obscurity." The pleasures of Paris, for which she had so long sighed in vain, were now enjoyed by her

to the full. For, though the Empire had fallen, Paris was very gay and very brilliant and upon this American woman, whose sufferings had made her a heroine, the sentimental Frenchmen proceeded to pour out a wealth of adulation. Louis XVIII expressed a wish to see her at Court but she declined to be presented, saying that, as she had received a pension from the Emperor, she would not appear at the Court of his successor, ingratitude not being one of her vices.

With Talleyrand praising her wit, Madame de Staël extolling her beauty, and all the leading men and women of the day [1] cultivating her acquaintance, Madame Bonaparte was at the height of her career. To her father, who continued to be troubled by her disdain of home-pleasure, she wrote, "I am not half so foolish as you imagine or I should, perhaps, have been more contented. There is but one single chance of securing tranquillity for the future years which I may have to live, and that is to remain in Europe. I can never be satisfied in America. . . ."! Of the "ex-King of Westphalia" she speaks in this letter of 1816 with the utmost indifference. He was living at this time at the court of Würtemberg.

[1] It was at this time (1814) that she had painted for Mr. James Craig, brother of Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, wife of the financier, the miniature by Augustin reproduced in this book.

Their paths never crossed again, though once they met for a moment (in 1822) in the gallery of the Pitti Palace in Florence. On seeing her, Jerome started and, whispering to the Princess of Würtemberg, "That is my American wife," led his second spouse down a side aisle and so avoided what might have been an embarrassing encounter.

The only child of this Europe-loving woman and of her husband-who-would-be-king greatly preferred America, however, to any land beyond the sea and poignantly disappointed his mother by marrying an American girl! One, too, who lived in Baltimore! "I would rather die, than marry any one in Baltimore," she scornfully declared when told the news, "but if my son does not feel as I do upon this subject, of course he is quite at liberty to act as he likes best. As the woman has money I shall not forbid the marriage. . . ." [1]

And so the boy who, in 1820, had written to his grandfather, "Since I have been in Europe I have dined with princes and princesses and all the great people in Europe [he was made much of by his father's family as he approached the marriageable age], but I have not found a dish as much to my taste as the roast beef and beefsteaks I ate in South Street" [2] came back at

[1] Madame Bonaparte to William Patterson, December, 1829.
[2] The home of William Patterson.

last to found in Baltimore the family of American Bonapartes. Inevitably, as has been said, they were all devoted Roman Catholics and so have done much to build up in the middle South the *prestige* of that Church which had served them so well in their time of need. The same Pope, Pius VII, who braved the anger of Napoleon for the sake of what seemed to him right, erected Baltimore, in 1808, into an archiepiscopal see, the Archbishop chosen being Dr. John Carroll, son of Daniel Carroll of Upper Marlboro and cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. In 1789 Dr. Carroll had founded Georgetown University at Washington; the Cathedral at Baltimore was the second monument to this good man's zeal and devotion.

Mrs. Trollope, who was in America in 1829-30 and visited Baltimore among other cities, has a good deal to say in praise of the place, particularly the Cathedral, "considered by all Americans as a magnificent church, though it can scarcely be so classed by any one who has seen the churches of Europe. Its interior, however, has an air of neatness that amounts to elegance. The form is a Greek cross, having a dome in the centre; . . . On each side of the high altar are chapels to the Savior and the Virgin. The altars in these as well as the high altar are of native marbles of different colours, and some of the specimens are very beautiful. The decora-

tions of the altar are elegant and costly. . . . We attended mass in this church the Sunday after our arrival and I was perfectly astonished at the beauty and splendid appearance of the ladies who filled it. Excepting on a very brilliant Sunday at the Tuileries I never saw so showy a display of morning costume, and I think I never saw anywhere so many beautiful women at one glance.

"Baltimore is, I think, one of the handsomest cities to approach in the Union," continues this usually-adverse critic. "The noble column erected to the memory of Washington and the Catholic Cathedral with its beautiful dome, being built on a commanding eminence are seen at a great distance. As you draw nearer many other domes and towers become visible, and as you enter Baltimore Street, you feel that you are arrived in a handsome and populous city. . . . It has several handsome buildings and even the private dwelling-houses have a look of magnificence, from the abundance of white marble with which many of them are adorned. The ample flights of steps and the lofty door-frames, are in most of the best houses formed of this beautiful material. This has been called the city of monuments, from its having the stately column erected to the memory of General Washington, and which bears a colossal statue of him at the top; and another

pillar of less dimensions recording some victory, I forget which."

The victory which Mrs. Trollope "forgot" was the expulsion of the British troops from the city — an important incident of the War of 1812. To the men who perished on this occasion and during the bombardment of Fort McHenry the Battle Monument so called was erected. To us this encounter is of especial interest because it furnished the inspiration for the one really great song of the early Republican period. I mean, of course, "The Star Spangled Banner," the words of which were written by Francis Scott Key.

Key was born in Maryland, August 9, 1780. He was the son of John Ross Key, a Revolutionary officer, and was impregnated from his earliest youth with loyalty to the flag he was afterward to celebrate. He studied law in the office of his uncle, and began to practice, but subsequently removed to Washington, where he became district attorney for the District of Columbia.

The War of 1812, which his song so nobly commemorates, had for some time seemed to run almost entirely in favor of England. Washington had been captured and burned, and Baltimore itself was threatened with speedy destruction. From this latter city, in 1814, under a flag of truce, and with proper credentials from Presi-

dent Madison, young Key set out to procure the release of a physician friend, who, though a non-combatant, had been taken prisoner and was in the hands of Vice-Admiral Cochrane, just then planning a concerted attack by land and sea upon Fort McHenry, the key to Baltimore. Key's arrival could scarcely have been more ill timed. But the Admiral agreed to release the friend and treated his envoy with considerable courtesy. Only he refused to allow the young lawyer to return just then, for fear that the projected attack would be betrayed to the enemy.

The bombardment of the fort began on the morning of September 13, 1814, and Key was obliged to witness it from the ship whose guest he had perforce become. The Admiral had boasted that he would be able to carry McHenry in a few hours, and that the city itself must then surely fall. Yet, for all that he threw some 1,800 shells, only four of the little party within the fort were killed.

Just about daybreak on the fourteenth the firing ceased, and Key and a friend walked the deck impatiently, waiting for light that they might see the result of the previous day's bombardment. At last they were rewarded by beholding the stars and stripes still floating over the American fort.

At that moving moment, when, through his

field-glass, Key first caught sight of the proudly waving banner still floating over the fort the British had not been able to carry, he hastily jotted down on the back of a letter he happened to have in his pocket, the opening stanzas of the poem that was to become so celebrated.

He finished it on the boat as he was going to Baltimore (inasmuch as the attack had failed, the Americans were now at liberty to return to the city) and he wrote out a good copy in the hotel there immediately after his arrival. So did he succeed in catching the "rocket's red glare." The piece was at first called "The Bombardment of Fort McHenry." It was printed, together with an account of its composition, in the *Baltimore American* September 21 of the same year. The tune to which it was and is still sung is "Anacreon in Heaven," an air bold, warlike and majestic — even if it does try to the breaking point the average American voice.

When "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung for the first time in public — at the Holliday Street Theatre — the chorus was led by Charles Durang, who had himself been one of the little garrison which guarded the six-gun battery at North Point.

Another young poet with whom Baltimore has interesting associations is Edgar Allan Poe.[1]

[1] Poe is buried in Baltimore, too, — in Westminster Churchyard.

It was here, indeed, that Poe's first love-affair ran its ill-starred course. The girl in the case was named Mary, and she lived on Essex Street in the "old town," not far from the house at which Poe, who had then just left West Point, was boarding. She used to see him — a slim, well-knit figure, tightly encased in a long black frock coat, pale and clean-shaven, with a broad, white forehead and that look of pain around the mouth, which, combined with his wonderful eyes and his fascinating manners, made him a veritable hero of romance — going back and forth to the office where he then toiled; and to see him was to fall in love with him. Virginia Clemm was only a child of ten at this time and she acted as Cupid's messenger between her handsome cousin and the maiden Mary. Long afterwards Mary entrusted a full account of all this and of the poet's deep and abiding passion for her to a kinsman[1] and he, treasuring the details carefully, gave them to the world two years after her death. She and Poe were then too much engrossed in their own emotions, she said, to talk about the poetic aspirations of the young lover; but he was wont to quote Burns's "Mary" poems to this sweetheart of the same name, as they sat together of an evening on the wide Baltimore stoop of her home or wandered in the moonlight over the sightly hills nearby.

[1] See Augustus van Cleef in *Harper's Monthly* for March, 1889.

Once, when they were thus walking on a summer evening — a night which seemed made for lovers, — Poe tried to persuade his sweetheart to go in with him to a minister, whose house they were just then passing. "We intend to be married sometime, why not now?" he urged. But she, knowing he was not yet in any position to take upon himself the burden of a wife, gently said him nay and led the way quickly home. Mary's father, it appears, was not at all in favor of the match. And Mary, herself, though she loved her handsome young adorer, was a good deal afraid of him. For he had a quick, passionate temper, scoffed at the religion which meant much to her, showed himself possessed of very little self-control — and was exceedingly jealous.

Their first quarrel came about as a result of his quite groundless jealousy of a friend of her brother's for whom she chanced to be singing the poet's favorite song, "Come rest in this bosom." While the music was going on, Poe, with one hand behind his back, walked up and down the room and bit the nails of the other hand to the quick as he struggled for self-control. Suddenly, utterly beside himself with jealousy, he strode to the side of the piano, snatched the music from the rack and threw it on the floor! Mary, with a tantalizing laugh, sang the song through to the end. But there were bitter

words, we scarcely need to be told, after the friend had gone away.

The final and decisive quarrel came one night when Poe, who had been expected all the evening but had failed to appear, arrived about ten o'clock, with signs of liquor on him. His sweetheart had seen him nearly every day for a year, but never before, she says, had he given any evidence of drink. This night, while on his way to call upon her, he had fallen in with some old West Point friends and they had all gone to Barnum's Hotel for a champagne supper. He was so contrite for having broken his engagement that Mary finally consented to sit out on the stoop with him for a little while before going to bed. But the drink had evidently gotten into his blood; for, that night, he did or said something (even to her relatives Mary, as an old lady, would not say *what*) that so shocked and surprised her that she ran away from him around to the back of the house and quickly made her way up the stairs to her mother's room. Even here Poe pursued her and but for her mother's sturdy interposition might not have been easily sent home. For he passionately asserted that the girl was "already his wife in the sight of Heaven!" and claimed his right to go to her.

Mary appears to have had a mind and a will of her own. For to the stormy letter which

followed that night's disgraceful scene she paid no attention and their lover-like relations came definitively to an end. They never met again until both were married.

CHAPTER V

CHARLESTON

"IT is to Charleston that one should go to enjoy American society in all its luxury," declared Achille Murat.[1] "There the various circles, composed of planters, lawyers and physicians, form the most agreeable society I have ever known. The manners of the South have a perfect elegance; the mind is highly cultivated; and conversation turns upon an infinite variety of subjects with spirit, grace and facility." The letter in which this warmly enthusiastic paragraph about Charleston appears is dated 1832, the very end of our epoch. But Josiah Quincy, who visited Charleston just before the Revolution (having come thither from Boston "for his health") had similarly pleasant things to say of the town and of its society.

Mr. Quincy was a close observer and his Journal is most interesting. He tells us of his amazement at the appearance of the harbor, crowded with ships more than any other in America; of the town with its picturesque buildings; and of the people and their enter-

[1] In *Moral and Political Sketch of the United States:* London, 1833.

tainments. He records that he went to a dancing assembly where the music was bad and the dancing good; to a St. Cecilia concert of which he says that it was held in a large and inelegant building withdrawn from the street. Mr. David Deas had, he adds, given him a ticket, on presenting which he was passed from servant to servant and finally ushered in. The music was grand, especially the bass viol and French horns. The first violinist, a Frenchman, played the best solo he had ever heard. His salary was five hundred guineas. Most of the performers were gentlemen amateurs. He comments on the richness of dress of both ladies and gentlemen; says that there were two hundred and fifty ladies present and it was called no great number. The ladies are "in taciturnity during the performance greatly before our [Boston] ladies; in noise and flirtation after the music is over, pretty much on a par. If our ladies have any advantage, it is in white and red, vivacity and spirit. The gentlemen many of them dressed with elegance and richness uncommon with us. Many with swords on."

To Lord Charles Greville Montagu, the Governor, who was sailing the next day for England Mr. Quincy was duly introduced. There appears to have been absolutely no bitterness in Charleston against the mother country. And then Mr. Quincy went to a dinnèr at Miles

Brewton's " with a large company, — a most superb house said to have cost him £8000 sterling." A handsome bird, probably a macaw, was in the room during dinner, and everything was very comfortable — even luxurious. Mr. Quincy went to the races, too. " Spent this day, March 3d," he writes, " in viewing horses, riding over the town, and receiving complimentary visits." The New England gentleman adds proudly that, besides seeing at the races a fine collection of excellent and very high-priced horses, he " was let a little into a singular art and mystery of the turf." Obviously he, like Achille Murat, found the hospitable Southerners highly agreeable people. As indeed why should they not be? Charleston was in a very prosperous and happy condition just then. Commerce was flourishing, and the interior of the State was gradually filling up and forming, as it were, a background for the metropolis. Earlier in the city's history the Spaniards and the Indians had been troublesome, but now all fear of them was removed and peace reigned at home and abroad.

To be sure, the passage of the Stamp Act had aroused resistance here as in every other self-respecting city of the Colonies. And when all the taxes were finally removed — except that on tea — Charleston folk promptly stored their consignments of tea in damp cellars and pro-

hibited the men to whom this commodity had been billed from offering it for sale. Armed resistance to the power of Great Britain followed soon after this, and on June 28, 1776, the memorable battle of Fort Moultrie was fought. To follow the Revolutionary War as it dragged itself painfully along in this southern city is no part of our plan. Yet it would be a great pity to pass without mention the particularly terrible story of Colonel Hayne. The whole country was struck with consternation when it first heard of this brave soldier's danger, and it became frozen with horror ere the tale's last chapter was told. For Hayne was a planter of good family and high character who had commanded a troop of horse during the war. When Charleston capitulated his company was disbanded and, like his comrades, he accepted the proffered parole and retired to his plantation. Soon, however, the parole was revoked and the cruel question put to him, "Will you or will you not become the subject of his Majesty?" Hayne promptly answered that he would *not;* but the British were especially anxious to secure his allegiance because of the great influence he possessed in his own neighborhood, and, first bribes and then threats were used to make him answer the query in the affirmative. Meanwhile his domestic circumstances were painful in the extreme, so painful that, for the nonce,

he had little inclination to enroll himself with either army. For one child had died, two others were desperately ill, and his wife's life was despaired of.

While things at home were in this condition he was summoned to appear in all haste before the commandant at Charleston and there he was told that his liberty depended upon his signing a declaration that he acknowledged himself a British subject; yet Colonel Patterson added that this would not commit him to bearing arms against his countrymen. Hayne was most unwilling to sign such a paper, but, in order to return to his dying wife, he did put his name to the document taking the precaution, however, to leave with his friend, Dr. Ramsay, another paper in which he declared that the signature to the hated bond had been "forced on him by hard necessity." "I will never bear arms against my country," he said further; "my masters can require no service of me but what is enjoined by the old militia law of the Province, which substitutes a fine in lieu of personal service. This I will pay as the price of my protection. If my conduct should be censured by my countrymen, I beg that you will remember this conversation, and bear witness for me that I do not mean to desert the cause of America."

The harassed man thereupon returned to

his family. Some time after his wife died. Then, once again, Hayne was threatened with imprisonment unless he joined the British army. Indignant at this breach of faith and considering himself released by it from obligation to his promise, Hayne accepted a commission in the American army, raised a company of his neighbors, and began a vigorous campaign. In the course of a bold expedition he was captured and tried, as a traitor, by a hastily gathered court-martial, which summarily condemned him to death. The horror which spread over the country, when the news of his sentence was announced, is indescribable. In Charleston itself petitions signed by both Whigs and Tories and by women as well as men were offered in his behalf. In the large drawing-room of the Brewton House the sister of the condemned man's dead wife knelt, with his little children, to implore Lord Rawdon for mercy; and even the Lieutenant-Governor, who had lately returned from England ill unto death with an agonizing disease, had himself carried on a litter into the presence of his Lordship to ask the boon of life for Hayne. But to each and all Rawdon was obdurate. He would not even grant the request of the British officers that Hayne should be accorded the death of a soldier instead of the punishment of a spy.

Even more cruel than the refusal of all these

requests was the failure, on the part of the governing powers, to let the prisoner know what manner of death awaited him. Not until he had passed the town gates in King Street on his way from the prison to the place of execution did he learn, by coming face to face with the gibbet, the shameful death which was to be his! Yet it was with a firm step that he ascended the cart, with a quiet voice that he repeated after the clergyman the few prayers chosen for the occasion, and with a gesture full of dignity that he himself gave the signal to the hangman. No wonder this man's name is always coupled in his native State with the word, " martyr."

Charleston had been one of the earliest cities to suffer from the declaration of war with Great Britain and it was one of the very last to be freed from the duty and necessity of fighting. The occupation of the city by the enemy lasted until December, 1782. Then, the very day the redcoats marched out, the Americans marched in. Moultrie, who was of the latter company, — and who had the good luck to be there only because he had been exchanged for General Burgoyne, — records, " It was a proud day for me and I felt myself much elated at seeing the balconies, the doors and windows crowded with the patriotick fair, the aged citizens and others congratulating us on our return home, saying ' God bless you, gentlemen,' — ' You

are welcome, gentlemen.' Both citizens and soldiers shed tears of joy. It was an ample reward for the triumphant soldiers, after all the hazards and fatigues of war which they had gone through, to be the instrument of releasing friends and fellow-citizens from captivity and restoring them to their liberties and the possession of their city and country again."

But the town, alas! which, in 1778 had been a thriving, prosperous place, each house of which rejoiced in its own yard and garden, was now a pile of ugly ruins. The plantations, too, were pictures of desolation. And no man could say where the money which should restore prosperity was to come from. Rice proved to be the product which spelled release from poverty in this particular section of the South-land. And then, after tide-water rice, came *cotton*. Ralph Izard, as early as 1774, had seen the possibilities which lay in the cultivation of cotton, and now many another land-owner saw them, also.

Soon prosperity was actually at hand! Plenty of evidence can be found from the pages of travelers that, by 1790, Charleston was again a very pretty place of residence. Though the houses were many of them of wood, they were large and airy, and the fashion of having piazzas was becoming almost universal. The streets, to be sure, were narrow — purposely so — in order that the sun might be excluded. But this

worked to the advantage of those householders who chanced not to command any piazza. One fine old gentleman was always accustomed to take his tea, in fine summer weather, on the broad sidewalk in front of his door. After the table had been brought out and arranged, passing friends would stop for a cup and a chat. Others, who chanced to be walking that way, crossed the street and went by on the other side. Charleston had good manners.

For Washington's Southern tour in 1791 the city, of course, put on its very best bib and tucker. The house in which he was entertained then belonged to Thomas Heyward and had been rented and handsomely furnished by the authorities for the occasion. From it the President made a little journey to visit the fortifications, and to it he returned after numerous breakfasts, dinners and balls, all of which he scrupulously recorded in his journal.

"Went to a concert where were 400 ladies, the number and appearance of wch exceeded anything I had ever seen."

"Breakfast with Mrs. Rutledge, lady of Chief Justice, then absent on the Circuit. Dinner with gentlemen of the Cincinnati."

"Was visited about two o'clock by a great number of the most respectable ladies of Charleston, the first honour of the kind I had ever experienced, as flattering as singular."

Moreover, there was a state dinner at the Exchange, and at the City Hall a concert and ball. For this last occasion the ladies self-sacrificingly wore "fillets of white riband interwoven in their head-dress with the head of Washington painted on them, and the words, 'Long live the President,' in gilt letters. Every hand that could hold a pencil, professional or amateur, was enlisted to furnish these bandeaux." [1] And on Sunday the guest of honor attended divine service at both the historic churches of the town. In the morning St. Philip's [2] welcomed him; in the afternoon St. Michael's. The pew which he occupied in the latter edifice is preserved inviolate unto this day.

To the Cincinnati of Charleston, with whose members Washington, in his Diary, mentions dining in the course of this visit, is due great credit for their long-continued and finally successful efforts to bring into disrepute the costly custom of duelling. How strongly entrenched the custom was is shown by the fact that when,

[1] *Reminiscences of Charleston:* Charles Fraser.

[2] St. Philip's Parish (the first and oldest in South Carolina and coeval with the Colony) dates from 1670, A. D. There have been three St. Philip's parish churches, viz: the first stood where St. Michael's now stands; the second, provided for by the act of March 1, 1710-11, and standing where the present one now stands, was completed in 1723 and was destroyed by fire in 1835, whereupon the third and present one was erected. St. Michael's Parish was established by the act of June 14, 1751, and its church (still standing) was completed in 1761. See Dalcho's *History of the Church in South Carolina.*

after Hamilton's death, General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, as the President of the Cincinnati, addressed a letter to the President of the State Society protesting at this "barbarous custom" to which General Hamilton had "fallen a victim," nothing whatever came of the matter. This, too, in spite of the fact that every man felt the deep truth of General Pinckney's assertion, "Duelling is no criterion of bravery, for I have seen cowards fight duels, and I am convinced real courage may often be better shown in the refusal than in the acceptance of a challenge. If the Society of the Cincinnati," he insisted, "were to declare their abhorrence of this practice, and announce the determination of all their members to discourage it as far as they had influence, and on no account either to send or to accept a challenge, it might tend to annul this odious custom." Yet it was not until a whole quarter of a century later, when General Thomas Pinckney had succeeded his brother as President-general of the society, that a quarrel such as would ordinarily have called for a duel was for the first time settled by a "Court of Honor" composed of members of the Cincinnati. The precedent thus established appears to have had some effect for duelling gradually became less frequent, "until it fell in 1866 with the civilization of which it was a part."

To the doctrines disseminated by the French Revolution Charleston was eagerly responsive the brave men who had had a large share in the struggle of 1776 trustfully thinking that Lafayette was to be another Washington and France a power through which Europe should be regenerated. At public entertainments the American and French colors often waved together and the tri-colored cockade was generally worn. Many Jacobin clubs were formed; the Duc de Liancourt-Rochefoucauld, in his published travels, has an amused reference to the fact that "the principles of the French demagogues predominated long in Charleston." Mr. Charles Fraser, whose delightful *Reminiscences* give us the best available picture of Charleston's early Republican enthusiasms, recalls that a grand civic pageant took place January 1, 1793, in honor of the National Assembly of France. "So great was the public enthusiasm," he declares, "that, on the eve of that day, the bells of St. Michael's were chimed, and a salute of thirteen guns fired by the artillery. The same honours were repeated on the morning following, and in the course of the day, a procession of French and American citizens paraded the streets of Charleston, headed by the Governor. . . . In passing before the French Protestant Church [1]

[1] The French Protestant Church belongs to the very early history of Charleston. A building in which the Huguenot form of worship

the Consul, as an expiation for the persecutions of Louis XIV against that church, took off his hat, and saluted with the national colours. On arriving at St. Philip's Church, the place appointed for the religious ceremonies of the day, two salutes were fired by the regiment of infantry, an animated oration was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Coste, the *Te Deum* was sung, and the service closed by the *Hymne de Marseillois*, accompanied with the organ. In the afternoon a grand fête was given at William's Coffee-house, prepared for two hundred and fifty persons. Two sets of toasts, French and English, were drunk." As for July 14, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, that was celebrated as if it were an American festival!

When this ardent faith in the beneficence of the Revolution was perforce violently shaken by the acts of the demagogues, Charlestonians actually suffered. The banishment of Lafayette stirred people to their depths, for it was well remembered that he had been America's great friend in time of need. The greatest indignation was, indeed, felt in Charleston because Washington did not at once *demand* the release of this great and good man. And it was a young Caro-

was carried on has stood on the southeast corner of Church and Queen Streets ever since 1687 (about). The first building was destroyed by fire in 1740, a second met the same fate in 1796 but was rebuilt in 1797. This last edifice was remodeled and enlarged in 1845.

linian, Francis Kinloch Huger,[1] who made that gallant attempt to liberate the prisoner at Olmutz which forms one of the most thrilling chapters of early Republican history.

Huger was only a child of three when he first met Lafayette; by chance, it was at his father's house, on North Island, South Carolina, that the young Frenchman passed the first night of his stay in America. (He and the Baron de Kalb had taken to the boats, from the vessel which had brought them across the Atlantic, in order to avoid British cruisers.) This was in 1776. The attempted rescue of Lafayette came in 1794, when Huger had just attained his majority. The profession chosen by the brave young South Carolinian was that of a surgeon and he thus came into contact at Vienna with the clever young physician of Hanover, Dr. Bollmann, who had been engaged by friends of Lafayette to discover the latter's prison and attempt his rescue. Bollmann had already been at work on the matter for a year when he fell in with Huger, and he had then just succeeded in establishing connections with the famous prisoner at Olmutz by means of some French books, on the margins of which a plan of escape had been written in lemon-juice characters found to be easily legible upon being held to the fire.

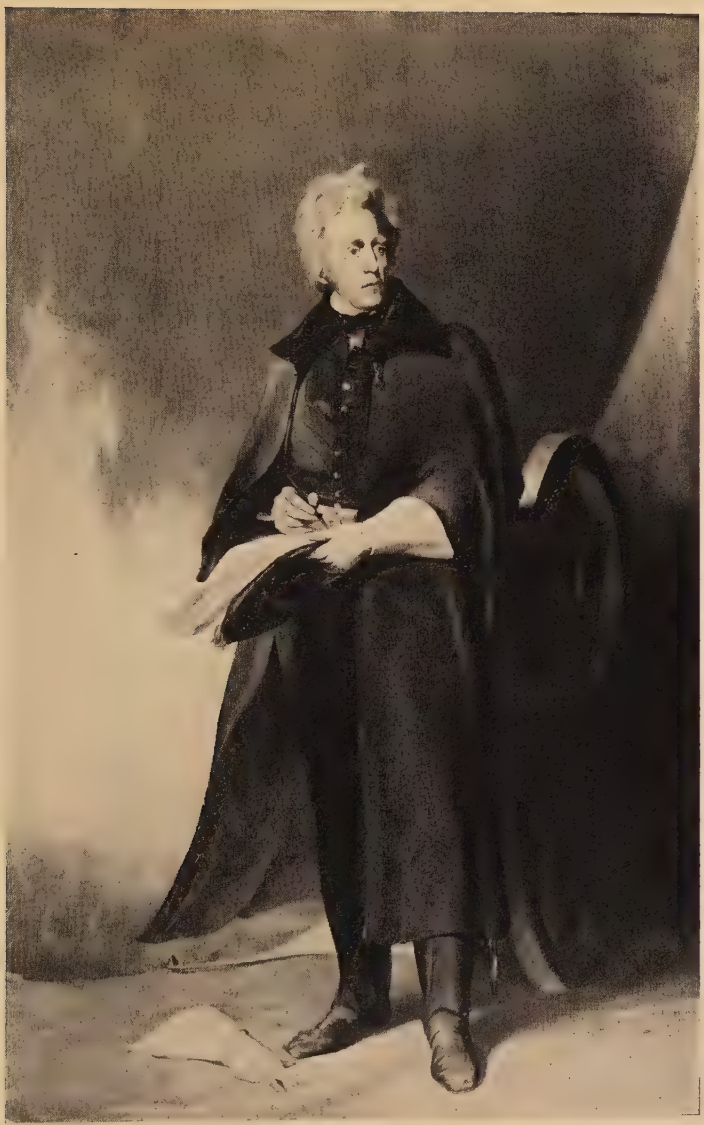
[1] Huger was born in Charleston in 1773 and died there in 1855. In 1811 he married the daughter of General Thomas Pinckney.

When Huger was told the plan that had been made to rescue Lafayette some day when he should be out riding he was eager to help. Accordingly, he and Bollmann hired a post-chaise and a servant, besides two horses, one of which had been trained to carry double. Then they made the journey of one hundred and fifty miles to Olmutz. Arriving there the servant with the chaise was dispatched to Hoff, a town about twenty-five miles from Olmutz on the road they hoped soon to be traveling with Lafayette under their care. Then, at the hour when they knew the prisoner was given his airing, the rescuers started to meet him. They recognized him easily by his pre-arranged gesture (raising his hat and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief), quickly overpowered the guard who kept at his side as he alighted to take his exercise, and then Huger, bidding the General mount one of the horses, directed him to "Go to Hoff." Unfortunately this direction was given in English and was understood by Lafayette to be "Go off." Obediently, he let his horse canter slowly away.

Thus very valuable moments were lost, moments during which the mounted soldier, who had been riding behind the prisoner's carriage, was able to gallop back and report the rescue. Unhappily, too, Lafayette had taken the horse trained to carry double, so that either Bollmann

or Huger must needs waive the chance of escape. The latter insisted that the Hanoverian, who spoke German, could most effectively serve Lafayette, and so gave up to him the remaining horse. But the sacrifice was of no avail for all three men were soon captured, Huger being chained for many days to the floor of a dungeon from which all light had been excluded, and denied any opportunity to communicate with the outside world. After eight months he and Bollmann were released, the judges having been bribed by their friends. Lafayette was not set free for another three years.

Another highly creditable connection of the city with the French Revolution was the ready and generous help accorded by Charlestonians to the St. Domingo refugees who had been driven out of their island by the horrible massacres of 1792. The mother of Joseph Jefferson was one of these refugees. Her charming face and gentle manners, as a child of ten, attracted the attention of the daughter of General Macpherson into whose home she was taken and tenderly cared for until she arrived at woman's estate. To this great increase of French population in Charleston and the natural fondness which the French people have for theatricals was due the establishment of a French theatre in the town, in 1794, with a good company of



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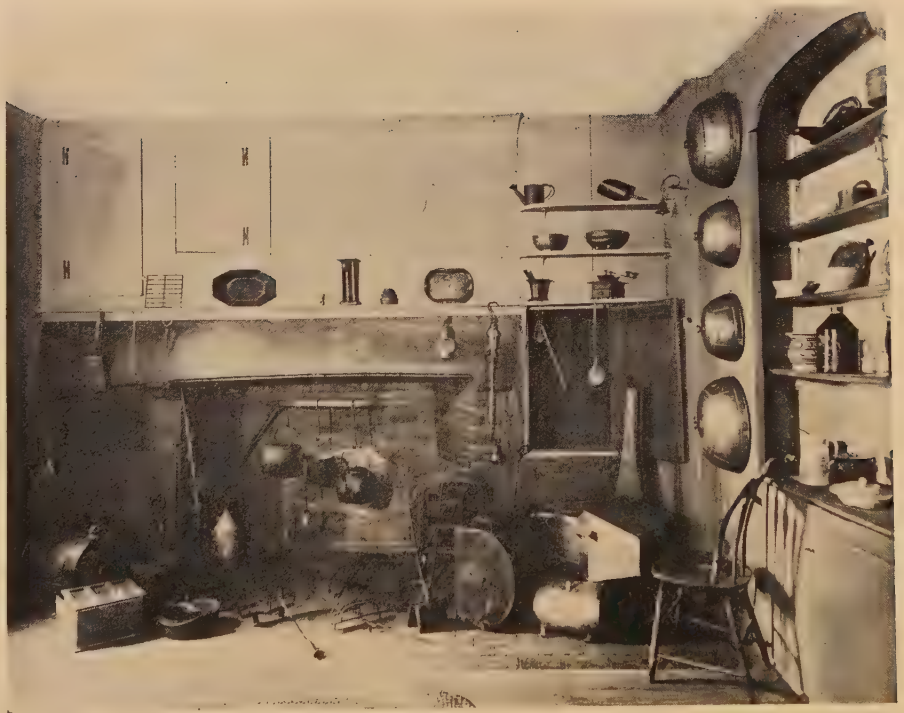
ANDREW JACKSON.

From the portrait by Sully in the possession of the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.



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KITCHEN OF THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE.

comedians, pantomimists, rope-dancers and the like. A rendering of the *Marseillaise* in which the audience joined was long a feature here. Later, the building was converted into a public hall for concerts and dancing assemblies and here, so long as it continued to be a musical society, met the St. Cecilia.

This musical organization, which Mr. Quincy speaks of having enjoyed when he was in Charleston before the Revolution, is as peculiarly a product of the city we are now considering as were the Wistar parties a distinctly Philadelphian institution. It met on a Thursday "Thursday being St. Cecilia's day." It was begun in the year 1737 as an amateur concert society and amateurs long continued to compose the bulk of its membership; General C. C. Pinckney and Mr. Ralph Izard were both of the St. Cecilia in their youth. The society was formally organized in 1762 and has gone on to the present day excepting during the war periods.

When it was learned that President Monroe was to visit Charleston the St. Cecilia attempted to muster all its forces to do him honor; but evidently the club's musical ardor had now declined, for the committee was obliged to report that only five performers could be found for a concert — and it was proposed to give a ball instead. For this occasion a combination appears to have been effected, but in 1822 the

concert was definitely abandoned and the ball came in to take its place. Membership in this interesting organization is by election at annual meetings and the fact that an aspirant's father or grandfather was formerly a member greatly helps his chances. But worthy "new" people are by no means excluded and when a man is once elected the names of the ladies of his household are forthwith placed upon the St. Cecilia's list there to remain until the day of their death unless they have previously left the city. The managers of the organization are elected by the general membership and upon them rests all the care of the three balls given each season, the first in January and the second and third in February, the latter being carefully arranged to avoid Lent. A charming feature is that at such balls the latest bride is always taken down to supper by the president. These suppers are very elegantly served, for the Society owns its own plate, damask, china and glass and the servants of members are enlisted to serve as waiters.

Another unique social institution of Charleston, which continued through many years, were the breakfasts given by Mr. Poinsett, a gentleman interesting to all Americans as the person for whom the gorgeous Poinsettia was named. The only son of a wealthy physician of Huguenot descent this gracious host was a citizen of the world in the finest meaning of the words. But

he was a good American before everything else and was glad to return to America, and represent his city in Congress establishing himself, during the intervals of the sessions, in a small cottage surrounded by trees and by the flowers which were the passion of his life. His breakfasts, given once a week, were deservedly famous for only men who knew how to talk and women who were endowed with either beauty or charm or both were bidden. Late in life Mr. Poinsett married a widow who possessed both wealth and good looks and was an Izard besides! Thenceforth he was more than ever a prominent figure in the life of his native town.

A town in which a meal so little promising as breakfast could be made to take high social rank would naturally offer very great opportunities to the amenities which cluster about the tea-table. "In the days of the early Republic it was a common custom for ladies at Charleston to send their compliments to a friend, soon after breakfast, saying that if not engaged in the evening, they would take tea with her," Mr. Fraser recalls. He says, also, that he once heard these same worthy matrons compared, as they sat side by side in a row at a ball, to "a Roman Senate"! Yet they were not *merely* chaperons. For, formerly, dancing was not the exclusive amusement of the young. At the first public assembly after the Revolutionary

War the ball was opened by a minuet between General Moultrie, in full regimentals, and "a lady of suitable years," whom he afterwards married. General Moultrie was not a day less than fifty-three at this time; what the lady's "suitable years" totalled we are not informed. While we are speaking of dancing it may be noted that, in Charleston, at this period was to be seen that same tendency to the extremely décolleté in ball gowns of which we have heard in connection with Washington society and certain Baltimore belles. But, as if to compensate for undressed shoulders, the head was literally *burdened* with head-dress, frizzes and wigs. And that despite the fact that it was well known that there was a direct relation between the prevalence of the guillotine in France and the vogue of wigs in Charleston!

By the time it had become well reëstablished in prosperity Charleston began to have its "season" even as London has. But at a different time of year. For in this southern city the call to town-gaiety came at the end of January, when a joyous succession of St. Cecilias, Dancing Assembles and Philharmonic Concerts made life in the city seem exceedingly good to the young people, while, for "father," there was the Jockey Ball in the midst of a week of races. These races long made Charleston the centre of travel for all who could afford to travel.

Partly, very likely, because of the personal interest everywhere taken by the planters in the raising and training of horses the enthusiasm produced by this annual festival was such as can scarcely be conceived today. "Schools were dismissed," Mr. Fraser tells us, "and the Courts were adjourned. Clergymen thought it no impropriety to see a well-contested race; and if grave physicians played truant, they were sure to be found in the crowd on the race-ground. Every stable in the city was emptied — every saddle and bridle put into requisition, and those who could procure neither horse, saddle nor bridle enlisted as pedestrians. The concourse itself presented quite a showy and animated spectacle, from the number of well-dressed and well-mounted horsemen, and from the display of equipages and liveries. The whole week was devoted to pleasure and the interchanges of conviviality; nor were the ladies unnoticed, for the Race ball, given to them by the Jockey Club, was always the most splendid of the season."

It should not, however, be thought that this festival of the races had only its frivolous and self-indulgent side. It was, also, of tremendous commercial importance. For it was in race-week that the planter settled accounts with his factor. The factor seems to have been the purchasing agent of the country family, as well as

of his immediate employer, the planter. And he was likewise the selling agent, receiving the rice and cotton, when sent to market, and getting for it the best possible price from the merchant to whom he sold it. Moreover, the factor kept all the accounts connected with the plantation and did what he could to make them understood by his over-lord. That was a day when many a planter could read Homer and make a speech to explain the Constitution; but from the very nature of things he could not solve correctly a simple problem of arithmetic. This, then, and pretty much everything else that was hard or disagreeable, fell to the lot of the factor. Small wonder that Carolina's gentlemen not infrequently found their affairs in a hopeless muddle at some stage or other of their lives. To trust an employé is all very well; but constantly to deny him either coöperation or intelligent interest is to put a premium upon dishonesty.

Let us now, however, return to the planter's country-home as the planter himself was wont to do directly his week of racing was over. By the first of March he was back on his ancestral acres and by April the ladies were there, too, eager to enjoy the coming of spring in the country. But by May they would have to go away again, for the streams and ponds of the lowlands would then be looking green and ugly and, in a day

when the virtues of quinine were not yet understood, that meant malaria. Not until the first frost had fallen would their country-homes now see the women. But from November to January they would be there again, enjoying to the utmost the pleasures of a country winter out of doors. And Christmas, for which the Legislature always adjourned, was the culminating home-festival of the year.

A goodly, gracious life, but one so very different from that of the North that a girl coming to it as a bride [1] might quite conceivably find rather difficult the matter of adjusting herself to its trying climate and to its constant comings and goings. Theodosia Burr, who married Joseph Alston and went to Charleston to live, early in the nineteenth century, once said quite frankly that only her great love for her husband availed to make the city endurable to *her*.

[1] Brides, of course, differed then as now in their attitude towards country life. Mrs. Ralph Izard, who had been Alice de Lancey, a belle of New York, — before she married and went to live on her husband's southern plantation "The Elms," — appears to have greatly enjoyed herself in her new home. It is told of her that once, when her husband was ill, she personally managed his large estate and wrote his business letters, besides taking care of *three families of children*. No man more fully enjoyed Washington's confidence than Ralph Izard. During the Revolutionary struggle the Izards were out of the country, however, living in London, in Paris and in Rome. It was in the last named city that the striking portrait, herewith reproduced, was made of them by John Singleton Copley. From 1789-95 Ralph Izard represented his native State in the United States Senate. He died in South Bay, near Charleston, in 1804, aged 62.

Even before her marriage we find her inveighing against local conditions in a fashion quite unusual in love-letters. But then, Theodosia Burr was an exceptional person in more ways than one.

Highly exceptional was she, of course, in the passionate devotion she cherished for her father and in the way in which she believed in him and stuck to him through the many trying chapters of his extraordinary career. Parton says that it was the conviction that there must have been much good in the man who could inspire such love as Theodosia Alston gave Aaron Burr which first interested him to write the latter's biography. Nowadays, of course, we are constantly discovering that Burr was far from being the unmitigated villain American historians have too long declared him.[1]

The twelve years of Burr's married life unquestionably mark the brightest and best period of his career. He often said that Theodosia's mother, who had been the Widow Prevost when he married her, was the best woman and the finest lady he had ever known; history has never denied that little Theodosia was exceedingly fortunate in the matter of *this* parent.

[1] One ancient myth about a girl Burr is usually credited with having "ruined on a wager" has been effectually exploded, within ten years, by V. Lansing Collins, librarian at Princeton University. See *New York Sun*, January 26, 1902, for article copied from the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*.

The child was born at Albany in the summer of 1783, Burr's residence then being in New York's capital because of his political duties there. The following winter the family moved to New York and established a home in Maiden Lane, "the rent to commence when the troops leave the city." That Burr was very prosperous at this period is clear from the fact that the rent thus referred to came to something like two hundred pounds a year. Soon an even better house was taken, a mansion at the corner of Cedar and Nassau Streets surrounded by a luxurious garden in which the little Theodosia played happily for several years.

Charles Lamb once said that babies merely *as* babies have no right to our regard, adding that every child has a character of his own and should be judged by that. Aaron Burr, who came of a long line of schoolmasters and had the pedagogical instinct very strongly developed, seems to have been convinced of the truth of this. For his little daughter had scarcely passed babyhood when he began to mould her into the lovely woman she afterwards became. His absorbing interest in her was naturally greatly facilitated by her passionate devotion to him. We find from one of her mother's letters to the absent husband that their daughter, then only two years old, "cannot hear you spoken of without an apparent melancholy; insomuch

that her nurse is obliged to exert her invention to divert her, and myself avoid to mention you in her presence. She was one day indifferent to everything but your name. Her attachment is not of a common nature; though this was my opinion I avoided the remark, when Mr. Grant observed it to me as a singular instance."

The letters which passed between Burr and his wife during these years of Theodosia's childhood when, from the nature of his work, he was obliged to be much away from home, are full of thought about the education of this gifted child. Ere she is six her father directs that her writing and arithmetic must by no means be neglected and, a fortnight later, we find him giving orders that she be drilled two or three hours a day at French and arithmetic. That the child might overwork seems never to have occurred to these devoted parents. Yet to us, as we read, it seems somewhat excessive that, in July weather, a little girl of eight should be "writing and ciphering from five in the morning to eight, and also the same hours in the evening."

After Burr had purchased Richmond Hill riding occupied some of the hours Theodosia had previously given over to ciphering and many poorer children looked after her with envy as she trotted about on her pretty pony followed by a devoted slave. Then and for many years

she was a child of affluence. Not until she had left her father's house, indeed, did a shadow of misfortune fall on it or her. Except — it should immediately be added, — the death in 1794 of Mrs. Burr after a painful and lingering illness. If we needed further proof that Burr's love for this wife was compounded of friendship as well as of passion we have only to read a single one of his letters to her — and there are many of similar tone — which he sent from Philadelphia — where he was obliged to live, because then a senator — the year before her death. "It was a knowledge of your mind," he there says, "which first inspired me with a respect for that of your sex. I admit, with some regret, I confess, that the ideas which you have often heard me express in favor of female intellectual powers are founded on what I have imagined, more than what I have seen, *except in you.*" A week before he had written, "Cursed effects of fashionable education, of which both sexes are the advocates, and yours eminently the victims! If I could foresee that Theo would become a mere fashionable woman, with all the attendant frivolity and vacuity of mind, adorned with whatever grace and allurement, I would earnestly pray God to take her forthwith hence. But I yet hope by her to convince the world what neither sex appears to believe — that women have souls."

Surely it was not a mere libertine who wrote that. Nor a libertine who sat up all night a week later, in Philadelphia, reading the revolutionary book of the age on Woman's Rights. "You have heard me speak of Miss Wollstonecraft," Burr then wrote his wife, "who has done something on the French Revolution; she has also written a book entitled 'Vindication of the Rights of Woman.' I had heard it spoken of with a coldness little calculated to excite attention; but as I read with avidity and prepossession everything written by a lady, I made haste to procure it and spent the last night, almost the whole of it, in reading it. Be assured that your sex has in her an able advocate. It is, in my opinion, a work of genius. She has successfully adopted the style of Rousseau's Emilius, and her comments on that work, especially what relates to female education, contains more sense than all the other criticisms upon him which I have seen put together. I promise myself much pleasure in reading it to you." (Burr, like most pedagogical persons, had the reading-aloud habit.)

At eleven Theodosia began the study of Greek, and from that time on until her marriage her education was as nearly like that of a young man as the time of which she was a part would allow. Yet the more distinctly womanly accomplishments were by no means neglected. A

young French woman, Natalie l'Age, was taken into the family in order that Theodosia might have the advantages of French conversation, and music had early been included in her curriculum, as we find from the following letter which she wrote her stepbrother when only nine. The letter is refreshingly free from the prig-like qualities we might have expected to find in a child educated with such extreme care.

"PELHAM, October the 20th, 1792.

"DEAR BROTHER: I hope the mumps have left you. Mine left me a week ago. . . . Papa has been here and is gone again. He and the Frenchman *has* had a fray, so he keeps in fine order. The day before papa went away we had your good pig for *diner*. Mr. Chapron is in Philadelphia at the point of death with the putrid fever, and Mr. Luet, an english music master, had an elegant forte-piano which papa bought for me: it cost 33 Guineas, and it is just come home.

"I am tired of affectionate, not of being it but of writing it, so I leave it out; I am your sister,

"THEODOSIA B. BURR."

The italicized words (and there are several more of them in the full letter) are Theodosia's

own admissions of discovered slips in spelling or grammar. According to her father's plan she would use these same words and expressions again in the next letter she might write, taking care, however, not to repeat the original mistakes.

Parton has said that Mary Wollstonecraft's book was fifty years in advance of the time and this seems to me a moderate statement. Yet Burr immediately recognized the work's value and applied to the education of his only child the high principles therein advocated. In championing the new author's idea that intellectual rather than sexual intercourse should be the thing chiefly sought in marriage — because it alone could endow that institution with lasting happiness — Burr was but acting on the experience of his own married life. Admirable as were many of the women whom the great and good men of this period had chosen for their wives Mrs. Burr perhaps stands alone as the *intellectual* companion of her mate. In literary judgment she was quite her husband's equal; in moral judgment she was his superior. And so he did not fear to let their girl child read Horace and Terence in the original at ten, and attack the Greek grammar, speak French and study Gibbon not long after that date. So it came about that Theodosia Burr was the best educated woman of her time and country, and

one, too, who in other ways satisfied her father's ideal of a perfect woman nobly planned. On the eve of his duel with Hamilton Burr wrote to her, "You have completely satisfied all that my heart and affections had hoped for, or ever wished."

When Theodosia was fourteen she took her place at the head of her father's household and became his constant companion in the intervals when his duties admitted of his being at home. Her command of the French language enabled her to acquit herself with distinction when Jerome Bonaparte, Talleyrand or Volney were her father's guests. At seventeen, she was a recognized belle with many admirers ever in her wake. The man who was to capture this prize among women was, however, a Charleston youth, Joseph Alston, who, though only twenty-two, had already studied law and been admitted to the bar — this, too, in spite of the fact that he was possessed of considerable wealth in his own right and needed not to bestir himself. It was of the family home of the Alstons, "The Oaks," that Josiah Quincy wrote thus appreciatively in his journal during that visit to Charleston in 1773, reference to which has been made earlier in this chapter: "March 23. — Spent the night at Mr. Joseph Alston's, a gentleman of immense income, all of his own acquisition. His plantations, negroes, gardens

etc. are in the best order I have ever seen. He has propagated the Lisbon and Wine Island grapes with great success. I was entertained with true hospitality and benevolence by his family." This Joseph Alston died when his namesake and grandson, who was later to marry Theodosia Burr, was but a boy. In his will was the provision that young Joseph, besides inheriting "The Oaks," should be given the most liberal possible education.

Consequently, when Theodosia Burr began to quote Aristotle to her lover in order to prop up her conviction that "a man should not marry until he is six and thirty," that lover, being then only two and twenty and very much in love, replied in a very long, sufficiently learned but withal undeniably ardent letter the gist of which was that he did not care a fig what Aristotle had said about this matter, for he wanted to marry her *right off*. Already, however, Theodosia had relented. Before his elaborate arguments had had time to reach her we find her writing that she and her father were to leave New York for Albany in about two weeks, remaining there until February 10, after which time, she intimates, "my movements will depend upon my father and you." Joseph Alston was no laggard in love. In the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of February 7, 1801, we, therefore, find this notice:

"MARRIED—At Albany, on the 2nd instant, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Joseph Alston of South Carolina, to Theodosia Burr, only child of Aaron Burr, Esq."

Before the marriage Theodosia had told her lover that some of her friends, who had visited Charleston, had described it as a city of yellow fever and extreme heat, where the men were so absorbed in hunting, gaming and racing that the women scarcely ever enjoyed their society and had no pleasures but to come together in large parties, sip tea and look prim. Alston had thereupon sworn that he would be ever at her side; and events proved that he had not spoken falsely. Their marriage was a singularly happy one, indeed, and though Theodosia never ceased to yearn for her father's companionship, she was able to assure her husband "Where you are, there is my country, and in you are centred all my wishes." Yet she was undoubtedly in better health and spirits when at the North; the climate of South Carolina did not agree with her, try as she would to make the best of it. In the sultry summers she fled to the mountains and in the winter she was admired, caressed and sought after in Charleston not only for her husband's and father's sake but also for her own. Burr was now Vice-President, of course, and at the very height of his popularity. For no

child ever born in America did the prospects seem more brilliant than for his grandson and namesake, born in the home of the Alstons on June 29, 1802 — just before Theodosia was twenty.

Theodosia's twenty-first birthday may be said to mark the beginning of her years of sadness. Her father celebrated the day with a dinner-party at Richmond Hill for which he had her portrait taken down from the wall and placed in her chair at the table. "We laughed an hour, danced an hour and drank your health," he wrote. But before this letter reached her the tragedy of Weehawken had been enacted and Burr's sun had started to set. In several ways, it now developed that the bright prospects of Hamilton's slayer were illusory in the extreme. His property had been supposed to be worth two hundred thousand dollars; but he was found to be very deeply in debt. Moreover, his political position, — even before the duel, — was scarcely less hollow than his social eminence. For Jefferson had determined that Aaron Burr should not be his successor in the office of President. To Theodosia, however, it merely seemed that luck was against her father and, of course, her womanly loyalty and tenderness was more than ever stimulated in his behalf.

In December, 1805, Burr made the acquaintance of the Blennerhassetts and enlisted their interest, as he had already enlisted that of

Alston and Theodosia, in his Mexican scheme. For years it was supposed that Blennerhassett had some deep political reason for wishing to join Burr's "conspiracy," but in an article not long ago put out, by Therese Blennerhassett Adams,[1] a connection, it is disclosed that the real reason Blennerhassett so avidly joined in the scheme was because he wished to remove himself even further from those who knew him: Harman Blennerhassett had been forced by his marriage with *his own niece*, the daughter of his sister Catherine, to give up his position and his patrimony in his own country. And though there were only a few on this side of the water who knew his sad history, he stood in constant dread lest the real facts of the case come to the knowledge of his children. For this reason he was glad to join Burr. The Blennerhassetts were always very happy together, it might here be added, and the story that Burr destroyed their domestic peace should be branded as another of the fictions of history.

Their story would seem to be sufficiently strange and startling without recourse to fiction. The man, at the age of thirty-one and when heir to a splendid estate in Ireland, had been sent to escort home from school the daughter of his sister. But falling in love with her, he married her instead! She was only eighteen at the time

[1] *Century Magazine*, July, 1901.

and so, of course, was far less blamed than he. But she refused to give up the mate her heart had chosen and so, selling his property in Ireland, Blennerhassett sailed with her for America. The establishment they set up on their island in the Ohio represented an investment of $60,000, and perhaps the most blameworthy act of Burr's life was that, through his Mexican scheme, he embarrassed these people who had such great need of wealth to soften the sorrows of their life. (The Blennerhassetts had five children; in these days of "eugenics" there is perhaps no need to add that, of the five, not one turned out a comfort to the parents. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.")

To Theodosia and her husband Burr's arrest, as a result of this Mexican venture, came as a great shock. They stood valiantly by him, however, as he was tried for treason before Chief Justice Marshall at Richmond, and their loyalty had scarcely less to do than Luther Martin's eloquence with Burr's acquittal. Martin was one of the foremost geniuses of the Maryland bar at this period and his respect for Mrs. Alston was profound. Blennerhassett once said in this connection, "I find that Luther Martin's idolatrous admiration of Mrs. Alston is almost as excessive as my own, but far more beneficial to his interests and injurious to his judgment,

as it is the medium of his blind attachment to her father, whose secrets and views, past, present and to come, he is and wishes to remain ignorant of. Nor can he see a speck in the character of Alston, for the best of reasons with him — namely that Alston has such a wife."

But though Burr was acquitted he was a *persona non grata* in America. The following year, therefore, he prepared to sail for Europe. In advance of his departure, Theodosia journeyed to New York for the purpose of arranging that the debts due him should come to her. She would then remit to him. Burr was gay and confident to the last and they parted in high spirits — at any rate his spirits were high — on June 7, 1808. They never saw each other again! That summer Theodosia spent at Saratoga and the following winter she passed in retirement in New York. Her father's history, during the next four years, may be followed in detail by perusing the Diary in which he records his adventures in the various courts of Europe. To read this book as recently published in full for the delectation of bibliophiles, is to understand the Aaron Burr of the early nineteenth century and to catch a glimpse, too, of the man he subsequently became. The writer of the Diary is a less noble figure than the fond father who directed Theodosia's early education. But he is by no means a despicable person. He made

it a rule never to accept an invitation to a meal unless he had the means to buy one for himself and he held to this even when it meant, as it sometimes did, going hungry because remittances from home had failed to reach him. Charles Felton Pidgin has taken the trouble to reduce to statistical form the social attentions Burr chronicles in the Diary and he finds that in four years he had 52 invitations to breakfast, 199 to dinner, and 67 to luncheon, tea or supper. His rides and walks by invitation numbered 46; there were 166 persons who called upon him, and he made 653 visits of a business or social nature. So it cannot truthfully be said that Burr was either an outcast or a recluse during his sojourn in Europe.

For Theodosia, meanwhile, life was very sad indeed. "The world," we find her writing to her father, "begins to cool terribly around me. You would be surprised how many I supposed attached to me have abandoned the sorry losing game of disinterested friendship." Besides the cooling of old friends Theodosia now for the first time experienced real need of money! The embargo had reduced the rice planters to want and Alston had lost in the Mexican venture funds that he would now have been very glad to command. (This is the money which he forgave Burr in his will.) Moreover, the young wife's health was in a precarious state — and

the letters from her father were infrequent and discouraging.

Burr would by now have been very glad to come home but he found great difficulty in securing the necessary passport. The most potent factor in facilitating his long-delayed return was probably a letter which Theodosia wrote Mrs. Madison, in her father's behalf, a few months after Madison's elevation to the Presidency. Burr, it will be recalled, had introduced Madison to the Widow Todd. So at length the exile was permitted to sail for home, landing in Boston, penniless but with good courage, early in June, 1812.

This was to be the saddest year of the man's whole life, a year full enough to him of sorrow to serve as punishment, were such needed, for any good thing he had ever left undone and for all the bad deeds — many or few — his hot blood and over-sanguine temperament had led him to commit. For in the first letter which he received, after he arrived in New York, he learned that Aaron Burr Alston, his much-loved grandson, had ceased to be. And ere he had rallied from this blow he learned that the ship in which his daughter had sailed from Georgetown, South Carolina, to bid him welcome home in New York, had been lost at sea, no man knowing aught of its mysterious fate! Theodosia was ill, as has already been said, and her

father, being unable to obtain a satisfactory report of her condition, sent down to her a medical friend, who soon reported, "I have engaged a passage to New York for your daughter in a pilot-boat that has been out privateering but has come in here and is refitting merely to get to New York. My only fears are that Governor Alston [Theodosia's husband was now the chief official of his State] may think the mode of conveyance too undignified and object to it; but Mrs. Alston is fully bent on going. You must not be surprised," this letter concludes, "to see her very low, feeble and emaciated. Her complaint is an almost incessant nervous fever." This was the time, it will be recalled, of our second war with England. Theodosia's husband, therefore, could not leave his post of duty to accompany his wife north, as he would, under ordinary circumstances, have done. But her maid was with her as was also an old friend of her father's.

They sailed December 30, 1812, but never reached the port for which they embarked. A violent storm swept the coast on the following day and it was long supposed that the *Patriot* with all on board went down off Cape Hatteras. Not until weeks and months of despairing silence had elapsed did husband and father abandon all hope, however; and during this period of maddening suspense Aaron Burr acquired a

habit which clung to him to the end of his life — that of walking on the Battery for hours at a time wistfully scanning the horizon for the ship that did not come.

In a letter of farewell to her husband which Theodosia had written five years earlier, on an occasion when the former was away from home and she despondent and ill, there is a passage which runs, " Let my father see my son sometimes. Do not be unkind towards him whom I have loved so much. Burn all my papers except my father's letters which I beg you to return him. Adieu, my sweet boy. Love your father; be grateful and affectionate to him while he lives; be the pride of his meridian, the support of his departing days. Be all that he wishes for he made your mother happy." This letter was found by Burr, two or three years after Theodosia's disappearance, in a chest of her belongings which Alston had sent him, and was read, it will easily be understood, with a breaking heart.

And now we come to the strangest and saddest chapter of Theodosia's whole history, that which is often referred to as her " supposed fate." For many years, as has been said, it was believed that the vessel in which she embarked had been lost at sea. But, about 1833, through the confession made to his doctor by a dying man in Mobile, Alabama, the story first became

current that the lost vessel had been captured by pirates and Mrs. Alston, among others, made to "walk the plank." No confirmation of this story was obtained at the time and very little credence was placed in it. Some forty years later, however, Charles Gayarré, author of the *History of Louisiana* and other well-known works, put out a novel entitled *Fernando de Lemos*, in which the pirate incident received fictional treatment. A Dr. Rhineberg is called, in the story, to the dying pirate, Dominique You, who, when told that his disease leaves him only a few days to live, confesses painfully that "on the 3d of January, 1813, . . . in the latitude of Cape Hatteras on the coast of North Carolina, I and my fellow-pirates had met a small schooner named the *Patriot*, which had been dismantled by a late storm. . . . The officers of the vessel were slaughtered and thrown overboard with the rest of the crew. After this execution my men rushed down below and brought up to the deck a woman of surpassing beauty, deadly pale, but showing no other signs of terror. She looked at us with a sort of serene haughtiness, which was truly wonderful. She made such an impression on me, that I can almost fancy her now standing in this chamber precisely as she stood on that deck.

"'Who are you?' I said to her.

"'Theodosia Burr, the daughter of Aaron Burr, ex-vice-president of the United States, and wife of Joseph Alston, governor of South Carolina,' came the calm answer."

And then, having with difficulty restrained his men from visiting upon poor Theodosia a fate worse than death, the pirate in this story continues, "I had the plank laid out. She stepped on it and descended into the sea with graceful composure, as if she had been alighting from a carriage."

Rather surprisingly, the incorporation of this incident into a widely-circulated romance appears not to have had much influence upon the public mind. It did, however, have the effect of bringing to public attention, in 1879, through the *Washington Post*, the following story, vouched for by Mrs. Stella Edwards Pierpont Drake: "In 1850, an old man,[1] who, years before, had been a sailor, an occupant of the Cass County Poorhouse, Cassopolis, Michigan, in conversing with a lady, the wife of a Methodist minister, about his past life, filled with wrong-doing and crime, said that the act which caused him the most remorse was the tipping of the plank on which Mrs. Alston, the daughter of Aaron Burr, walked into the ocean. Said he: 'I was a sailor on a pirate vessel. We captured the vessel in which the lady was. When told she must walk

[1] This man's name was Benjamin F. Burdick.

the plank into the ocean she asked for a few moments alone, which was granted. She came forward, when told her time had expired, dressed beautifully in white, the loveliest woman I had ever seen. Calmly she stepped upon the plank. With eyes raised to the heavens and hands crossed reverently upon her bosom, she walked slowly and firmly into the ocean, without an apparent tremor. Had I refused to perform my work, as I wish with all my heart I had, my death would have been sure and certain.'

"This," concludes Mrs. Drake, "is the testimony of an almost dying man, the confession of the most terrible act of his life. It seems to me, when an old man,[1] bemoaning his life, filled with sin, makes such a confession, without any provocation whatever than the unburdening of his soul during his preparation for another life — for death came soon after — that there must be truth in his statement. The lady to whom the confession was made repeated to my grandmother, whose maiden name was Mary Edwards, and who was a cousin of Aaron Burr, the story as I have told it, as she had frequently heard her speak of the mystery concerning the death of Mrs. Alston."

Fifteen years later the *New York Mail and*

[1] Burdick told substantially the same story to a Mrs. McComber with whom he lived during his declining years.

Express copied and so gave wide publicity to a new version of the "pirate's story." Miss Bettie F. Pool, it appears, had just published in *Worthington's Magazine* an article setting forth that there had recently come to light on the North Carolina coast a portrait which there was strong reason to believe was one which the ill-starred Theodosia Alston was taking with her to her father on the vessel whose ultimate fate had never been determined. This portrait had been found by the late Dr. W. C. Pool at Nag's Head, North Carolina, in 1869, through a Mrs. Mann of that place whom he had professionally attended and who said the picture had been given to her, years before, by her first husband, one Tillett, once a member of a piratical crew. Various members of the Burr and Edwards families to whom Dr. Pool sent photographs of the portrait pronounced it, almost without exception, a likeness of Theodosia Alston.

From this time on many variations of the story appeared, the shortest and clearest being perhaps the following, printed in the *New York Times* of July 2, 1901, over the signature of Alexander Quarles Holladay, LL. D., who has since died: "Dr. William Pool, who died a few years ago, a distinguished physician of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, was for many years in the habit of spending some weeks of

summer at Nag's Head,[1] a surf-bathing resort on the narrow strip of sand known as the Peninsula, separating the great inner sounds of North Carolina from the Atlantic. Near this little summer village, years ago, lived in sullen, suspicious seclusion Mrs. Tillett, the aged widow of Joseph Tillett, who, as far back as 1808, held a sort of eminence among his fellow-wreckers and fishermen, and who died before 1850.

"It so happened during one of Dr. Pool's sojourns at Nag's Head that his professional skill saved the life of the granddaughter of Mrs. Tillett, the only creature for whom her morose old age seemed to feel strong affection, and from this time the aged woman exhibited some feeling of gratitude toward the generous doctor, who, with each returning summer, renewed his acquaintance, often ministering to her wants and infirmities. At last she told him that she would not live to see him return and she wished to give him the only thing she possessed that he might value as a small acknowledgment of his long-continued kindness to her, and to his surprise she placed in his hands a well-painted and handsome portrait of a high-bred lady, of which, in answer to his urgent inquiry, she

[1] That wreckers formerly lived in this little coast settlement is certain. The very name of the place, *Nag's Head*, came from the fact that they used a lantern hung from the neck of an old nag (who was then led up and down the beach) to decoy passing craft.

reluctantly gave this account as coming from her former husband, Joseph Tillett." And then followed the story of a lost ship with any criminal share Tillett might have had in the scuttling of it carefully omitted. "Dr. Pool never felt sure," the writer of the article says, "that he had been told the whole truth." He concludes: "The portrait still hangs on the walls of the old Pool residence in Elizabeth City, and is in the possession of gentle people who will not refuse inspection of it to any serious inquirer."

The daughter of the painter Sully, herself a sculptor, once pronounced this portrait to be clearly of Theodosia Burr Alston, it is interesting to know, and various other authorities have confirmed her view. Those who are interested to follow all the details of the controversy excited by the "pirate confessions" and by the "claims for the portrait" are referred to C. F. Pidgin's painstaking review of the whole matter in his book, *Theodosia*. The portrait itself is still in an excellent state of preservation and is now owned by Dr. Pool's daughter, Mrs. Overman of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, who has courteously sent me the photograph of it herewith reproduced.

CHAPTER VI

RICHMOND AND SOME FAMOUS VIRGINIAN HOMES

AT the outbreak of the Revolution Richmond was smaller than either Fredericksburg or Norfolk and possessed far less importance; its sole claim to be a capital lay in its geographical situation. St. John's Church, on the hill, and Col. Byrd's residence, Belvidere, were the only impressive buildings then to be seen as one approached the place. The settlement was, in very truth, but a collection of disjointed country villages lying around a central trading-station. What the city lacked in splendid architecture it made up in noble men, however, chief of these being, of course, Patrick Henry, that extraordinary figure whose matchless courage, fiery eloquence and compelling magnetism placed him, early in his public career, among the undying heroes of our country. It was in old St. John's that the second Virginian convention of delegates assembled in March, 1775; here it was, therefore, that Henry made that great speech, with its climax, "Give me liberty or give me death," thus stepping

forth " at the appointed time, like one of the ancient prophets, burdened with a message of wisdom and hope." [1]

It was not, however, until 1779, when Thomas Jefferson was chief officer of the State, that the seat of government was removed from Williamsburg to Richmond. The foundation of the new Capitol was laid August 18, 1785. Jefferson stood sponsor for the model which was used — that of the *Maison Carrée* at Nimes, France — considering that structure " one of the most beautiful, if not *the* most beautiful and precious morsels of architecture left us by antiquity . . . very simple but noble beyond expression." Unfortunately, the Richmond edifice did not measure up to the hopes cherished for it; but it was far from being a commonplace building.

Very great credit for the evolution of the shabby little trading-place into a really impressive city is due to Colonel John Mayo, proprietor and founder of the celebrated Mayo Bridge, just below the falls of the James River at Richmond. Colonel Mayo obtained a charter for this bridge in 1785 but, finding that this

[1] Most of us know Patrick Henry only as an orator. He *was* that; " by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard," George Mason, himself a man of great ability, pronounced him. " But," Mason continues, " his eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is, in my opinion, the first man upon this continent as well in abilities as in public virtues." Henry was born at " Studley," sixteen miles from Richmond, May 29, 1736.

was all he was likely to obtain from the State, boldly built the structure at his own expense, being laughed at, the while, as an ill-balanced experimenter. Only ridicule had greeted his petition for a charter, one prominent member of the Legislature observing "that after passing *that* bill he supposed they would pass one to build a ladder to the moon."

Colonel Mayo's wife was Abigail De Hart, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and their eldest daughter, Maria, became the reigning belle of the day. She was a great beauty, wrote and repeated poetry charmingly and sang and played exquisitely on the harp. Moreover, she was so fascinating in manner that one hundred suitors are said to have been refused by her ere she married General Winfield Scott. Even he did not win her easily. She said him nay as Mr. Scott, again as Captain Scott, and still again as Colonel Scott. But when he came to her as *General* Scott, hero of Lundy's Lane, and begged for the honor of her hand, she capitulated and they were married at Bellville, on the evening of March 11, 1817, to the accompaniment of what a letter of the times describes as "splendid doings."

In a charming article entitled "Some Richmond Portraits," published in the *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1885, there is a little sketch of Richmond Society during this period. The

cravat, we are told, was an important part of a gentleman's toilet, and a Richmond exquisite "vested himself like a silk-worm in its ample folds." His valet held one end and he the other of the long thin texture, the former walking around his master till both ends met, when they were tied in a large bow. The Richmond exquisite who could not afford a valet tied one end of his cravat to the bed-post and then began the exercise which served to equip him with a properly swathed neck.

A highly entertaining glimpse of Richmond social life in 1807 is afforded by a racy passage in one of Washington Irving's letters. "By some unlucky means or other," he writes, "when I first made my appearance in Richmond, I got the character among three or four novel-read damsels of being an interesting young man; now of all characters in the world, believe me, this is the most intolerable for any young man, who has a will of his own to support; particularly in warm weather. The tender-hearted fair ones think you absolutely at their command; they conclude that you must, of course, be fond of moonlight walks and rides at daybreak, and red-hot strolls in the middle of the day, (Fahrenheit's Thermom. 98½ in the shade) and 'melting-hot,' 'hissing-hot' tea parties; and what is worse they expect you to talk sentiment and act Romeo, and Sir Charles and King Pepin

all the while. 'Twas too much for me; had I been in love with any of them I believe I could have played the dying swain as eloquently and foolishly as most men; but not having the good luck to be inspired by the tender passion, I found the slavery insupportable; so I forthwith set about ruining my character as speedily as possible. I forgot to go to tea parties; overslept myself of a morning; I protested against the moon and derided that blessed planet most villainously. In a word, I was soon given up as a young man of most preposterous and incorrigible opinions, and was left to do e'en just as I pleased."

The occasion which had brought Irving to Richmond was the trial for treason of Aaron Burr, of which we have heard in a previous chapter. Irving had no connection of any importance with this *cause célèbre*, but the presiding judge, Chief Justice Marshall, was a Richmond man of such high qualities and delightful simplicity as must particularly have appealed to a student and writer of Irving's temperament. Judge Marshall was wont to market for himself and might often be seen, at an early hour, returning home with a pair of fowls or a basket of eggs in his hand. For many years he traveled the nearly two hundred miles between Richmond and Raleigh, where he held Federal Court, in a vehicle known as a "stick gig," with one horse

and no attendant. He wrote his own epitaph [1] in order that only the bare facts of his life should there find a place.

Another famous lawyer who should be connected with the Richmond of this era — in spite of the fact that we always associate him chiefly with Kentucky — is Henry Clay. Clay was born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777, the son of a Baptist minister who died early. Thus it was that the boy had a childhood marked by extreme poverty and was obliged, at fourteen, to begin life as a handy-lad in a small retail store of Richmond. The study of law early began to attract him, however, and he was soon admitted to the bar. His great success in his profession began soon after his removal to Lexington, Kentucky, which State he represented in Washington for the greater part of the half century between the winter of 1806, when he was first a senator, to the year 1852 when he died. He was recognized as the most distinguished spokesman of the South to be found in Washington. Though not so keen as Calhoun he possessed the rare faculty of inspiring his hearers by his fervid appeals and filling them with his own enthusiasm. For the election of 1832 he was run as candidate for

[1] Judge Marshall's home at the time of his death, in 1835, and for many years previously, was the two-story brick building (erected 1795) at the corner of 9th and Marshall Streets.

President by the National Republican party which had been formed under his leadership.

The favorite amusement of Richmond in early Republican days was loo and it is sad to add that the Richmond ladies played it to excess. They would meet at each other's houses of an afternoon, enjoy tea and gossip, and then play loo for stakes which often grew quite heavy as the afternoon waned. For, although the sums ventured at first were always small, the amounts in the pool were allowed to accumulate, until, with forfeits, they often totalled seventy-five or one hundred dollars. "The practice of playing thus became at last a social evil; domestic duties were neglected, mothers forgot their children, wives rifled the pocket books of their husbands; gentlemen gambled away their gold vest-buttons and ladies their ear-rings and bracelets, carried away by the mad spirit of loo."

All the writers of the period credit to the burning of the Richmond Theatre, December 26, 1811, the change from these light and careless ways to the graver and more serious tone which soon characterized Richmond society. "The families seated on the hills," one of these writers says, "were a polished, refined, sociable, pleasure-loving community, gathered from the different counties because, from time immemorial, the

wealth and fashion and beauty of Virginia had assembled at the capital, particularly at the time of the sessions of the General Assembly. The theatre was one and but one of their occasional amusements, and not the one of the highest refinement. An old-fashioned Virginia dining party, select in its company, unlimited in its elegant preparations, was unbounded in its refined indulgence of the appetite, and the delicate attentions of social intercourse. Here was the display of taste in dress, elegance in manners, powers of conversation and every accomplishment that adorns society. The theatre was a promiscuous gathering for a few hours, less attractive than the dining or dancing party, but one of the round of pleasure that occupied the time of the fashionable and the wealthy.

"On that fatal night (December 26, 1811) the benefit of an admired actor enlisted the feelings of the community. Mr. Smith, Governor of the State, Venable, president of the Bank of Virginia, Botts, an eminent lawyer, members of the Assembly, matronly ladies, fascinating belles, blooming girls, officers of the army and navy, men and youth from the city and country, were collected in one splendid group, such as a theatre seldom sees. Alas! that such a gathering should be for death, a most terrible death! An order was given about the light. The boy that held the strings objected — 'that it would

set the scenery on fire.' The order was repeated. The boy obeyed. And immediately the theatre was in flames." [1]

Seventy-two individuals, the flower of Richmond and the State, perished in this fire, and since none of the bereaved could recognize their own dead, a common burial was held. The whole city was in mourning; and the whole city seemed, too, with one accord to acknowledge "God's providence in the concurrence of circumstances preceding the catastrophe. The gallantry, and heroism, and blind fatality of that suffering night have never been surpassed," declares Dr. Foote, "and never perhaps has the sudden destruction of men, women and children in one overwhelming ruin produced a greater moral effect. All classes in the community bowed down before the Lord. Christians were moved to efforts of kindness and love that the gospel might be preached abundantly in Richmond."

Up to this time, rather curiously, Richmond had no church — except the venerable and out-of-the-way St. John's — but this lack of conveniently-situated edifices for the accommodation of different faiths gave rise to a very excellent custom — that of using for church-worship the Hall of the House of Delegates. Here, on alternate Sundays, Parson Buchanan, an Episcopalian, and Parson Blair, a Presbyterian,

[1] *Sketches of Virginia*, by Rev. William Henry Foote, D. D.

presided over a pulpit which disappeared on week days. And, such was the spirit of tolerance and liberality which their fraternalism inspired, that it soon came to be the custom for the individuals of the two separate congregations to come *every* Sabbath! Moreover, Mr. Buchanan, being a bachelor and well-to-do, gladly shared all his fees with Mr. Blair, a married man blessed with a large family. Once an amusing joke was played on the latter by reason of this custom. Mr. Buchanan had gone thirty miles into the country to perform the marriage service and had hired a carriage for two days with which to make the journey. His fee was ten dollars. Whereupon he presented his Presbyterian brother with the following bill:

The Rev. J. D. Blair
To the Rev. J. Buchanan

To hire of a carriage two days at $5	$10
To horse feed and other expenses to and fro	$ 3
	$13
By wedding fee	$ 5
Balance due to J. Buchanan	$ 8

Presbyterians and Episcopalians now subscribed with equal eagerness and generosity to the Monumental Church which it was determined to erect on the site of the theatre, as a memorial to the fire-victims, and for some time it remained

undecided to which form of worship the resulting edifice should be dedicated. Finally the majority vote was cast in the interest of the Episcopalians with the result that, in February, 1814, Dr. Moore of New York was elected rector of the church and became bishop of the diocese. But the fraternal feelings remained undisturbed, Mr. Buchanan continuing to extend to Mr. Blair's successor the generous help he insisted to be the right of a bachelor towards a brother-pastor responsible for wife and children.

Among the lovely women who had perished in the theatre fire was Mrs. Joseph Gallego, wife of a native of Malaga, Spain, who, with Jean Auguste Chevallié, had built up the famous Gallego Mills of Richmond. Chevallié, whose wife was the sister of Mrs. Gallego, had first come to Richmond in 1790, as agent of the celebrated Beaumarchais in the latter's claim against the United States Government for moneys advanced during the American Revolution. This claim was finally settled in 1835, at which time Beaumarchais's family accepted about one-third of the sum originally demanded. How there came to be a claim at all constitutes one of the most romantic chapters [1] in the unwritten history of the Revolution.

[1] Some of my readers may be interested to look up a paper of mine on *Franklin and the French Intriguers*, published in *Appleton's Magazine* for February, 1906.

Most of us know Beaumarchais, the talented son of a watchmaker, only as author of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro." But in addition to being a literary man of parts Beaumarchais was a "king's man," one whose services to Louis XV had been so numerous and so varied that his biographer, Loménie, was able to win a place among the Immortals merely by chronicling them. One of the most cherished traditions inherited by Louis XVI from his grandfather was that nobody could perform difficult and delicate services so well as Beaumarchais.

The only individual who surpassed the watchmaker's son in resourcefulness and in skill as a secret-service agent was that extraordinary person known as the Chevalier d'Eon, who, because he had once served his king at the Court of Russia in the disguise of a woman, has come down to us in history as a woman who pretended to be a man. To Beaumarchais d'Eon "confessed," on a certain occasion, that he was in truth a woman, and to color his assertion declared that he was at that very moment consumed by a passion for Beaumarchais! For once the tricky watchmaker was tricked! In Beaumarchais's subsequent letters to de Vergennes, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, concerning the proposition that France should help America in her struggle for independence,

there can be found no evidence that either in the least suspected d'Eon to be deceiving them. Bram Stoker asserts [1] that when d'Eon returned to France modestly clad in *coif* and petticoats he had assumed the female garb merely to indulge a whim of Marie Antoinette's; the fact is, however, that d'Eon was compelled by Louis XVI to wear the clothes that " belonged " to his sex if he wished to return to France at all! And the interesting and curious thing, for our present purpose, is, that it is *the king's order directing Chevalier d'Eon to assume woman's clothes* which supplies the introduction to Beaumarchais's accredited connection with the American Revolution. Beaumarchais had presented to the Count de Vergennes for replies in the king's own hand (before his departure for London, December 13, 1775) a series of " essential points " regarding the Chevalier d'Eon's clothes, and *on the same paper*, in the course even of the same dialogue, he passes to the American affair and seeks to gain by assault the king's adhesion to plans with which he had been pursuing him for some time. " Finally I request before starting," he writes, " a positive answer to my last note, for if ever a question was important it must be admitted that it is this one." The " question " here alluded to was none other than that of French help for the Americans.

[1] In *Famous Impostors*.

Beaumarchais's [1] desire to enlist France definitely on the side of America had been greatly stimulated by certain talks he had enjoyed at the London home of John Wilkes with Arthur Lee, that mischievous person of whom Franklin once said superlatively: "In sowing jealousies and suspicions, in creating quarrels and misunderstandings among friends, in malice, subtlety and indefatigable industry Arthur Lee has, I think, no equal." Lee made Beaumarchais believe that England, France's "natural enemy," must soon totter to ruins unless she stopped making war with America. He also helped the wily playwright to see that, for Beaumarchais,

[1] Beaumarchais was in this affair as in all others a soldier of fortune. Chevalier d'Eon, on the contrary, was a man of parts whom Louis XV had been glad to honor and to trust. Court intrigues and the fact that d'Eon possessed certain papers which jealous rivals greatly desired to have in their own hands inspired the journey of Beaumarchais in the course of which came d'Eon's extraordinary "confession." The Chevalier's object in making the "confession" was doubtless that he might wring better terms from Beaumarchais. It is possible that Beaumarchais, when he learned that he had been duped, conceived the diabolical idea of *forcing* d'Eon to remain a "woman," or submit to exile. M. de Flassan, the grave author of the *History of French Diplomacy*, asserts in his volume, published in 1809 (the year before d'Eon's death) that "this curious person was possessed by a mania for playing the part of a man." In his old age d'Eon taught sword-play in London for a living, thus eking out the pension of £40 granted him by George III. He died in May, 1810, and his sex was then indisputably established by a post-mortem examination of his remains, made before several witnesses of position and repute, in accordance with the wishes of the Chevalier's friends, who determined thus to settle a mooted question for all time.

there would be a fortune, and for him, Arthur Lee, undying fame, if only France could be persuaded to send munitions of war to America without *seeming* to take any part in the dispute. Thus it came about that "Roderigue Hortalez & Co." began to have much business with the Congress of the United States; and because of Arthur Lee's duplicity Beaumarchais, the leading member of that firm, was soon forced to employ an agent to "collect." But what a very long way we have wandered from Richmond because the sister of that agent's wife was one of the ladies who perished in the burning of the theatre!

Just before the burning of the theatre the mother of Edgar Allan Poe was a member of the troupe of local players. Mrs. Poe was an actress of very real ability, but her health had for some years now been failing and her family, on the verge of destitution, soon became an object for the charity of Richmond ladies. In the *Enquirer* of November 29, 1811, appeared the following card:

"☞ TO THE HUMANE

"On this night, Mrs. Poe lingering on the bed of disease and surrounded by her children, asks your assistance; and *asks it perhaps for the last time.*"

A few days later, December 8, she died and her two little ones, Edgar and Rosalie, were

adopted into the homes of Mrs. Allan, a young married woman of twenty-five, and of her friend, Mrs. MacKenzie. Each child soon received in baptism, at the hands of Dr. Buchanan, the family name of the home thus extended.

John Allan, who had constituted himself Edgar's guardian, was in the tobacco business, and so prospered, as Richmond's trade in this commodity increased, that in 1815, he went over to London to establish a branch office. Thus it came about that the impressionable dark-eyed lad who had won his wife's heart, had the benefit for several formative years of English schooling and an English environment. The year 1820 found Poe back in the Virginian city, however, and it was there that the early years of his young manhood were passed. Woodberry [1] has a charming chapter on the family of which he was at this time a part and on the life he led with them. "The Allans," we learn, "belonged to the most cultivated and agreeable society that Virginia knew in the days of her old-fashioned and justly-famed courtesy and hospitality and a boyhood spent in association with such gentlemen as Edgar constantly and familiarly met could not fail to be both pleasant and of the highest utility in forming both manner and character. . . . In his home life he was indulged by the ladies of the family and the

[1] *Life of Edgar Allan Poe*, Vol. I.

servants as a pet of the house. . . . For he was always a favorite with women."

The first Mrs. Allan died during the West Point training upon which Edgar soon embarked, and her husband married, in October, 1830, a lady who promptly presented him with a son and heir of his own blood. This event marked the end of Poe's intimate connection with Richmond; for very soon now he went forth to make his own way in the world.

A very romantic love-affair of Richmond in early Republican days was that of Maria Ward and John Randolph of Roanoke. The attachment began in Randolph's early boyhood and became, according to the writer[1] already referred to, " the one enthralling passion of Randolph's manhood, filling his whole being, until, as he himself said, ' he loved her better than his own soul or Him that created it.' " A picture of Randolph, made at the period when he was the accepted lover of Maria Ward, shows him to have been, then, a singularly handsome youth, with dark and luminous eyes and a profusion of soft black hair which would have gone far, had he been much less Indian in other ways than he proved himself, to establish his direct descent from Pocahontas. But though he was a handsome youth and though his wooing of Maria Ward was long and ardent he was never to have

[1] Of *Some Richmond Portraits.*

the happiness of calling her his wife. Why their engagement came abruptly to an end no one knows. But one day they parted abruptly after an interview marked on her part by tears and on his by a furious galloping away for all time from the house which was her home.

They never met again; but, one day, learning that she was staying at a house in the neighborhood, he lingered long on the porch to hear her sing the songs they two had loved. And while she, all unconscious of his nearness, rendered one after another, the tender ballads associated with their courtship he strode up and down outside like a madman muttering, in the anguish of his heart, "Macbeth hath murdered sleep; Macbeth can sleep no more." Maria Ward married Peyton Randolph, son of Edmund Randolph, who had been Governor of Virginia and Secretary of State under Washington. She died in 1826, still as lovely as a girl though then forty-two. Her discarded lover continued to be a somewhat violent person. He once came in contact, while in Congress, with Thomas Mann Randolph, who had married Jefferson's daughter Martha. So bitter were the words exchanged in their debate that a duel was arranged between them but the actual encounter was, happily, prevented.

Lafayette's return to Richmond, in 1824, was a signal for great rejoicing and for very elab-

orate entertainment. For the ball given in his honor the quadrangle formed by the surrounding buildings and galleries of the Eagle Hotel was floored over and covered with awnings. Yet it was to quite another part of Virginia that Lafayette turned with greatest eagerness — to the home on the Potomac where, a few years previously, he had visited Washington in his retirement. The great General was now no more but, for a few solemn moments, Lafayette stood inside the enclosure of the tomb near the river alone with the ashes of his revered friend. To George Washington Lafayette Mount Vernon had been a hospitable home during the troubled period of the French Revolution, its stately owner having then borne to him the relation of a tender guardian.

To none of the young Frenchmen, indeed, who, at this period of France's history — or earlier — came to America does Washington appear to have been indifferent. Louis Philippe and his two brothers and the Duc de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt were among the General's most welcome visitors. The latter probably particularly pleased Washington by his sturdy declaration: "In the days of my power, under the ancient régime of France, I had fifty servants to wait upon me, but yet my coat was never as well brushed as now that I do it myself." It was this nobleman, it will be re-

membered, who had taken to Louis XVI at Versailles news of the storming of the Bastille, and to that monarch's exclamation, "It is a revolt!" had replied tersely, "Sire, it is a revolution!"

That this young Duke had the gift of writing as well as that of repartee we find from his book describing his travels in America. Particularly keen were his observations and comments on Virginian home life. "The Virginians generally," he declared, "enjoy a character for hospitality which they truly deserve; they are fond of company; their hospitality is sincere, and may perhaps be the reason for their spending more than they should do; for, in general they are not rich, especially in clear income. You find therefore, very frequently, a table well served and covered with plate, in a room where half the windows have been broken for ten years past, and will probably remain so ten years longer. But few houses are in a tolerate state of repair and no part of their buildings is kept better than the stables, because the Virginians are fond of hunting, races, and in short of all pleasures and amusements that render it necessary to take peculiar care of horses, which are the fashion of the day." [1]

Another observant Frenchman, writing at about the same time, claims that the only thing for which an average Virginian gentleman would

[1] *Travels Through the United States*, 1795-97: London, 1799.

exert himself even a little was the oversight of his stables. Witness this account of a strenuous (?) day. "He rises about nine o'clock. He, perhaps, may make an exertion to walk as far as his stables to see his horse, — which are seldom more than fifty yards from his house. He returns between nine and ten to breakfast, which is generally of tea or coffee, bread and butter, and very thin slices of venison, ham or hung beef. He then lies down on a pallet, on the floor in the coolest room in the house in his shirt and trowsers [sic] only with a negro at his head and another at his feet to fan him and keep off the flies. Between twelve and one he takes a draft of bombo or toddy, a liquor composed of water, sugar, rum and nutmeg which is made weak and kept cool. He dines between two and three and at every table, whatever else there may be, a ham and greens of cabbage are always a standing dish. At dinner, he drinks cider, toddy, punch, port, claret or Madeira, which is generally excellent here. Having drank some few glasses of wine after dinner, he returns to his pallet with his two blacks to fan him and continues to drink toddy or sangaree all the afternoon. He does not always drink tea. Between nine and ten in the evening he eats a light supper of milk and fruit or wine sugar and fruit and almost immediately retires to bed for the night."

If Washington had adopted a regimen approximating this he might have lived to a green old age on his charming rural estate. Instead he wore himself out riding about his farms throughout the long hot summer, surveying and carrying his compass himself.[1]

There is a delightful anecdote about Washington as a good Samaritan to some people who had met misfortune near his country-home, which, I think, illustrates better than anything else I have ever encountered the great man's real kindliness. John Bernard, who tells this story in his *Retrospections of America*[2] was an English actor over here to practice his profession; but he spent his summers touring about the country. One day in the summer of 1798, Bernard found himself not far from Alexandria just as a chaise bearing a young man and young woman was overturned in the road before him.

[1] In the autumn of 1799, while thus engaged, he was thrown by his horse and sustained a slight accident of which he made light; and in the following December he similarly refused to take such notice as would have been wise of a wetting sustained while going about outdoors in a snowstorm. Yet he had then contracted the cold which two days later (December 14, 1799) caused his death. He was quietly buried in the old tomb on Mount Vernon's hill-side after ample opportunity had been given to his lovers, friends and neighbors to gaze upon his noble face as he lay on the river-piazza under the open sky. Two and a half years later Mrs. Washington was laid beside him. Both their tombs are now viewed each year by reverent thousands in the spot which the General himself had selected to be his final resting-place and to which removal of his remains was made in 1837.

[2] Published by Harper and Brothers: New York, 1887.

To assist him in caring for the couple and setting up their overturned vehicle a horseman came galloping up and for at least half an hour, under the meridian sun in the middle of July, the two hauled and helped and lifted together. Then, the couple having been sent gratefully on their way, the actor turned to survey his fellow-helper and found him "a tall, erect, well-made man, evidently advanced in years, but who appeared to have retained all the vigor and elasticity resulting from a life of temperance and exercise. His dress was a blue coat buttoned to his chin and buckskin breeches. Though the instant he took off his hat I could not avoid the recognition of familiar lineaments — which, indeed, I was in the habit of seeing on every sign-post and over every fire-place — still I failed to identify him, and, to my surprise, I found I was an object of equal speculation in his eyes. A smile at length lighted them up and he exclaimed, 'Mr. Bernard, I believe?' I bowed. 'I had the pleasure of seeing you perform last winter in Philadelphia.' I bowed again, and he added. . . . 'You must be fatigued. If you will ride up to my house, which is not a mile distant, you can prevent any ill-effects of this exertion by a couple of hours' rest.'

"I looked round for his dwelling, and he pointed to a building, which, the day before,

I had spent an hour in contemplating. 'Mount Vernon!' I exclaimed; and then, drawing back with a stare of wonder, 'have I the honor of addressing General Washington?' With a smile, whose expression of benevolence I have rarely seen equalled, he offered his hand and replied, 'An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard; but I am pleased to find that you can play so active a part in private and without a prompter.'"

And then, as they rode to Mount Vernon together, Bernard tells us that he could not but think that he had witnessed one of the strongest evidences of a great man's claim to his reputation — "the prompt, impulsive working of a heart which, having made the good of mankind its religion, was never so happy as in practically displaying it." That afternoon, as they were waited on by a slave, Washington confessed to his visitor that he not only prayed for freedom for the blacks but could "clearly foresee that nothing but the rooting out of slavery can perpetuate the existence of our union!"

Perhaps the very best example of Virginian country life in the days of the early Republic may be gleaned from following the daily routine of this great man after he had retired to Mount Vernon from Philadelphia. One of the final festivities given to him in the city where he had served as President was a splendid

banquet in a hall hung with many paintings, among them one of Mount Vernon, the home to which he was about to hasten and towards which, as we now know, his heart had long been yearning. On the day preceding his retirement he wrote to Henry Knox, formerly his fellow-soldier and more recently his political coadjutor, " To the weary traveller who sees a resting place and is bending his body to lean thereon I now compare myself. . . . But although the prospect of retirement is most grateful to my soul and I have not a wish to mix again in the great world, or to partake in its politics, yet I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet) the few intimates whom I love; and among these, be assured, you are one. . . . The remainder of my life which, in the course of nature, cannot be long, will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from the noisy and bustling world, none would more than myself be regaled by the company of those I esteem, at Mount Vernon."

For a time company was impossible, however, because, as Washington wrote, " there is scarcely a room to put a friend into or to sit in myself without the music of hammers and the odoriferous scent of paint." Yet he was soon able to welcome guests; and so found himself living the ideal life he thus outlines to Oliver Wolcott:

"To make and sell a little flour annually, to repair houses going fast to ruin, to build one for the security of my papers of a public nature, and to amuse myself in agricultural and rural pursuits. . . . If also I could now and then meet the friends I esteem, it would fill the measure and add zest to my enjoyments; but if ever this happens it must be under my own vine and fig tree, as I do not think it probable that I shall go beyond twenty miles from them."

Into the task of building up his long-neglected estate Washington threw himself with characteristic energy. "I begin my diurnal course with the sun," he wrote James McHenry, "and if my hirelings are not in their places at that time I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; . . . then comes breakfast at a little after seven o'clock, and this being over I mount my horse and ride around my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces come, as they say, out of respect to me. . . . The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candle light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage

in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded you will not require a second edition of it. But it may strike you that, in this detail, no mention is made of any time allotted for reading. The remark would be just, for I have not looked into a book since I came home nor shall I be able to do it until I have discharged my workmen; probably not before the nights grow longer, when possibly I may be looking in Doomsday Book."

The rather melancholy reflection with which this letter closes was not an uncommon mood with Washington at this time. There is no question about it; his arduous tasks of a lifetime had left him very tired. The throngs of people who came to see him "out of respect" wearied him, too, and because of this he soon engaged that his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, should plan to make his home at Mount Vernon for at least a part of the time. "Your aunt and I," he wrote this young man, "are both in the decline of life and regular in our habits, especially in our hours of rising and going to bed, so I require some person (fit and proper) to ease me of the trouble of entertaining company, particularly of nights, as it is my inclination to retire (and unless prevented by very

particular company I always do retire) either to bed or to my study soon after candle light. In taking those duties (which hospitality obliges one to bestow on company) off my hands, it would render me a very acceptable service."

Lawrence Lewis accordingly made arrangements to spend a good deal of time at Mount Vernon, doing this the more gladly, we may be sure, because he soon fell in love with pretty Nelly Custis,[1] Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, who with her brother, George W. P. Custis, had been adopted by the General at their father's death. Washington was very fond of this charming young girl and one of the most delightful products of his pen is a letter of half-humorous, half-serious advice sent her when her love-affairs were perplexing her a bit and when, woman-like, she had protested that she did not care a fig for any of the men she knew and so was determined "not to give herself a moment's uneasiness on their account." Washington shrewdly questioned her power to adhere to this resolution and wrote:[2] "Men and women feel the same inclination towards each other *now* that they always have done, and which they will continue to do until there is a new order of things; and you, as others have done, may find

[1] Lawrence Lewis and Nelly Custis were married on Washington's birthday, 1799.

[2] MS. letter quoted in Irving's *Life of Washington.*

that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon nor too strongly of your insensibility. . . . Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth or much stinted in its growth. . . . Although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard. . . . When the fire is beginning to kindle and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it. Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character? A man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and as my sisters do live? And is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If all these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one. Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated."

No man knew better than Washington all that a satisfying domestic life means. To men who wrote him of an approaching or a consummated happy marriage he replied quite as frankly and fully as he had written Nelly Custis. There is extant a delightful letter sent by him to the Marquis de Chastellux when that Frenchman, of whom he appears to have been sincerely fond, sent to him the news of his recent nuptials. The letter is earlier, in point of time, than the one to Nelly Custis, but it may very well be given here, none the less, inasmuch as it shows Washington in his most genial mood.

"MOUNT VERNON, April 25, 1788.

"MY DEAR MARQUIS: In reading your very friendly and acceptable letter of 21st of December, 1787 [the Marquis had then been back in France for five years] which came to hand by the last mail, I was, as you may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised to come across that plain American word 'my wife' — a Wife! — Well, my dear Marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling to find that you are caught at last. I saw, by the Eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America, that you had swallowed the bait and that you would as surely as you are a philosopher and a soldier, be taken one day or other. So your day has at length come. I am glad of it with

all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you. *Now* you are well served for coming to fight in favour of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic ocean, by catching that terrible contagion which like the small-pox or the plague, a man can have only once in his life, because it commonly lasts him (at least with us in America — I don't know how you manage these matters in France) for his lifetime. And yet after all the maledictions you so richly merit on the subject the worst wish I can find it in my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself is that you may neither of you get the better of this domestic felicity during the course of your mortal existence.

"If so wonderful an event should have occasioned me, my dear Marquis, to have written in a strange style, you will understand me as clearly as if I had said what in plain English is the simple truth: do me the justice to believe that I take a heartfelt interest in whatever concerns your happiness; and in this view I sincerely congratulate you on your auspicious matrimonial connection.

"I am happy to find that Mme. de Chastellux is so intimately connected with the Duchess of Orleans, as I have always understood that this noble lady was an illustrious pattern of connubial love as well as an excellent model of virtue in general.

"While you have been making love under the banner of Hymen, the great personages of the north have been making war under the inspiration or rather the infatuation of Mars. Now for my part I humbly conceive you had much the best and wisest of the bargain; for certainly it is much more consonant to all the principles of reason and religion (natural and revealed) to replenish the earth with inhabitants rather than de-populate it by killing those already in existence; besides it is the time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end.

"Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, don't care, I suppose, how many seeds of war are sown; but for the sake of humanity, it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employment of agriculture and the humanizing benefits of commerce, should supersede the waste of war, and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into ploughshares — the spears into pruning hooks — and as the Scripture expresses it, 'the nations learn war no more.' . . . Hitherto there has been much greater unanimity in the favour of the proposed government here than could reasonably have been expected. Should the Constitution be adopted (and I think it will be) America will lift up her head again and in a few years become respectable among the nations.

It is a flattering and consolatory reflection that our rising republic has the good wishes of all philosophers, patriots and virtuous men in all nations and that they look upon it as a kind of asylum for mankind. God grant that we may not be disappointed in our honest expectations by our folly or perverseness!

"With sentiments of the purest attachment and esteem, I have the honour to be, my dear Marquis, your most obedient and humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"The Marquis de Chastellux."

This likable young Marquis had made some observations of his own on Virginian home life which are not without interest. "These people," he said, "have the reputation and with reason of living nobly in their houses and of being hospitable. They give strangers not only a willing but a liberal reception. This arises on one hand from their having no large towns where they may assemble, by which means they are little acquainted with society, except from the visits they make; and, on the other, their land and their negroes furnishing them with every article of consumption and the necessary service this renowned hospitality costs them very little. . . . The chief magnificence of the Virginians consists in furniture, linen and plate; in which they resemble our ancestors who had

neither cabinets nor wardrobes in their castles but contented themselves with a well-stored cellar and a handsome buffet. If they sometime dissipate their fortunes it is by gaming, hunting and horse-races; but the latter are of some utility inasmuch as they encourage the breed of horses, which are really very handsome in Virginia."

The great number of slaves everywhere to be encountered in the South (Chastellux says there were two hundred thousand in Virginia alone) suggested to this traveler the desirability of wiping out this unfortunate institution. The method he recommends seems to us startling, to put it mildly: "The best expedient," he says, "would be to export a great number of males, and to encourage the marriage of white men with the females!"

In this connection it seems worth while to add that the contemporary translator of Chastellux's *Travels*, if not the Marquis himself, found much that was shocking in the negro situation of that day. "I have frequently seen in Virginia, on visits to gentlemen's houses," the latter asserts, "young negroes and negresses running about or basking in the court-yard naked as they came into the world . . . and young negroes from sixteen to twenty years old, with not an article of clothing but a loose shirt, descending half way down their thighs,

waiting at table where were ladies, without any apparent embarrassment on one side, or the slightest attempt at concealment on the other."

One privilege which de Chastellux enjoyed, while in Virginia, was that of visiting Jefferson at his charming estate, Monticello. No better description than his of Jefferson at home has come down to us: "The house of Mr. Jefferson stands pre-eminent in these retirements; it was himself who built it and preferred this situation; for although he possessed considerable property in the neighborhood, there was nothing to prevent him from fixing his residence wherever he thought proper. But it was a debt nature owed to a philosopher and a man of taste that, in his own possessions, he should find a spot where he might best study and enjoy her. He calls his house Monticello (Little Mountain), a very modest title, for it is situated upon a very lofty one. . . . After ascending by a tolerably commodious road for more than half an hour, we arrived there. This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant and in the Italian taste though not without fault; it consists of one large square pavilion the entrance of which is by two porticos ornamented by pillars. The ground floor consists chiefly of a very large lofty *salon* which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style: above it is a

library of the same form. Two small wings, with only a ground floor and attic story are joined to this pavilion and communicate with the kitchen, offices, &c, which will form a kind of basement story over which runs the terrace. My object in this short description is only to show the difference between this and the other houses of the country; for we may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather.

" But it is on himself alone I ought to bestow my time. Let me describe to you a man not yet forty, tall and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace. An American . . . who is at once a musician skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator and statesman. . . . A philosopher in voluntary retirement from the world and public business.[1] . . . A mild and amiable wife, charming children of whose education he himself takes charge, a house to embellish, great provisions to improve, and the arts and sciences to cultivate; these are what remain to Mr. Jefferson after having played a principal character on the theatre of

[1] The period of this young nobleman's visit was that of the Revolution, it should be recalled. His book was published in France in 1786.

the new world. . . . The visit which I made him was not unexpected, for he had long since invited me to come and pass a few days with him in the centre of the mountains; notwithstanding which I found his first appearance serious, nay even cold. But before I had been two hours with him we were as intimate as if we had passed our whole lives together. Walking, books, but above all a conversation always varied and interesting, always supported by that sweet satisfaction experienced by two persons who, in communicating their sentiments and opinions are invariably in unison, and who understand each other at the first hint, made four days pass away like so many minutes.[1]

"I recollect with pleasure that as we were conversing one evening over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of Ossian. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other; we recollected the passages in those sublime poems which particularly struck us and entertained my fellow travelers who fortunately knew English well and were qualified to judge of their merits though they had never read the poems. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for and placed near the bowl

[1] Chastellux's descriptions of Virginia are held to be particularly valuable because they give the impressions made by the higher class in Virginia upon one used to the cultivated life of France previous to that country's Revolution.

where, by their mutual aid, the night far advanced imperceptibly upon us. Sometimes natural philosophy, at others politics or the arts were the topics of our conversation, for no object had escaped Mr. Jefferson; and it seemed as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he has done his house, on an elevated situation from which he might contemplate the universe."

Each plantation was a little kingdom of its own in the Virginia of that day, producing within its own limits everything needed for life except groceries and fine cloths, which were brought from Richmond or some other city in the wagons that carried to market the harvest of flour and tobacco. Society here was classified, sifted and solidly established. Everybody and everybody's family was known. Hence the F. F. V. characterization of more recent years. At the outset these Virginia families universally possessed simplicity of character, good faith, honesty of purpose, loyalty to a conviction, and they exercised liberal hospitality and spent their life in the honorable discharge of their duty as they saw it. "Thackeray," Mrs. Ellet says, "has given us George and Henry Esmond as types of the best class in Virginia society and, could he have painted a lovable woman, he might have given us the feminine side also. Madame Esmond, however, is but

the colonial Englishwoman, losing the calmness that marked the caste through the wear and tear of managing ignorant servants and tenantry."

Delightfully free from all ostentation was the hospitality which then began and which has become the tradition of Virginian life ever since. The wealth of the residents consisting as it did of land and crops, there was no imposing by false appearance and no sudden increase of expenditure was possible. "A temporary show of splendor at the cost of real inconvenience would have been regarded," one writer says, "as a kind of forgery for the purposes of an adventurer." And how free the hospitality was! Southerners traveling in their old-fashioned massive carriages drawn by two or four horses and attended by mounted servants would stop at any plantation in perfect assurance of a welcome even if equipped with no other introduction than the name of a mutual friend. Northern travelers usually took the mail coaches by the day, with relays of horses every ten miles, stopping where they pleased. This posting was called "taking the accommodation line." And men and women living upon remote plantations jolted cheerfully over miles of rough road to lend their presence at social functions. Fox-hunting was a sport much affected; but often the hunt was only an excuse

for a round of visits made on the return journey, which sometimes was thus made to last a week.

To be sure, it was a provincial life. Even for purposes of education the early Republican Virginians did not stray far from home. Hard by the Washington College, of which General Lee was later president, stood the Military Institute over which Stonewall Jackson presided for eight years, and the Ann Smith Academy, to which the daughters of prominent Virginian families were sent, attended, in their own carriages and on horseback. The preservation of beauty and womanly charm shared with cultural subjects the hours devoted to study at the famous Ann Smith. Every girl was taught fine embroidery and the care of the complexion, being especially warned against turning a door-knob, touching a pair of tongs or indulging in any other practice which might "spread the hand." Long gloves and deep sun-bonnets were constantly worn for beauty's sake, by these high-born Virginia maidens, Mrs. Ellet says, and the eating of meat and butter discouraged, as tending to fleshiness and fat.

Christmas, as might be expected, was the crowning festivity of a Virginian home. Then it was that the young people, back from school, and their elders, returned from steering the ship of state at Washington, or directing the exports of the country at Richmond, had merry

times together in a fashion approximating the English Christmas Washington Irving has described. Weeks before the festival dawned jellies, cakes, puddings and pies were carefully prepared and huge casks of cider and bins of luscious apples brought home. Then slaughtered fowls and tempting meats were placed in waiting. At midnight, on Christmas Eve, the darkies, to whom the festival was particularly welcome because of the gifts it brought them, would set off a big log charged with powder and blow an old ox-horn as a signal to begin the fun. The sun would scarcely be up before the visits of neighbors began, and soon there would be dancing to the tune of the fiddle, eating and drinking on the bounteously-spread tables and good stories exchanged over huge, roaring fires in the hall. Virginian home life was then at its best. For unlimited hospitality was, for the nonce, a duty as well as a pleasure.

CHAPTER VII

NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS does not really belong to the early Republic at all, for she did not come under the control of the United States until 1803. Even today, the city is in many ways more French than American. And its history, previous to its cession to America by France, as part of the Louisiana Purchase, was as varied as that of a Parisian cocotte, who, possessed now by this master and now by that, yet retains, under every change of fortune and ownership, the alluring and distinctively Parisian characteristics which constitute her charm.

Of romance there was enough inherent in and growing out of these early vicissitudes of New Orleans to fill many books the size of this one. For to satisfy the needs of a virgin country fair young girls were exported from France under conditions which, though they make the blood boil, as one reads, set the imagination aglow as well. Michelet has devoted some matchless pages to this subject, and the writer of *Manon Lescaut* has, also, made thrilling use of this

cruel traffic in the bodies and souls of helpless women. The newcomers soon found husbands of a sort, however, among the hardy settlers of the new country and, by 1727, a fresh generation of native young people, Creoles without any definite knowledge of the rudeness that had preceded their birth, had grown up in New Orleans and needed to be educated. To train them and teach them came the Ursulines, whose old convent building still stands, a monument to commemorate the first institution ever founded in the United States expressly for the education of young women. Madeleine Hachard of Rouen was one of the original Ursulines and she has written of her experiences in a most engaging fashion. Five months it took her to make the voyage over; and then seven years were consumed ere the sturdy convent home built for the sisters was ready (in 1754) for their occupation. What political turmoils, what tremendous upheavals of government the gentle Ursulines were to witness during the years which succeeded! Now France, now Spain, now the French Republic and now the Americans had dominion, they were told, over them. Glad, indeed, they must have been, to welcome sturdy Andrew Jackson, when, in 1815, he came to shake hands as a sign that the strife and turmoil of their city were at an end! To tell in a page or two how Andrew Jackson chanced to be the

"hero of New Orleans" and as such went naturally, after attending mass at the Cathedral, to pay his respects to the devout women in the Ursuline convent, is no easy task. Politically, New Orleans had been American for a dozen years now; but in temperament and in affection the settlement was French, first, Spanish next, and American not at all. The Louisianians deeply resented having been sold by their mother-country and felt it as a special insult that they had been sold to America. The Creoles steadfastly refused to take office under the new government; and, since English was now the official language, felt it incumbent upon them not to use it. Then, too, the delay in admitting the territory into the Union and the attendant debates as to whether the Louisianians were qualified for self-government had naturally not helped towards a better feeling between the purchasers and the purchased. Industrially, as will be easily understood, the Creoles suffered considerably as a result of this hostility to the ruling powers. Many of them were as poor as they were proud and had only their natural gaiety and their inveterate habit of dancing to cheer them up after long days of toil for the necessities of life. But in 1812, the Territory of Orleans being admitted to the Union as the State of Louisiana, the outlook brightened considerably; and Governor Claiborne, who

had served with tact and devotion through the trying period of reconstruction, received the compliment of being elected by the Louisianians to the highest office they had to bestow.

The city was still French in its loyalties, however, and when, in the early summer of 1814, there came the astounding news that England had overthrown Napoleon Bonaparte, the heart of the people instinctively ached for France and their rage was enkindled against England. Imagine, then, the violence of resentment with which the news was received that, as a condition of peace with France, England would demand the retrocession of Louisiana to Spain! It was even said that Spain was taking up arms to repossess herself of her former colony.

But the arms that soon put in an appearance were English arms. And, — not to go further into the sinuosities of the situation, — it was by delivering the city from these, that Andrew Jackson became the "hero of New Orleans." The part played in the story by Lafitte, the "pirate," and the superb fight put up by General Lambert and Sir Edward Pakenham on the British side make glorious reading for those who enjoy descriptions of battles. Alexander Walker, who has written a fair-sized book about this encounter, says that no campaign in modern military history is more

brilliant than this one, in which a town of less than eighteen thousand inhabitants, without forts or any kind of defences, exposed to attacks on all sides by land and water, was able, with an army of less than five thousand hastily-raised and poorly-equipped militia, to repel ten thousand of the best soldiers in the world freshly decked out in the laurels of European victory. To Andrew Jackson belongs the credit for it all, credit which should be accorded with especial heartiness when it is remembered how grudgingly his country entrusted to him the opportunity for usefulness which he so magnificently improved.

I am glad to pass over swiftly the details of this bitter fight in which brave men on both sides went down to a terrible death. But I like to dwell on the deepened good feeling which now grew up between elements which had previously quite failed to understand each other. When Jackson entered the city for the first time after the battle of New Orleans the demonstrations of joy with which he was received were simply boundless. The people attended him in crowds to his quarters in the Faubourg Marigny and lavished upon him such honors as the Southern temperament is always supremely happy in bestowing. In the old Cathedral, burnished up for the occasion, a solemn service of thanksgiving was held at

Jackson's request, and in the Place d'Armes, opposite, arose a great triumphal arch on whose steps the hero of the day was crowned with laurel at the hands of two sweet young girls who had been chosen for this high office. All the contentions, horrors, sufferings and troubles of the war were now forgotten. And forgotten, too, were the differences which had heretofore retarded the natural development of the city. In repelling a common enemy New Orleans, despite racial and lingual distinctions, had at last found itself.

Begins now the most brilliant period of the city's social history, that time of many and varied amusements which has made the name of New Orleans synonymous with appealing and picturesque play. To join the French Theatre, started in a small way in 1791 by the refugees of St. Domingo, and enlarged early in the century to compete with the new and progressive *Théâtre St. Philippe*,[1] had come in 1811 the *Théâtre d'Orleans*, the centre for more than forty years of all that was gayest and most alluring in the life of the city. Travelers who visited New Orleans during these years have much to say of this playhouse and of the social life which emanated from it. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Eisenach, who was here in 1825-26, made up his mind to stay the season through, so

[1] Opened in 1808 in St. Philip's Street.

agreeable did he find the life of which it was the centre.

"No day passed," he wrote afterwards, "which did not produce something pleasant and interesting. . . . Dinners, evening parties, masquerades and other amusements followed close on each other. . . . There were masked balls every night of the Carnival at the French Theatre, which had a handsome saloon, well ornamented with mirrors, with three rows of seats arranged *en amphithéâtre*. Tuesdays and Fridays were the nights for the subscription balls, where none but good society were admitted. The ladies were very pretty, with a genteel French air, their dress, extremely elegant after the latest Paris fashion; they dance excellently. Two cotillions and a waltz were danced in quick succession; the musicians were colored and pretty good. The gentlemen, who were far behind the ladies in elegance, did not long remain but hastened away to other balls, and so, many of the ladies were condemned to 'make tapestry.'" Just before the Duke's coming an American theatre, also, had been started in New Orleans, and here the visitor from Saxe-Weimar saw "Der Freischütz" given. The founder of this theatre was James H. Caldwell, a gentleman and scholar as well as a *bon vivant*. His suppers, criticisms, readings and repartees form an important part of the

theatrical tradition of New Orleans to this day.

An Englishman who visited New Orleans in 1828, — finding very little, truth to tell, to like about the place, — has left the following interesting description of the city as it then was: "It is built very like an old French provincial town: the same narrow streets, old-fashioned houses, and lamps suspended by a chain across the road. Many of the houses are, however, picturesque, with their large projecting roofs and painted sides and windows. . . . The population, including blacks, is upward of 40,000, the greater part of which are still French or speak only that language. The whole place has quite the air of a French town. . . . Went to the Cathedral this morning, an old building of the mixed French and Spanish style of architecture. The inside was less ornamental than most Catholic churches. I observed one Madonna dressed in silk according to the latest Parisian fashion. There are two Catholic churches and one small Presbyterian church for the whole population. . . . Walked to the farthest end of the town along the banks of the river and saw some beautiful little villas, secluded in gardens, where many of the tropical plants were growing, the banana, orange tree, lime etc. and the roses, jessamine and other flowers were in full bloom.

"I observed many well dressed women, this evening, sitting on the steps in front of their houses," continues this writer. "In most countries this would be considered an equivocal intimation of their character, but here it is done without impropriety by the most respectable. . . . There is a public ball here, two or three times a week, which includes all the colored ladies of the place known by the name of quadroons. Many I have seen are really beautiful girls; their blood is a mixture of Indian, African and French. They have generally European countenances and features, very black hair and eyes, and the complexion of the very darkest brunette." Which brings us squarely face to face with the distinctive feature of New Orleans — its large quadroon population and the problems thus engendered.

Mrs. Trollope has put the matter with admirable conciseness: "Our stay there was not long enough," she writes, "to permit our entering into society, but I was told that it contained two distinct sets of people, both celebrated in their way for their social meetings and elegant entertainments. The first of these is composed of Creole families, who are chiefly planters and merchants with their wives and daughters; these meet together, eat together and are very grand and aristocratic; each of their balls is a little Almack's, and every portly dame

of the set is as exclusive in her principles as a lady patroness. The other set consists of the excluded but amiable quadroons, and such of the gentlemen of the former class as can by any means escape from the high places, where pure Creole blood swells the veins at the bare mention of any being tainted in the remotest degree with the Negro stain. Of all the prejudices I have ever witnessed, this appears to me the most violent and the most inveterate. Quadroon girls, the acknowledged daughters of wealthy American or Creole fathers, educated with all of style and accomplishments which money can procure at New Orleans, and with all the decorum that care and affection can give; exquisitely beautiful, graceful, gentle and amiable, they are not admitted, nay, are not on any terms admissible into the society of the Creole families of Louisiana. They cannot marry; that is to say no money can render a union with them legal or binding; yet, such is the powerful effect of their very peculiar grace, beauty, and sweetness of manner, that unfortunately they perpetually become the objects of choice and affection. If the Creole ladies have privilege to exercise the awful power of repulsion, the gentle quadroon has the sweet but dangerous vengeance of possessing that of attraction. The unions formed with this unfortunate race are said to be often lasting

and happy, as far as any unions can be so to which a certain degree of disgrace is attached."

What Mrs. Trollope, however, quite overlooked, in her statement of this inherently tragic situation, Charles Dudley Warner has very lucidly brought out:[1] the *instinct*, that is, which should exist in both races against mixture of blood. "Upon this rests the law of Louisiana," he says, "which forbids intermarriages between the white and colored races. The time may come when the colored people will be as strenuous in insisting upon its execution as the whites, unless there is a great change in popular feeling, of which there is no sign at present. It is they who will see that there is no escape from the equivocal position in which those nearly white in appearance find themselves except by a rigid separation of races. *The danger is of the reversal at any time to the original type, and that is always present to the offspring of any one with a drop of African blood in the veins.* The pathos of this situation is infinite; and it cannot be lessened by saying that the prejudice about color is unreasonable; it exists."

Shall we not here again qualify by saying, instead, that it *should* exist? The sad thing and the baffling thing about miscegenation is that the white father was never very greatly shocked by his son's *illegitimate* connection with a col-

[1] In *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for January, 1887.

ored girl, and the colored mother always felt joy instead of repulsion at the proposition that her child become the *wife* of a white man. Among the quadroon mothers this latter attitude was exceedingly common. The great ambition of the *unmarried* quadroon mother, especially, was to have her daughter pass for white and so get access to the privileged class. To reach this end, there was nothing she would not attempt, no sacrifice she was not glad to make. The passage of a law declaring it a penal offence for a public officer in the discharge of his functions, when writing down the name of any colored free person, to fail to add the qualification "*homme*" or "*femme de couleur libre*" made no great difference, for officers of the law could be bribed and even the records of baptism altered.

When it is recollected that, as early as 1788, there were no less than fifteen hundred of these free colored folk (who were never, by any chance, called negro) in the colony it may be imagined that, by the time of Mrs. Trollope's visit, they represented a very real social problem. So keen an observer as the Duke of Saxe-Weimar who, in the interest of science (?), was glad to frequent the quadroon balls, records that the women of this class could not be detected by the color of their skins, that they dressed well and gracefully and, under the eyes of their mothers, con-

ducted themselves with all modesty and propriety. None the less, by reason of their aversion to marrying men of their own color, the better-educated and more prosperous of these women naturally presented a distinct menace to good morals.

How tragic the situation became when a decent young white fellow fell honestly in love with one of these quadroons has nowhere been better brought out in fiction than in Cable's exquisite story of *'Tite Poulette*.[1] The girl's mother, in this case, was a paid dancer in the *Salle de Condé*, and the interest of the reader is first piqued by the declaration that her child never goes to the quadroon ball-room where Monsieur John, the girl's father, had been wont, long ago, in the good old times of duels, to disport himself with Zalli, "a palish handsome woman whom you would hardly have thought to be 'colored.'" In the story, however, it turns out that 'Tite Poulette is not Zalli's child at all and so is free to marry the honest Dutchman who loves her and who has been struggling with all his might against a deep conviction that, in spite of his inclinations, the blacks and the whites should not mingle their blood. In actual life the girl would still have been a quadroon and the problem would have remained.

[1] In *Old Creole Days*, by George W. Cable, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Many of the free colored *men* were quite prosperous and happy, several owned cotton and sugar plantations, which were worked by numerous slaves, and to which such profits accrued that they could easily send their children to France for the best possible education. Those who remained in France often attained distinction in scientific and literary circles, while those who returned to New Orleans and became successful musicians, merchants, real estate brokers and the like had as much objection to associating with the blacks on terms of equality as any white man could have to associating with *them*. At the Orleans theatre they attended their mothers, wives and sisters in the second tier, reserved exclusively for them, and where no white person of either sex would have been permitted to intrude. But they were not admitted to the quadroon balls, and when white gentlemen visited their families it was the accepted etiquette for them never to be present. The quadroons of the humbler classes were mechanics, and were most respectable; they generally married women of their own status and led quiet lives in middle-class comfort.

Among the Creole women Mrs. Edward Livingston was long the acknowledged leader. Born in the island of St. Domingo in 1782, of ancient and distinguished French family, she early acquired a passion for books and taught

herself to enjoy the literature of many languages. At the age of thirteen she was married to Moreau de Lassy, a French gentleman of fortune, who took her to Jamaica to reside. But at eighteen she was left a widow and, just before the Revolution, returned to her parents in St. Domingo. Obliged to flee, when the insurrection broke out, she found herself in New Orleans just as the city was undergoing its transition to an American possession. Thus she soon made the acquaintance of Edward Livingston, a widower twenty years her senior and a lawyer of great ability. Mrs. Livingston's uncle, M. Jules d'Avezac, who became the first director of the College of New Orleans, was one of the inmates of the Livingstons' Chartres Street home, a house soon known all over the South by reason of the warm welcome it accorded to strangers of distinction and because conversation of the very highest order might always be there enjoyed. Here General Jackson was entertained at dinner just before the battle of New Orleans, bearing himself with such dignity, it is interesting to add, that Mrs. Livingston then surrendered for all time to his extraordinary personal charm. Thus when the "hero of New Orleans" became President of the United States this lady, who was then herself living in Washington, was able and glad to render many friendly services to Mrs. Donelson, who acted as mis-

tress of the White House for her widowed uncle.

In 1822 Mr. Livingston left New Orleans to enter political life in Washington, representing Louisiana as a member of the lower house. Afterwards he became a senator, and later still Secretary of State under Jackson. Meanwhile Mrs. Livingston's *salon* became famous in Washington just as it had been in New Orleans. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Wirt, Chief Justice Marshall, Joseph Story and John Randolph all flocked to the side of this lovely woman, concealing, for the nonce, in her presence, the bitter differences which divided them in the House or Senate. John Randolph, who could give unqualified approval to very few people or things in life, never wavered in his allegiance to Mrs. Livingston, writing her husband when, in 1833, that gentleman had been offered the position of Minister to France, "Let me conjure you to accept the mission, for which you are better qualified than any man in the United States. In Mrs. Livingston, to whom present my warmest respects, you have a most able coadjutor. Dowdies, *dowdies* won't do for European courts, Paris especially. There and at London, the character of the minister's wife is almost as important as his own. It is the very place for her. There she would dazzle and charm."

The only daughter of the Livingstons, Cora,

who became Mrs. Thomas Pennant Barton just before her father left for France, was a New Orleans belle at sixteen, a Washington belle at twenty and a Paris belle during the years of her young wifehood. Having derived from her father a sound knowledge of the political questions of the day and from her mother grace, beauty and a high degree of social charm, it is no wonder that Josiah Quincy, a specialist in descriptions of fair young women, was able to ascribe to her his choicest and his most enthusiastic adjectives. I like especially, however, the paragraph with which he ends his tribute, linking as it does the Cora Livingston of New Orleans with the gracious Mrs. Barton whose name is now memorialized in the valuable Barton collection [1] of folio Shakespeares and some twelve thousand related volumes in the possession of the Boston Public Library. "Interesting old volumes they are," says Quincy, "highly prized by the many owners through whose fingers they have slipped; and containing, as we all know, some good descriptions of what is delightful in woman. But there will be one association the less with them when I am no

[1] Mr. Barton was a man of scholarly tastes, and accumulated a library which, at the time of his death, was considered one of the most valuable private collections in America. He bequeathed it to his wife with the request that she make such disposition of it as best pleased her. Shortly before her death she arranged for its transfer, in its entirety, to the city of Boston.

longer able to climb the stairs which lead to Bates Hall. There will then be no one left to tell how their last private possessor once seemed to fill *the most perfect outline of a charming woman that the poet has drawn.*"

CHAPTER VIII

BOSTON AND SOME OTHER CITIES OF NEW ENGLAND

AN Englishman, who was a resident of Boston at about the middle of the nineteenth century, is reputed to have declared that everything essential to the most agreeable society existed there "with one exception and that is the spirit of sociability." In the forties the Bostonian's notion of cordial hospitality seems to have been inviting the stranger within his gates to occupy a place in the family pew at church; Dickens says that on his visit to the city he was offered as many sittings as would have accommodated a score or two of grown up families! And there is even a story — let us hope it is apocryphal — of a certain Bostonian who, in return for cordial entertainment enjoyed by him and his wife while in Europe, invited his former hostess to call at his house on a Sunday evening *after tea*, at which time his wife and himself would go with her to church and give her a place in their pew!

All these carefully-restrained overtures towards entertainment were of the middle nineteenth century or later, however. Tracing backward the history [1] of Boston's attitude toward the visitor from without, the hospitality-temperature will be found constantly on the rise. Fanny Kemble, who was here in the thirties, has only praise for Boston's kindliness in this way. Philip Hone, who came a little earlier and wrote about his experiences, is even more enthusiastic — and so it goes until, when we get back to the time of the Marquis de Chastellux's visit, we find Bostonians as cordial and as resourceful in the matter of making their guests happy as — even Southerners could be. Certainly, as we read de Chastellux's account of his visit, we are convinced that he had a thoroughly "good time" while here.

"Although I knew that Mr. Dumas had prepared me a lodging," he writes, "I found it more convenient to alight to Mr. Brackett's, the Cromwell's Head, where I dined. After dinner I went to the lodgings prepared for me at Mr. Colson's a glover in the main street. As I was dressing to wait on the Marquis de Vaudreuil, he called upon me, and after permitting me to finish the business of the toilet, we went together to Dr. Cooper's and thence

[1] See *Old Boston Days and Ways* and *Romantic Days in Old Boston.*

to the association ball where I was received by my old acquaintance Mr. Brick [Breck] who was one of the managers. Here I remained till ten o'clock; the Marquis de Vaudreuil opened the ball with Mrs. Temple. Then followed the minuet which did honor to the French nation; but I am sorry to say that the contrast was considerable between the Frenchman and the Americans who are in general very awkward, particularly in the minuet.

"The prettiest woman-dancers were Mrs. Jarvis, her sister Miss Betsy Broom and Mrs. Whitmore. The ladies were all well dressed, but with less elegance and refinement than at Philadelphia. The assembly room was superb in a good style of architecture, well decorated and well lighted. . . . And there is good order and every necessary refreshment.

"The 15th in the morning M. de Vaudreuil and M. de Tombes, the French Consul, called on me the moment I was going out to visit them. After some conversation we went first to wait on Gov. Hancock who was ill of the gout and unable to receive us; thence we went to Mr. Bowdoin's, Mr. Brick's and Mr. Cushing's, the deputy Governor. I dined with the Marquis de Vaudreuil and after dinner drank tea at Mr. Bowdoin's who engaged us to supper, only allowing M. de Vaudreuil and myself half an hour to pay a visit to Mrs. Cushing. The evening was

spent agreeably in a company of about twenty persons, among whom was Mrs. Whitmore and young Mrs. Bowdoin, who was a new acquaintance for me, not having seen her at Boston when I was there the preceding year. She has a mild and agreeable countenance, and a character corresponding with her appearance.

"The next morning I went with the Marquis de Vaudreuil to pay some other visits, and dined with Mr. Brick where were upwards of thirty persons and among others Mrs. Tudor, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Swan, etc. The two former understood French; Mrs. Tudor in particular knows it perfectly and speaks it tolerably well. I was very intimate with her during my stay at Boston and found her possessed not only of understanding but of grace and delicacy in her mind and manners. After dinner tea was served which, being over, Mr. Brick in some sort insisted, but very politely, on our staying to supper. This supper was on table exactly four hours after we rose from dinner; it may be imagined, therefore, that we did not eat much, but the Americans paid some little compliments to it; for in general they eat less than we do at their repasts, but as often as you choose, which in my opinion is a very bad method. Their aliments behave with their stomachs, as we do in France on paying visits: they never depart till they see others enter."

In Portsmouth the Marquis had been entertained with similar generosity, particularly by the Langdons. "After dinner we went to drink tea with Mr. Langdon," we read. "He is a handsome man and of a noble carriage; he has been a member of Congress and is now one of the first people of the country. His house is elegant and well-furnished and the apartments admirably well wainscotted. Mrs. Langdon, his wife, is young, fair and tolerably handsome, but I conversed less with her than with her husband in whose favour I was prejudiced, from knowing that he had displayed great courage and patriotism at the time of Burgoyne's expedition. . . . As he was marching day and night, reposing himself only in the woods, a negro servant who attended him said to him, 'Master, you are hurting yourself, but no matter; you are going to fight for liberty; I also should suffer patiently if I had liberty to defend.' 'Don't let that stop you,' replied Mr. Langdon. 'From this moment you are free.'"

On the way back from Portsmouth the Marquis made a pleasurable stay at Newburyport, and of that town, also, he gives us an interesting snap-shot picture. "After passing the ferry in little flat boats which held only five horses each, we went to Mr. Davenport's inn, where we found a good dinner ready. I had letters from Mr. Wentworth to Mr. John

Tracy, the most considerable merchant in the place; but before I had time to send them he had heard of my arrival, and as I was rising from table entered the room and very politely invited me to pass the evening with him. . . . His house stands a mile from the town in a very beautiful situation; but of this I could myself form no judgment as it was already night. I went, however, by moonlight to see the garden which is composed of different terraces. There is likewise a hot-house and a number of young trees. The house is very handsome and well-furnished and everything breathes that air of magnificence accompanied by simplicity which is only to be found among merchants. The evening passed rapidly by the aid of agreeable conversation and a few glasses of punch. The ladies we found assembled were Mrs. Tracy, her two sisters, and their cousin, Miss Lee. Mrs. Tracy has an agreeable and a sensible countenance and her manners correspond with her appearance. At ten o'clock an excellent supper was served, we drank good wine, Miss Lee sang and prevailed upon Messieurs de Vaudreuil and Talleyrand to sing also: towards midnight the ladies withdrew but we continued drinking Madeira and Xery."

So far as we know, this particular visitor from over-seas did not venture out to Quincy in the course of his New England tour. Had he done

so, there would have been an enthusiastic account, I am sure, of hospitality enjoyed in one old house there. With the single exception of Mount Vernon there is probably in all America no Colonial mansion of more intrinsic interest than the Dorothy Q House in Quincy, Massachusetts, which the Colonial Dames of the Old Bay State bought about five years ago and now maintain as a show-place for historical and other pilgrims. Great credit is due the members of this organization for the well-nigh perfect manner in which the house has been made fresh and attractive without sacrificing in the slightest the traditions of Colonial architecture or doing violence to any one of its romantic associations.

The Dorothy Q House is almost as old as the Commonwealth itself — the rear part was built in 1636 — and is associated with many of the distinguished men and women who made the Commonwealth and established its fame. The estate passed out of the hands of the Quincys a century ago; but in Colonial times almost all the eminent members of that race were either born there or lived there part of their days. John Adams and John Quincy Adams frequently visited the inmates of this home, and its hospitable roof has sheltered many others known to fame, such as Sir Harry Vane, Judge Sewall, Benjamin Franklin and Sir Harry Frankland.

Visitors who today go to Quincy and seek

out this venerable mansion find much of interest to them, even if they be quite ignorant of the historic side of the house. None the less the various rooms should ideally be enjoyed in the light of the hallowed traditions with which they are indissolubly linked. Otherwise the quaint furniture might just as well be in the show-rooms of an enterprising dealer in antiques.

Let us begin with the garden, here an integral part of the house, as all Colonial gardens were. Approaching from the street, one walks back several hundred yards through magnolia and mulberry trees set off with rhododendron, along a narrow path neatly bordered with a relic of that famous box upon which Dorothy Q dried her laces nearly two hundred years ago. At the left is the brook which the town of Quincy has lately dammed up and over which there will soon be placed a rustic bridge such as was there when Agnes Surriage came to the house with her handsome Sir Harry Frankland, and the whole party fished for eels, which they merrily cooked for supper.

At the left as one enters the noble front door is the parlor, with its renowned Venus and Cupid wall-paper, which was brought from Paris expressly for the wedding of John Hancock and his Dorothy Q. The design shows double panels upon which very natural-looking Birds

of Paradise disport themselves. In one Cupid appears to be wooing the shy Venus; in the other she has dispatched him with an affirmative answer, and he is proceeding happily away through pendent wreaths of red flowers. It seems a pity that paper so eminently fitted to nuptial rites should not have graced the Hancock wedding after all. But English spies were keeping a keen lookout for Patriot Hancock about that time, and he was obliged to go into hiding in the Lexington parsonage (now known as the Clark House), where his father had been born. To visit him his aunt, Mme. Lydia Hancock, and his fiancée, Dorothy, took coach April 18, 1775; and it was the resultant happy meeting which Paul Revere interrupted when, having ridden for his life to warn Hancock that the British were approaching, he arrived in Lexington about midnight of that memorable day. Hancock had, of course, to flee again; the ladies meanwhile withdrew to Fairfield, Connecticut, the home of Rev. Thaddeus Burr, another kinsman. And in spite of the Cupids trailing their pink and blue wreaths over the parlor walls of the home at Quincy the wedding they were to celebrate very nearly failed to come off.

For fascinating Aaron Burr, whom no woman was ever able to resist, came visiting his uncle Thaddeus just then, and it required all Aunt

Lydia Hancock's watchfulness to prevent an elopement as a result of the desperate flirtation which ensued between him and Dorothy Q. On August 28, 1776, the postponed wedding was celebrated at Fairfield, however, John Hancock taking his wife directly to Philadelphia, where they soon set up in a fine house of their own.[1]

There is much, however, besides the wedding wall-paper to interest us in the parlor of the Dorothy Q House. For the room is rich in beautiful historic pieces. A Chippendale looking-glass with a delicate decoration of raised gold wheat on its frame attracts universal admiration. Only one other similar glass is known, and that reposes in the Dedham Historical House. Beneath the wheat looking-glass is a card-table of exquisite design, with corner stands for candles, grooves for chips and a secret drawer. Near by is an old Dutch chair worm-eaten with age, and flanking it a six-legged table — one of the freaks of early cabinet-makers — which supports the oldest known of hour-glasses.

Adjoining the parlor is the music-room with its quaint old-fashioned spinet. Why do we not have spinets in these days? This

[1] See my chapter "John Hancock and his Dorothy" in *Old Boston Days and Ways*. Much hitherto unavailable data about Hancock will doubtless be found, too, in *John Hancock: The Picturesque Patriot*, by Lorenzo Sears, just published.

question has been haunting me ever since I enjoyed the privilege of playing the "William Fether, London" instrument in the music-room of the Dorothy Q House. The finest grand piano that I have ever touched yields no such pleasure. The tone produced by the picking of the goose-quills against the strings is at once delicate and satisfying. On the case one is promised, in impressive Latin, "oblivion to cares of life while playing." For once an advertisement does not overstate. Music-lovers, revive the spinet!

Upstairs, over the parlor, is the guest-or-bridal-chamber, containing a bed built for Lafayette's use when on his New England visit and now loaned to this house. In the room the bed adorns Washington, Sir Harry Frankland, of romantic memory, and Benjamin Franklin have all slept. The last-named presented to his host, after one of his visits, the Franklin stove there today.

Another very delightful place of pilgrimage, which has an intimate connection with New England of the early Republican period, is the hospitable brick mansion in Portland, Maine, in which (1807) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow first saw the light. Though it is now in the heart of a busy city, this house, when built, was on the outskirts of the town surrounded by rolling green fields, with the ocean dimly dis-

cernible in one direction and the austere White Mountains standing grandly out against the sky at the western horizon.

General Peleg Wadsworth conveyed all the way from Philadelphia the bricks for his handsome new home for, before the date of its erection (1785), Portland had no brick houses. The man who could afford such a house as this one, at a time when building materials brought such prices as they did immediately after the Revolutionary War, must needs have been a person of prominence and property. So, indeed, we find General Wadsworth to have been. Graduated from Harvard in 1769, he was among the first to organize a company to resist the tyranny of the mother country. In the fortification of Roxbury and Dorchester Heights he rendered valuable service, and in 1778 he was appointed adjutant-general of Massachusetts. A year or two later he was placed in command of the troops on the Maine coast. All this time, however, the doughty soldier was a citizen of Plymouth, Mass. It was not until 1784 that he proceeded from the Pilgrims' country to Portland, bringing with him his wife (who had been Miss Elizabeth Bartlett, of Plymouth), a lady of fine manners and all womanly virtues, "who was alike his friend and comforter in hours of trial and the grace and ornament of his house in the days of prosperity."

The associations of this house have been almost all those of prosperity. I have a shrewd suspicion that this is one reason the place is so popular. One likes to trace in imagination the many pleasant happenings with which the old furniture and the curious kitchen things have been intimately connected, and to recall that the piano, which is still in the parlor at the left of the entrance hall, was the first ever brought to Portland, and elicited so much admiring curiosity that the country people were wont to stand around the windows, looking in when music was being played. How fraught with suggestions of real neighborliness and abundant leisure is the anecdote!

When the Wadsworth family moved into their fine new house there were already six children, Zilpah, the future mother of the poet, being then a maid of seven or eight. That she had something of the literary gift her distinguished son was to possess to such marked degree is shown by this vivid description she wrote of her father as he looked in the early days of their residence under this fine old rooftree:

"Imagine to yourself a man of middle age, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carried himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff smallclothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with

silver buckles, white cravat bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so called." To this, one has only to add a cocked hat of black felt to get General Peleg Wadsworth exactly as he looks today in the portrait which hangs over the mantel-piece of the sitting-room.

In the stately parlor of this house were married, in 1804, the parents of America's dearest poet. Zilpah Wadsworth had now grown to be a beautiful and gracious maiden whom Stephen Longfellow, a young Harvard graduate just beginning the practice of law, accounted himself very fortunate to win for his bride. The Longfellows had for two or three generations lived in Gorham, Maine, where father and son were in turn lawyers of prominence and where their old home still stands. The poet's father grew up on this Gorham farm.

In 1808, the year after the birth of the poet, the newly-wed Longfellows definitely took possession of Wadsworth House. General Peleg had the year preceding built another noble mansion for himself — Wadsworth Hall — at Hiram, Maine, and had there removed to spend the remainder of his days. The Portland house thus came naturally enough to be the home of his favorite daughter and of his lawyer son-in-law. Here, therefore, where their life together had begun, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Longfellow

spent many happy years. Here the poet's six brothers and sister were born. And here Anne Longfellow (Mrs. George Pierce) passed almost her entire life, leaving the house, upon her death in 1901, to the Maine Historical Society as a memorial to her gifted brother.

No more fitting monument could well be imagined. For it is with these hallowed walls that all the home thoughts and reminiscences of him who is pre-eminently America's Poet of Home are bound up. Moreover, it was from this very house that the gifted boy stole out at the age of thirteen to drop into the box outside the office of the *Portland Gazette* his first published verses, " The Battle of Lovell's Pond." Other poems known to have been written wholly or in part in this house, are " Musings," " The Spirit of Poetry," " Burial of the Minnisink," " Where from the Eyes of Day," " Song of the Birds," " Changed," " The Lighthouse," and " The Rainy Day." As one sits at the desk made famous by the writing of this last named poem one may still see, glancing out into the garden, the vista that met the poet's eye. This room is now called the " Den " or " Henry's Room," but it was originally the sleeping apartment of General Wadsworth. The walls are decorated with paper brought from Paris sixty years ago.

Scarcely less interesting than the parlor

with its old-time piano and the den with its ink-stained mahogany desk is the family sitting-room, which was once the law office of the poet's father. Here are dozens of pieces of furniture which fill the collector with envy. But the charm of it all lies in the fact that the chairs and tables, the andirons and the pictures have associations as well as age. The carpet is the same as was upon the floor at the time of the poet's last visit to his old home, and it was against this mantel that he often leaned as a youth.

The poet's chair still stands by his favorite windows; near it is a sewing-table that was his mother's, and, on the other side, the chair his father liked best. On the adjacent wall hangs a gilt-framed mirror whose quaint picture and row of tiny gilt balls stamp it as of his grandmother Wadsworth's day.

Just across, a doorway leads into a small room built on by Stephen Longfellow for his law office but now sacred to shelves and cupboards. There is here a single window commanding the old garden; that this room was once a favorite writing place for the boy poet we must believe from a letter sent to his sister Elizabeth during his first visit abroad in 1829: "My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have scarcely put two lines together . . . and no soft poetic ray has irradiated my heart since the

Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry and turned the Sanctum Sanctorum of the 'Little Room' into a china closet."

No part of the house, however, is more interesting to students of the early Republican period than the kitchen, with its capacious fireplace and its curious outfit of utensils long since retired from use. The fireplace itself is especially worth examining because of the figure of a fish on an iron plate set into the brickwork on the back, a thing of which one of the poet's brothers has spoken as "a fish baked in effigy." Here the crane still supports the pots and kettles that hung from the hook a century ago and all about the hearth are articles which in name as well as in use are quite strange to visitors of the twentieth century, a Dutch oven, a tin kitchen, a plate warmer, apple roaster, coffee roaster and mills, a bread toaster, and waffle irons which look like a huge pair of tongs. Built into the brickwork at the left is the oven for baking, and at the right is a boiler with the small opening underneath in which a fire was made on washing days. The kitchen dresser near-by is likewise attractive with its display of well-shone Britannia tin and earthen ware. Here may be seen the bread tray used by General Lafayette when he visited Portland in 1825. Here, too, are candle moulds and lan-

terns and the steelyards with which the babies of the family were weighed.

Directly over the parlor, in which the mother of the poet was married, is her bedroom in which she died. Near here is the cradle in which the baby Henry was rocked, as well as a priceless collection of old gowns and bonnets, among them the little cap first worn by that head which was later to be crowned with laurel. Here, too — and this is of special interest to visitors — is a copy of a long-forgotten poem in which Henry Longfellow protested against the removal of this old building when some one wished to replace it by a more modern structure.

The room to which the poet came with his bride is the guest chamber across the hall. The tall, four-post bedstead, with its dainty hangings of dimity and its quaint coverlet suggestive of a bygone day, is the same now as then. By its side is a wood-bottom rocking-chair which belonged to the first mistress of the house. It was probably in this room that the poet slept during frequent visits made to the house after he became famous. For he never lost his love for the home of his childhood and he rejoiced greatly that the conflagration of July 4, 1866, which obliterated so many interesting landmarks in Portland, left " the family house unburned! "

Longfellow's later life is of course associated chiefly with his beautiful Cambridge home, to

which he first (in 1837) went as a boarder, being then a young, unmarried professor. The house was at this time the home of Mrs. Andrew Craigie, whose husband had bought it (in 1793), from a brother of that Tracy we found entertaining the Marquis de Chastellux when at Newburyport.

Cambridge was, in those days, a mere country village. If you would be thoroughly convinced of this look up Josiah Quincy's vivid account — in *Figures of the Past* — of a certain turkey-shooting he once witnessed there of which young Larz Anderson of Cincinnati was the hero.

For our present purposes, however, it is more to the point to turn, in this same delightful volume, to Mr. Quincy's description of Daniel Webster's Boston reception on June 17, 1825.

"Summer Street was as light as day, the houses were brilliantly illuminated and a fine band was stationed a few yards from Mr. Webster's door. The rooms were filled with strangers from all parts of the country. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Webster received the compliments of the hour with great dignity and simplicity. Of the lady my journal says that 'she seemed highly to enjoy the success and distinction of her husband, but showed not the slightest symptom of vanity or elation.'

"Among the ladies to whom I was presented was the famous Fanny Wright — a tall young

person of about thirty, of pleasing countenance and wearing her hair cut short to the head. She had just returned to America with all the glory of having written a book about us. She was destined to be still better known, at a later date, as the promulgator of unpopular theories and as the first of practical abolitionists. The colony of emancipated slaves which she established in Tennessee was one of those failures which are better than many things which the world calls successful.

" Lafayette was, of course, at Mr. Webster's party. But the last evening reception given the distinguished Frenchman [before leaving] Boston took place on Sunday, at the house of Mr. R. C. Derby. I have noted that, on this occasion, the General was reintroduced to a lady with whom he had danced a minuet forty-seven years before.

" Mr. Derby's establishment was very stylish and fashionable; and the names of the guests, with such titles as we were so happy as to possess, were loudly proclaimed by a servant as we ascended the stairs. My sister's journal . . . mentions that the arrangement of the rooms was different from any that she had seen before. ' The principal drawing-room was large and brilliantly lighted, and opening from it was a suite of smaller apartments, some lined with paintings, others hung with silk, and illuminated

by shade-lamps and lights in alabaster vases, to produce the effect of moonlight. These apartments terminated in a boudoir only large enough to hold two or three people. It was hung with light blue silk and furnished with sofas and curtains of the same hue. It also contained an immense mirror, placed so as to reflect the rest of the rooms.' This was the Boston elegance of 1825." [1] And then there follows a glowing description of the charms of Miss Emily Marshall, " who," Quincy [2] declares, " as completely filled the ideal of the lovely and the feminine

[1] In the Boston Directory for 1825, a very cosy little volume, the addresses of some of the people mentioned by Mr. Quincy are given as follows: Josiah Marshall, house 24 Franklin Place; R. C. Derby, 27 Chestnut street; Daniel Webster, 10 Summer street. Mrs. Blake was the widow of Edward Blake, Jr., and though she entertained in her beautiful house on Bowdoin Square she cannot be found in the Directory for that year, inasmuch as it was not then the custom to list women householders. Mrs. Blake's maiden name was Sarah Parkman. She was born October 17, 1775, and died April 10, 1847. The miniature herewith reproduced is by Malbone and has often been pronounced the most beautiful he ever did. It is now in the possession of the subject's grand-daughter.

[2] As this is the last time that the name Josiah Quincy will be mentioned in this volume it may be well here to distinguish between the various worthies thus designated. The Josiah Quincy who visited Charleston before the Revolution and wrote of his experiences there was born in Boston, February 23, 1744 and died at sea, off Gloucester, Mass., April 26, 1775, a victim of the pulmonary consumption to relieve which his Southern trip had been undertaken. His son was the president of Harvard College, and one of the first mayors of Boston. *His* son (born in Boston 1802, died in Quincy 1882) was from 1845-49 mayor of Boston. But he is best known — this third Josiah Quincy — as " member of the class of 1821, Harvard College," and author of *Figures of the Past.*

as did Webster the ideal of the intellectual and the masculine. . . . Miss Emily Marshall," he insists, " was simply perfect in face and figure — and perfectly charming in manners as well. . . . On the seventh of February, 1823, in my description of Mrs. Blake's party come the words: ' Miss Marshall stood unrivalled. She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw.' At Mathews's last appearance before a Boston audience (January 28, 1823) I found her ' making the theatre beautiful by her presence.' Again (it is the night of February 13, the year following) a house in Franklin Street, just by the theatre, is lighted for company, and Miss Marshall receives her guests with such infinite grace of manner that one of them, at least, does not rest before he sets down his admiration in black and white. . . . With her no struggle for social recognition was necessary. She simply stood before us a reversion to that faultless type of structure which artists have imagined in the past and to that ideal loveliness of feminine disposition which poets have placed in the mythical golden age." This praise seems extravagant, but when it is added that workmen went without their dinners to gaze upon Miss Marshall's lovely face, that audiences at the theatre rose when she entered, to render homage to her beauty, and that William Lloyd Garrison went to a church presided over by a " stand-pat " parson

for the sake of feasting surreptitiously on her sweet countenance, we are convinced that Quincy lied not.

Philip Hone's *Diary* gives us the promised glimpse of the cordial way in which Boston entertained a visitor from New York in these early Republican days. On September 8, 1828, he writes, " After breakfast I commenced my Boston rambles and saw most of the lions of this fine city. Mr. Quincy, the Mayor, took us through the new market-house, which is his hobby, and well worth seeing. The length of this splendid receptacle of beef, poultry and potatoes is five hundred and thirty-six feet, its width fifty feet, and the improvement of the vicinity consequent upon its erection renders it an object of admiration. We visited Faneuil Hall, the armory, the noble art museum, its exhibition room (where at present is exhibited a collection of Stuart's portraits, for the benefit of his family), the new hotel building at the corner of Tremont and School streets, the docks etc. After dinner, Mr. H. G. Otis called and took me out to Quincy to visit the President, but we found that he had departed suddenly, this afternoon, for Washington. We had, however, a pleasant ride, saw the Quincy railroad and quarry of granite, and returned to town by way of Roxbury. In the evening I went for a short time to the theatre in Tremont street;

a handsome theatre, but not a first-rate company." The following day another visit was made to Quincy for the sake of viewing further the railroad and the quarry, and "on our return, we stopped to see a handsome edifice in the village of Quincy, — a new meeting-house [1] nearly finished. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, and its massive columns of granite are probably the best specimens of that fine material which have yet been brought into use. . . . We took tea with Mrs. Quincy and returned to Boston in the evening."

Sunday morning finds this visitor at St. Paul's Church listening to a sermon from Alonzo Potter; in the afternoon he takes tea "at Colonel Perkins's at Brookline who has one of the finest places in the neighborhood; his wall fruit and grapery are justly celebrated, and are now in great perfection." On Tuesday Waltham engages Mr. Hone's attention. There he visits the "celebrated seat and ground of Mr. Lyman, and the splendid mansion of the late Governor Gore, where we were kindly received and entertained by Mrs. Gore. . . . I dined at General Theodore Lyman's, who lives in very handsome style, and has the best library I have seen in Boston. Passed the evening with a party at Mrs. Cunningham's. This lady, who

[1] It is here that both John Quincy Adams and his father now lie buried.

is lately married, is the daughter of Rufus Amory."

Why all Boston visitors had to be dragged out to Quincy to view the quarries is not at all clear. Fanny Kemble, who acted at the first Tremont Theatre — on the site now occupied by Tremont Temple — in the spring of 1833 started on this expedition of pleasure (?) at six in the morning and so rode *twenty miles before breakfast!* No wonder she characterized the feat as "a piece of virtue bordering on heroism."

Yet she had her reward. "For," she says, "the country we rode through was extremely pretty, so indeed I think all the country round Boston is; the only deficiency is water, running water, I mean, for there are several beautiful pools in its vicinity, and, turn which way you will, the silver shield of the sea shining against the horizon is a lovely feature of the landscape. But there are no rivulets, no brooks, no sparkling, singing water courses to refresh one's senses as one rides across the fields and through the woodlands.

"But for the climate," continues this charming actress, "I should like to live in Boston very much. My stay here has been delightful. It is in itself a lovely place, and the country round it is charming. The people are intellectual, and have been most abundantly good natured

and kind to me." Among the houses at which the Kembles were entertained was that of Dr. George Parkman who was murdered by Professor Webster in 1849.

Here[1] Fanny met John Quincy Adams, whose remarks on Shakespeare made her greatly wonder. The matter under discussion was Knowles's "Hunchback," of which the former President remarked mildly that it was "by no means as good as Shakespeare."

Miss Kemble records that she "looked at the man in amazement, and suggested to him that Shakespeare did not grow upon every bush. Presently Mr. Adams began a sentence by assuring me that he was a worshipper of Shakespeare, and ended it by saying that Othello was disgusting, King Lear ludicrous, and Romeo and Juliet childish nonsense; whereat I swallowed half a pint of water and nearly my tumbler, too, and remained silent — for what could I say? However, in spite of this, I owe —— some gratitude, for he brought —— to see me the other day, whose face is more like that of a good and intellectual man than almost any face I ever saw.

"The climate of this place is dreadful; the night before last the weather was so warm that, with my window open, I was obliged to take half the clothes off my bed; last night was so

[1] Dr. Parkman was then living at 1 Cambridge Street.

cold that, with window shut, and additional covering, I could scarce get to sleep for the cold. This is terrible, and forms a serious drawback upon the various attractions of Boston, and to me it has many. The houses are like English houses; the Common is like Constitution Hill; Beacon street is like a bit of Park lane, and Summer street, now that the chestnut trees are in bloom, is perfectly beautiful."

The excessive modesty which caused Boston, in recent years, to refuse the "Bacchante" a place in the courtyard of our Public Library seems to have been operative at this era, also. When Power's "chanting cherubs" were exhibited it was found necessary to drape their loins with linen, and like treatment was accorded to an orang-outang which visited the city about the same time.[1] Inasmuch, however, as Mrs. Trollope[2] makes repeated allusions to similar prudery in other cities, Bostonians were perhaps not so very singular in this respect. "I once mentioned to a young lady," this chronicler of our national delinquencies writes, "that I thought a picnic party would be very agreeable, and that I would propose it to some of our friends. She agreed that it would be delightful, but she added, 'I fear you will not suc-

[1] McMaster's *History of the United States*, Vol. VI, p. 96.

[2] The American reprint of *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, put out in New York in 1832, insists that Captain Basil Hall must have written this book, inasmuch as "no lady" could have done it.

ceed; we are not used to such sort of things here, and I know it is considered very indelicate for ladies and gentlemen to sit down together on the grass.' " But what we must conclude, of course, is that this feeling was as little *typical* of America as was the conduct of the woman Mrs. Trollope saw in a New York theatre administering natural nutrition to her child between the acts of a " thriller." Some of her criticisms were well-founded, however, and many of her observations highly amusing. We know that, in Boston, the cows grazed on the Common. Did they then go placidly home to be milked as Mrs. Trollope tells us was the custom in Cincinnati? " The animals there," she says, " are fed morning and evening at the door of the house, with a good mess of Indian corn boiled with water. While they eat they are milked, and when the operation is completed the milk-pail and meal-tub retreat into the dwelling leaving the republican cow to walk away to take her pleasure on the hills or in the gutters as may suit her fancy best. They generally return very regularly to give and take the morning and evening meal; though it more than once happened to us, before we were supplied by a regular milk cart, to have our jug sent home empty with the sad news that ' the cow was not come home and it is too late to look for her to breakfast now.' Once, I remember,

the good woman told us that she had overslept herself, and that the cow had come and gone again, 'not liking, I expect to hanker about for nothing, poor thing.'" Verily, as Mrs. Trollope drolly observes, there is more than one way of keeping a cow.

And there is more than one way of writing one's impressions of life in a foreign country. Literature would be much the poorer, I maintain, without the pages in which Mrs. Trollope has embalmed her *emotions* concerning our sins of omission and commission during that period of her visit. For it is precisely because she became immensely stirred by what she then saw and experienced that her book is excellent reading where certain other volumes — Baron von Raumer's, for example, — makes one ready for a long winter's nap. And Harriet Martineau's work, though altogether praiseworthy from the point of view of accuracy, is often very, very dull.

It is significant to note that — different as were the opinions of Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau about most American customs and institutions — they quite agreed in resenting the political and social subjection of women in the America of this period. We have had so much to do in this book with women whose social position and intellectual gifts were of the highest and whose associations were all with *gentle-*

men, that it is difficult to credit the tales of disrespect for womanhood with which Mrs. Trollope's pages overflow. Yet it is very likely true that in the West — particularly on the steamboats [1] — she actually did see the tobacco-chewing, ever-hatted, constantly-spitting men of whom she has so much to say. And *these* men, naturally, would be "convinced to the very centre of their hearts and souls that women were made for no other purpose than to fabricate sweetmeats and gingerbread, construct shirts, darn stockings and become mothers of possible presidents."

Yet, she continues, should the women of America "ever discover what their power *might* be, and compare it with what it now is, much improvement might be hoped for. Now, even in Philadelphia," she insists, "women who are among the handsomest, the wealthiest and the most distinguished in the land have not at all that influence in society which such women would possess in England." And then she proceeds to trace with delightful humor a typical day in the life of one such woman:

"This lady shall be the wife of a lawyer in the highest repute and practice. She had a very handsome house with white marble steps

[1] Miss Martineau declares that it was on a steamboat coming back from Chicago, that she first, and for the only time in America, encountered disregard of woman.

and doorposts, and a delicate silver knocker and door-handle. She had very handsome drawing-rooms very handsomely furnished. There is a sideboard in one of them but it is very handsome, and has very handsome decanters and cut glass water jugs upon it; she has a very handsome carriage and a very handsome free black coachman; she is always very handsomely dressed; and moreover, she is very handsome herself.

"She rises, and her first hour is spent in the scrupulously nice arrangement of her dress; she descends to her parlour, neat, stiff and silent; her breakfast is brought in by her free black footman; she eats her fried ham and her salt fish, and drinks her coffee in silence, while her husband reads one newspaper and puts another under his elbow; and then perhaps, she washes the cups and saucers. Her carriage is ordered at eleven; till that hour she is employed in the pastry-room, her snow-white apron protecting her mouse-coloured silk. Twenty minutes before her carriage should appear she retires to her chamber, as she calls it, shakes and folds up her still snow-white apron, smooths her rich dress and with nice care sets on her elegant bonnet, and all the handsome *et cetera;* then walks down stairs just at the moment that her free black coachman announces to her free black footman that her carriage waits. She

steps into it and gives the word, 'Drive to the Dorcas Society.' Her footman stays at home to clean the knives, but her coachman can trust his horses while he opens the carriage door, and his lady not being accustomed to a hand or an arm, gets out very safely without, though one of her own is occupied by her work-basket, and the other by a large roll of all those indescribable matters which ladies take as offerings to Dorcas Societies.

"She enters the parlour appropriated for the meeting, and finds seven other ladies, very like herself, and takes her place among them; she presents her contribution, which is accepted with a gentle circular smile, and her parings of broadcloth, her ends of riband, her gilt paper and her minikin pins are added to the parings of broadcloth, the ends of riband, the gilt paper and the minikin pins with which the table is already covered; she also produces from her basket three ready-made pincushions, four inkwipers, seven paper matches, and a paste-board watch-case; these are welcomed with acclamations and the youngest lady present deposits them carefully on shelves, amid a prodigious quantity of similar articles. She then produces her thimble and asks for work; it is presented to her and the eight ladies all stitch together for some hours. Their talk is of priests and of missions, of the profits from

the last sale and of their hopes from the next; of their doubts whether young Mr. This or young Mr. That should receive the fruits of it to fit him out for Liberia; of the very ugly bonnet seen at church on Sabbath morning; of the handsome preacher who performed on Sabbath afternoon, and of the very large collection made on Sabbath evening. This lasts till three when the carriage again appears and the lady and her basket return home; she mounts to her chamber, carefully sets aside her bonnet and its appurtenances, puts on her scalloped black silk apron, walks into the kitchen to see that all is right, then into the parlour, where having cast a careful glance over the table prepared for dinner, she sits down, work in hand, to await her spouse. He comes, shakes hands with her, spits and dines. The conversation is not much then and ten minutes suffice for the dinner; fruit and toddy, the newspaper and the work-bag succeed. In the evening, the gentleman, being a *savant*, goes to the Wistar Society, and afterward plays a snug rubber at a neighbour's. The lady receives at tea a young missionary and three members of the Dorcas Society. — And so ends her day."

Yet at just this time Fanny Wright, *wearing bloomers*, was vigorously advocating, from the lecture-platform, the adoption of ideas so subversive of manners, morals and religion that,

even today, she would find it difficult to hire a hall in some American cities. None the less, in Philadelphia, Quaker ladies sat on the platform during her lectures! And in many places "Fanny Wright Societies" were organized and the reforms she advocated seriously undertaken.[1] Which only serves to prove that women stood in tremendous need of the better education and the broader opportunities Harriet Martineau demanded for them.

Quite as good arguments as can be found in any of our feminist papers of today for bestowing upon women the right of suffrage are presented in the chapter on the "Political Non-Existence of Women" of Miss Martineau's thoughtful book, *Society in America*. As a public woman, who herself knew thoroughly of what she wrote, this author quotes with utter scorn Jefferson's dictum,[2] "Were our state a pure democracy, in which all the inhabitants should meet together to transact their business, there would yet be excluded from their deliberations (1) Infants, until arrived at years of discretion; (2) Slaves, from whom the unfortunate state of things with us takes away the rights of will and of property; and (3) *Women, who to prevent depravation of morals, and am-*

[1] McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, Vol. V, p. 99.

[2] *Correspondence*, Vol. IV, p. 295.

biguity of issue, could not mix promiscuously in public meetings of men." The italics are my own. But the sentiment was Thomas Jefferson's; and the first writer who had the cleverness to perceive its utter sophistry was this Englishwoman who visited Boston late in 1835. The fact that she made the journey to the New England capital by railroad, as well as the fact that she found considerable response in Boston to her advanced views, reminds me that we have now arrived *really* at the close of the period of the " early " Republic.

THE END.

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